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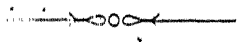








Miscellanea Antiqua Anglicana.



THE

OLD BOOK COLLECTOR'S

MISCELLANY.





OLD BOOK COLLECTOR'S  
MISCELLANY

OR, A

COLLECTION OF READABLE REPRINTS

OF

THE OLD ENGLISH

ILLUSTRATIVE OF THE HISTORY, LITERATURE, MANNERS,  
AND BIOGRAPHY OF THE ENGLISH NATION

DURING THE

SEVENTEENTH AND EIGHTEENTH CENTURIES

EDITED BY CHARLES HINDLEY, ESQ.

VOL. II.

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1872.



TO

JAMES CLAPHAM ESQ. F.R.S. &c.

Of 62, Old Steine, Brighton, in the County of Sussex ;

J.P., F.R.S. Eng. 1852, M. 1836 ; L.S.A. 1835 (*Guy's and St. Thomas's*) ;

Cons. Surg. Brighton Hospital for Sick Children ; Surg. 1st Brig.

Sussex V. Artillery ; Past Pres. S. E. Br. Brit. Med.

Assoc. and Brighton and Sussex Med. Chir. Soc.,

AND

JOHN HENRY LAMBERT ESQ. F.R.S. &c.

*The Second Volume of*

BRITISH AND FOREIGN MEDICAL LITERATURE

Is most Respectfully Dedicated by

THE EDITOR.

*Rose Hill Terrace,*

*Brighton,*

*August, 1872.*







## PREFACE.

**I**N presenting the second volume of "THE OLD BOOK COLLECTOR'S MISCELLANY" to his readers, the Editor has to congratulate himself on the general success which has attended the publication. The object of which is to give in a well-printed and inexpensive form "READABLE REPRINTS" of the works of such authors which best illustrate the History, Literature, Manners, Customs, and Biography of the English Nation during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries.

In executing this task, the Editor has made his selection as varied as possible from a desire to meet the views and tastes of his numerous correspondents and subscribers. Of the twenty pieces contained in the present volume, six are from the Works of John Taylor, the Water-poet—"A fellow of infinite jest"—and whose compositions are not less remarkable for their quaintness and humour, than for the rarity which has accrued to them in some measure from undeserved neglect. His pieces in prose and verse are innumerable. It is proposed

to make a further selection from his works in the succeeding numbers of our Miscellany.

The original of the poem of "How the Good Wife taught her Daughter" is in MS. formerly belonging to Dr. Adam Clarke, afterwards in the possession of C. W. Loscombe, Esq., of Pickwick House, Corsham, Wilts. The MS. which contains it is a thickish quarto written throughout on vellum in various hands of the fifteenth century, and besides the poem in question, includes four other pieces. "It seems," says Sir F. Madden, who in 1838 printed off a few copies from the original "*For presents only*," from one of which we make our reprint, "to have been composed in imitation of the moral piece printed by Ritson entitled "How the Wise Man taught his Son" and may be ascribed to the same period, the reign of Henry VI."

For our modernized version we have had the able assistance of Dr. R. Morris, of King's College, who volunteered to correct the proof sheets of the same, and for which our best thanks are due and are hereby given.





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**How the Goode Wif Chaught  
her Daughter.**

The frowde dolt thought in Doughe /  
I wote gode woman he is to be.

**D**oughter zif pou wilt ben a wif / & wifeliche werche  
Loke þ<sup>t</sup> pou loue welle god / & holy cherche  
Go to cherche when pou mygthe / lette for no reyne  
Alle þe day pou farest þe bette / þ<sup>t</sup> pou hast god yseue  
Celre thepuethe þat god leueth my dere childe  
Blethely zeue þi tythys / & þin offerynges bothe  
þe pore men at þi dore / be þou hem nogthe lothe  
Zeue hem blethely of þi good / & be þou nogthe to harde  
Seldam is þe house pore / þere god is stywarde  
Tresure he hath / þ<sup>t</sup> pouers sedith my true childe  
The while þou sittest in chirche / þi bedys schalt þou  
bidde  
Make þou none iangelynge / withe fremed ne withe  
sibbe  
Laughe none to shorne / nethir olde ne yonge  
Be of a good berynge / & of a good tonge  
In þi gode berynge begynnith þi worschipe my dere  
childe  
Zif any man bidde þe worschipe / & wille wedde the  
Aupsely answere hym / scorne hym noghte what he be  
Schewe it to þin frendis / & for=hele it noght  
Sitte bi hym ne stande / þer synne may be wroght  
A slaundree þ<sup>t</sup> is reised is cruelle to felle my true childe

THE GOOD WIFE TAUGHT HER  
DAUGHTER MANY A TIME AND  
OFT GOOD WOMAN FOR TO BE.



DAUGHTER if thou wilt be a wife, and  
wisely work

Look that thou love well God, and Holy  
Church

Go to church when thou mayest, stop for no rain  
All the day thou farest the better, that thou hast God seen,  
Well thriveth that God loveth my dear child.

Blithely give thy tithes, and thy offerings both  
The poor men at thy door, be thou to them not loth  
Give them blithely of thy good, and be thou not too  
hard ;

Seldom is the house poor, where God is Steward

Treasure he hath that the poor feedeth my dear child.  
The while thou sittest in church, thy beads shalt  
thou bid [relative]

Make thou no jangling, with stranger, nor with sib  
Laugh none to scorn, neither old nor young,  
Be of good bearing, and of a good tongue

In thy good bearing beginneth thy worship my dear  
child

If any man bid thee worship, and will wed thee  
Advisedly answer him, scorn him not whatever he be  
Show it to thy friends, and conceal it not

Sit [not] by him, nor stand where sin may be wrought  
A slander that is raised is evil to tell my dear child.

What man þe wedde schalle / be for god withe a rygne  
 Honour hym & wurchiþe him / and bowe ouer alle  
 þinge

Mekeþe hym answere / & noght to haterlynge

And so þou schalt slake his mode / & be his derlynge  
 Fyue wordes wraithe slakethe my dere childe

Swete of speche schalt þou be / glad of mylde moode

Trewe in worde & in dede / in lyue & soule goode

Kepe þe fro synne / fro bylenge & schame

And loke þ<sup>t</sup> þou bere þe so wele / þ<sup>t</sup> men seie þe no blame  
 A gode name fore wyunethe my leue childe

Be þou of semblauntz sad / & euer of faire chere

þat þi chere chaunge noght / for noght þ<sup>t</sup> þou maiste here

Fare noght as a gygge / for noght þ<sup>t</sup> may be tyde

Laughe þou noght to lowde / ne zane þou noght to wyde  
 Lawchen þou maight & faire mought make my dere  
 childe

When þou goest be þe weie / goe þou noght to faste

Wagge noght withe þin hedde / þin schuldres away to  
 caste

Be noght of many wordes / swere þou noght to grete

Alle suche maners my dere child / þou muste lete  
 Quelle lak quelle name my leue childe

Goe þou noght to tounne / as it were a gase

Fro house to house / for to seke þe mase

Goe þou noght to market / þi borelle for to selle

Ne goe þou noght to tauerne / þi wurchiþe to felle  
 þat tauerne haunteþe his thriste for-sakethe my dere  
 childe



Whatever man shall thee wed before God with a ring  
Honour him and worship him, and bow over all things  
Meekly answer him, and not too sharply  
And so thou shalt slake his anger, and be his darling.

Fair words slaketh wrath my dear child.

Sweet of speech shalt thou be, glad, of mild mood  
True in word and in deed, in life and soul good  
Keep thee from sin, from indecency, and shame  
And look that thou bear thee so well, that men say  
to thee no blame

A good name far winneth my dear child.

Be thou of appearance sad, and ever of fair cheer  
That thy cheer change not, for naught that thou  
mayest hear

Fare not as a flighty person, for naught that may  
betide

Laugh thou not too loud, nor yawn thou not too wide  
Laughing thou mayest and fair mouth make my  
dear child.

When thou goest by the way go thou not too fast  
Wag not with thy head, thy shoulders away to-cast  
Be not of many words, swear thou not too greatly  
All such manners my dear child, thou must forsake

Evil play evil name my dear child.

Go thou not to town, as it were to gaze  
From house to house, for to seek the maze  
Go thou not to market, thy cloth for to sell  
Nor go thou not to tavern, thy worship to sell

He that tavern haunteth his thrift forsaketh, my

Zif pou be in any stede / þer good drynke is a losse  
 Whethir þou serue / or sitte softe  
 Mesurely take þer offe / þ<sup>t</sup> þe falle no blame  
 Zif þou be ofte dronken / it fallithe the to grete schame  
 þat mesure toucheth & shalle ofte haue his wille my leue  
 childe.

Goe þou noght to wrastelynge / ne schetynge at þe  
 cokke

As it were a strumpet / or a gegelotte  
 Wone at home doughter / & kepe þin owen wiue  
 And so þou schalt my leue childe / sone ware riche  
 Mery is owne þinge to kepe my dere childe  
 Awheynthe þe noght withe il ke man / þ<sup>t</sup> þou metest in  
 þe strete

And þei he speke foule to þe / faire þou him grete  
 . . þou forthe in þe weie / longe by none þou stande  
 . . þou þorow no bylegny þin hert no þinges chaunge  
 For alle ben nought trewe þ<sup>t</sup> faire speke my leue  
 childe

For none wronge couetise / zifte þou ne take  
 But þou wete wele whi / sone þou it forsake  
 Goode wise men withe ziftis / men may ouergone  
 Thow þei were also trewe / as euer was þe stone  
 Bounden he is þat zifte takithe my dere childe  
 In othir manns house / make þou none maistrpe  
 Ne blame þou no þinge / þ<sup>t</sup> þou seiste withe þi eye,  
 I pray þe my dere childe / loke þou here þe so wele  
 þat alle men may seþen / þou art so trewe as stele

If thou be in any place, where good drink is aloft  
 Whether thou serve, or sit softly  
 Measurely take thereof, that to thee there fall no blame  
 If thou be oft drunken, it falleth thee to great shame  
 He that loveth measure and skill oft hath his will  
 my dear child.

Go thou not to wrestling, nor shooting at the cock  
 As it were a strumpet, or a giglot [silly, flighty  
 wanton]  
 Dwell at home daughter, and keep thy own wike  
 [house]

And so thou shalt my dear child, soon be rich.

Merry it is one's own things to keep my dear child.  
 Acquaint thee not with each man that thou meetest  
 in the street

And though he speak foul to thee, fair thou him greet  
 Hie thou forth in the way, long by none thou stand  
 Dothou through no indecency thy heart nothing change  
 For all be not true that speak fair my dear child.

For no wrong covetousness, take thou any gifts  
 But thou wit well why, soon thou forsake it  
 Good wise men with gifts, men may over-gone  
 Though thou wert as true, as ever was the stone  
 Bound he is that taketh gift my dear child.

In other man's house, make thou no mastery  
 Nor blame thou no thing that thou seest with thy eye  
 I pray thee my dear child, look thou bear thee so well  
 That all men may say, thou art as true as steel.

Good name is worth gold my dear child.

Be þou no chider / ne of wordis bolde  
 To mysseyne þi neybour / neither yonge ne olde  
 Be þou noght to mody / ne to endypouse  
 For noght þi may be tyde / in othir mannys house  
 Endypouse herte þoun selfe treuthe my dere child  
 And zif þi neybours wif / haue riche atpire  
 Ther for make þou no stryue / ne bren þou noght as fyre  
 But þanke god of þi good / þi he hathe þe zeuen  
 And so þou schalt my good child / in grete ese leuen  
 At ese he is þi seldam thankithe my leue child  
 Housewisly schalt þou goen / on þe werke day  
 Pryde & reste & ydelchipe / do it alle away  
 And when þe haliday is come / wise schalt þou be  
 þe haliday to wurchipe / & god schalle loue þe.  
 More for worschipe þan for pryde my dere child  
 Withe ryche robys & garlondys / & swiche þinge  
 Ne countirfete no ladys / as þi lorde were a kyng  
 Withe swiche as he may þe fynde / payede schalt þou be  
 þat he lees noght his manhed / for þe love of þe  
 Quere done pryde makethe nakid byde my leue child  
 Mekille schame ben wymmen worthi / & so hem  
 schalle be tide  
 þat bryngyn her lordis in mischef / for here mekille  
 pryde  
 Be wele wise doughtere / & kepe þin owen gode  
 For attir þe wrenne hathe beynes / men schalle late  
 hir blode  
 Dis thriste warithe thynne þi spendithe more þan  
 wyne my dere child

Be thou no chider, nor of words bold  
To speak ill of thy neighbour, neither young nor old.  
Be thou not too moody, nor too envious,  
For nought that may betide, in other man's house,

Envious heart fretteth himself, my dear child.  
And if thy neighbour's wife have rich attire,  
Therefore make thou no strife, nor burn thou not as fire  
But thank God of that good, that he hath given thee  
And so thou shalt, my good child, in great ease live

At ease he is that seldom thanketh my dear child.  
Housewife-like shalt thou go on the week day,  
Pride and rest and idleness, put it all away,  
And when the holyday is come, wise shalt thou be  
The holyday to worship, and God shall love thee

More for worship than for pride, my dear child.  
With rich robes and garlands, and such things  
Do not counterfeit ladies, as if thy lord were a king,  
With such as he may find thee, pleased shalt thou be  
That he lose not his manhood for the love of thee

Overdone pride maketh naked side, my dear child.  
Much shame are women worthy of, and so shall  
betide them,

That bringing their lords in mischief, for their much  
pride

Be well wise, daughter, and keep thy own goods,  
For after the wren hath veins, men shall let her  
blood,

His thrift waxeth thin that spendeth more than he  
winneth, my dear child.

Housewifly loke þin house / & alle þin meyne  
 To bitter ne to boner / Withe hem ne schalt þou be  
 Loke what note is moste nede / for to done  
 And sette hem þer to / bothe rathe & sone  
 Nedy is at nede asorne done dede my leue childe  
 And zif þin lord be fro home / lete hem noght goen  
 ydelle

Loke þ<sup>t</sup> þou wete wele / ho do mekylle or lytelle  
 We þ<sup>t</sup> hathe wele done / zelde hym wele his whyle  
 We dothe an oþer tyme þe bette / but þe be a vyle  
 A dede wele done herte it whemyth my dear childe  
 And zif þi nede be grette / & þi tyme streite  
 Goe þi selfe þere to / & make an housewifis brynde  
 Alle þei schalle do þe better / þ<sup>t</sup> þou bi hem standes  
 þe werke is þe soner done / þ<sup>t</sup> hathe many handes  
 Many handys make light werke my leue childe  
 Loke wele what þi meny dothe / abowte hem þou  
 wende

Wilke dede þ<sup>t</sup> schalle be done / be at þe tone ende  
 Zif þou fynde defaugthe / sone do þou it amende  
 . . . þei haue swiche for hem / þ<sup>t</sup> may hem defende  
 Mykelle note hym be-houethe to don þ<sup>t</sup> house schall  
 holden [my leue childe]

Loke þat alle þing be wele / when þei her werke letyne  
 Take þe keyz to þe warde / þ<sup>t</sup> þei be nought for-  
 getyne

Loke þat þinge be wele / lette for none feyntyse  
 Doughter zif þou doest so / þan doest þou as þe wise  
 Leue none better þan þi selfe my leue childe

Housewife-like look to thine house and all thymeynè  
 Too bitter nor too free with them, shalt thou be ;  
 Look what work is most needful for to [be] done  
 And set them there-to, both early and soon

Needy is at need before-done-deed, my dear child.  
 And if thy lord be from home let them not go idle,  
 Look that thou know well who do much or little ;  
 He that hath well done yield him well his while,  
 Hedothan othertimethebetterbuthebea vile (person).

A deed well done it pleaseth heart, my dear child.  
 And if thy need be great and thy time strait  
 Go thyself there-to and make an housewife's turn,  
 All they shall do the better for that thou 'by them  
 standest,

The work is the sooner done that hath many hands.

Many hands make light work, my dear child.  
 Look well what thy household doth, about them thou  
 wend [go],  
 Whatsoever deed shall be done be at the one end  
 [thereof]

If thou find default soon do thou amend it  
 . they have such for them that may defend them.

Much work behoveth him to do that house shall  
 hold, my dear child.  
 Look that all things be well when they leave their  
 work,

Take the keys to the warden that they be not forgotten,  
 Look that things be well, stay not for any idleness,  
 Daughter if thou doest so then doest thou as the wise.  
 Believe none better than thyself my dear child.

Sitte þou nought to longe / on nygthis by þe cuppe  
 And sey wasselie & drynkeheil / oure sires thriste is  
 byppe

Go to þi bedde be tyme / on morowe reys byppe be lyue  
 And so þou schalt my dere childe / hasteliche thryue.

All his ese may be nought haue þi thryue schalle my  
 dere childe

Zif it so betyde / þin frendes fro þe falle  
 And god sendde þe childryn / þi affir brede wille calle  
 And þou haste mekylle nede / & counseylle haste þou  
 none

But as bare as þou come / from þe harde ston

Thynge þi may be tyde is for to dowte my leue childe  
 Doughter I þe praye / þ þou þe so be thengke  
 What men þe honouren / & sette þe on þe bengke  
 Of aventurys þi may be tyde / boþe zonge & olde  
 þat now ben fulle pouere / þi sum tyme were fulle  
 bolde

Many for folpe hem self for-doothe my dere childe  
 Take ensaumple by hem / & lette alle folie

þi þou haue none defawte / ne they or ze dyen  
 Zif god þe sende children / þou hast þe more to done  
 þei askyn grete dispens / here warisone þei wille haue  
 sone

Care he hathe þi childryn schalle kepe my leue childe  
 And zif þou be a ryche wiffe / be þou nought to harde  
 Welkome fayre þin neyboures / þi comen to þe  
 towarde



Sit thou not too long a-nights by the cup  
And say "Wassail!" and "drink hail!" "our sires thrift  
is up";

Go to thy bed betimes, on the morrow rise up belive.  
[early, soon]

So thou shalt my dear child, hastily thrive

All his pleasure may he not have that shall thrive,  
my dear child.

If it so betide, that friends fall from thee

And God send thee children, that after bread will call  
And thou hast much need, and counsel hast thou none.  
But art as bare as if thou camest from the hard stone

'Think that what may betide is to be feared, my  
dear child.

Daughter I pray thee, that thou so bethink thee  
(Whatever men honour thee, and set thee on the  
bench [daïs])

Of adventures that may betide both young and old  
That now are full poor, that some time were full bold,

Many for folly ruin themselves, my dear child.  
Take example by them, and leave all folly  
That thou have no default, nor they ere ye die  
If God do send children, thou hast the more to do  
They demand great expense, their sustenance they  
will have soon

Care he hath that shall keep children, my dear  
child.

And if thou be a rich wife, be thou not too hard  
Welcome kindly thy neighbours, that come toward  
thee,

Meete & drynke withe faire semblaunte / þe more  
schalle be þi mede.

Like a man after his state / & zeue þe pouere atte nede  
For happye þ<sup>i</sup> may be tide loue þi neybourgh<sup>e</sup> þe be  
side my leue childe

Loke to þin doughters so wele / þat þei bethe nought  
for lorne

Fro þat tyme þ<sup>t</sup> þei ben / of þin body borne

Gader þou muste faste / to here mariage

And zeue hem sone to man / when þei ben of age  
Maydenys ben loneliche & no þing sekir my leue  
childe

And zif þou loue þin childryn / loke þou holde hem lowe  
Zif any of hem do amys / curse hem nought ne blowe  
But take a smerte rodde / & bete hem alle by rowe  
Tylle þei crye mercy / & be here gylte aknowe  
Leue childe lore behoueth my dere childe

Borow nought blethely / ne take nought frest  
But þe more nede it make / or þe more brest  
Make þe nought to riche / of oþer mannys þinge  
The bolder to spend / þe worthe of a ferthinge  
Borrowed þinge wole home my leue childe

Zeue þi meyne here hire / at here terme day  
Whether þei leue stille / or þei wende away  
Be þou wise wif of þin owen / þ<sup>t</sup> þou hast in wolde  
þ<sup>t</sup> þi frendes haue joye of þe / bothe zonge & olde  
Chi thriste is þi frendis myrthe my dere childe

Meat and drink with kind cheer, the more shall be  
thy meed [reward],

Each man after his state, and give the poor at need  
For happen what may betide, love thy neighbour  
beside thee, my dear child.

Look to thy daughters so well that they be not  
forlorn [ruined]

From the time that they be of thy body born;  
Gather thou must fast for their marriage  
And give them soon to a man when they be of age.  
Maidens be lonely and nothing sure, my dear  
child.

And if thou love thy children look thou hold them low  
If any of them do amiss, curse them not nor blow  
But take a smart rod and beat them all by row,  
Till they cry "mercy!" and their guilt be acknow-  
ledged.

The dear child needs learning my dear child.  
Borrow not blithely nor take thou any loan  
But the more need there is or the more force  
Make thee not too rich of other man's things  
The bolder to spend the worth of a farthing.

Borrowed things will home, my dear child.  
Give thy attendants their hire at their term day  
Whether they still remain or they go away;  
Be thou wise, wife, of thy own that thou hast in thy  
power,

That thy friends have joy of thee, both young and old,  
Thy thrift is thy friend's mirth, my dear child.

Now haue I taught þe doughter / so dide my modir  
me

Thenk þer on bothe nyght & day / forȝete nought þise  
þre

Haue mesure lowenesse & forthought / þ<sup>t</sup> I haue þe  
taught

What man þ<sup>t</sup> þe wedde schalle / þan is he nought  
bycaught

Better were a childe unborne þan vntaught my leue  
childe

Now thrifte & thedam mote þou haue / my leue swete  
barn

Of alle oure forme fadres / þ<sup>t</sup> euer ware or arn

Of patriarkes of prohetis / þ<sup>t</sup> euer were o lȝue

Here blessinge mote þu haue / & wele mote þou  
thryue

Allele is þe childe þat fryte may my dere childe.

Explicit expliciat ludere scriptor eat.

Now have I taught thee daughter, as did my  
mother me

Think on her both night and day, forget not  
these three

Have moderation, lowliness and forethought that I  
have taught thee,

Whatever man shall wed thee, then is he not becaught  
Better were a child unborn than untaught my dear  
child.

Now thrift and prosperity mayest thou have, my  
dear sweet child

Of all our ancestors, that ever were or are,

Of patriarchs, of prophets that ever were alive,

Their blessing mayest thou have and well mayest  
thou thrive.

Well is the child that may thrive my dear child.

*Explicit expliciat ludere scriptor eat.*



A

# COVNTERBLASTE

*To Tobacco.*



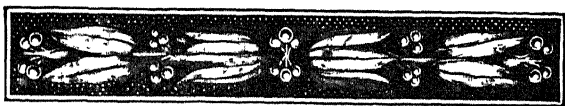
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*Anno* 1604.







## TO THE READER.

**A**S every human body (*dear countrymen*) how wholesome soever is notwithstanding subject, or at least naturally inclined to some sorts of diseases, or infirmities : so is there no Common-wealth, or body-politic, how well governed, or peaceable soever it be, that lacks the own popular errors, and naturally inclined corruptions : and therefore is it no wonder, although this our country and Common-wealth, though peaceable, though wealthy, though long flourishing in both, be amongst the rest, subject to the own natural infirmities. We are of all nations the people most loving and most reverently obedient to our prince, yet are we (as time hath often borne witness) too easy to be seduced to make rebellion, upon every slight grounds. Our fortunate and oft proved valour in wars abroad, our hearty and reverent obedience to our princes at home, hath bred us along, and a thrice happy peace : our peace hath bred wealth : And peace and wealth hath brought forth a general sluggishness, which makes us wallow in all sorts of idle delights, and soft delicacies, the first seeds of the subversion of all great monarchies. Our clergy are become negligent and lazy, our nobility and gentry prodigal, and sold to their private delights, our lawyers covetous, our Common-people prodigal and curious ; and generally all sorts of people more careful for their private ends, than for their mother the Common-wealth.

For remedy whereof, it is the King's part (as the proper physician of his politic-body) to purge it of all those diseases, by medicines meet for the same : as by a certain mild, and yet just form of government, to maintain the public quietness and prevent all occasions of commotion : by the example of his own person and court, to make us all ashamed of our sluggish delicacy, and to stir us up to the practice again of all honest exercises, and martial shadows of war ; as likewise by his, and his courts moderateness in apparel, to make us ashamed of our prodigality : by his quick admonitions and careful overseeing of the clergy, to waken them up again, to be more diligent in their offices : by the sharp trial, and severe

*punishment of the partial, covetous and bribing lawyers, to reform their corruptions : and generally by the example of his own person, and by the due execution of good laws, to reform and abolish, piece and piece, these old and evil grounded abuses. For this will not be Opus unius dici, but as every one of these diseases, must from the King receive the own cure proper for it, so are there some sorts of abuses in Commonwealths, that though they be of so base and contemptible a condition, as they are too low for the law too look on, and to mean for a King to interpose his authority, or bend his eye upon : yet are they corruptions, as well as the greatest of them. So is an ant an animal, as well as an elephant : so is a wren Avis, as well as a swan and so is a small dint of the toothache, a disease as well as the fearful plague is. But for these base sorts of corruption in Commonwealths, not only the King, or any inferior magistrate, but Quilibet à populo may serve to be a Physician, by discovering and impugning the error, and by persuading reformation thereof.*

*And surely in my opinion, there cannot be a more base, and yet hurtful, corruption in a country, than is the vile use (or other abuse) of taking Tobacco in this kingdom, which hath moved me, shortly to discover the abuses thereof in this following little pamphlet.*

*If any think it a light argument, so is it but a toy that is bestowed upon it. And since the subject is but of smoke, I think the fume of an idle brain, may serve for a sufficient battery against so fumous and feeble an enemy. If my grounds be found true, it is all I look for ; but if they carry the force of persuasion with them, it is all I can wish, and more*

*than I can expect. My only care is, that you, my dear Countrymen, may rightly conceive even by this smallest trifle, of the sincerity of my meaning in greater matters, never to spare any pain, that may tend to the procuring of your real and prosperity.*





## A COUNTERBLAST TO TOBACCO.

**T**HAT the manifold abuses of this vile custom of *Tobacco* taking, may the better be espied, it is fit, that first you enter into consideration both of the first original thereof, and likewise of the reasons of the first entry thereof into this Country. For certainly as such customs, that have their first institution either from a godly, necessary, or honourable ground, and are first brought in, by the means of some worthy, virtuous, and great personage, are ever, and most justly, holden in great reverent estimation and account, by all wise, virtuous, and temperate spirits : So should it by the contrary, justly bring a great disgrace into that sort of customs, which having their original from base corruption and barbarity do in like sort, make their first entry into a country by an inconsiderate and childish affection of novelty, as is the true case of the first invention of *Tobacco* taking, and of the first entry thereof among us. For

*Tobacco* being a common herb, which (though under divers names) grows almost everywhere, was first found out by some of the barbarous *Indians*, to be a preservative, or antidote against the pox, a filthy disease, whereunto these barbarous people are (as all men know) very much subject, what through the uncleanly and adust<sup>1</sup> constitution of their bodies, and what through the intemperate heat of their climate: so that as from them was first brought into Christendom, that most detestable disease, so from them likewise was brought this use of *Tobacco* as a stinking and unsavoury antidote, for so corrupted and execrable a malady, the stinking suffumigation whereof they yet use against that disease, making so one canker or venime<sup>2</sup> to eat out another.

And now good countrymen let us (I pray you) consider, what honour or policy can move us to imitate the barbarous and beastly manners of the wild, godless, and slavish *Indians*, especially in so vile and stinking a custom? Shall we that disdain to imitate the manners of our neighbour *France* (having the style of the first Christian Kingdom) and that cannot endure the spirit of the Spaniards (their king being now comparable in largeness of dominions, to the great Emperor of Turkey). Shall we, I say, that have been so long civil and wealthy in peace,

<sup>1</sup>ADUST.—Parched, burnt

<sup>2</sup>VENIME.—Poison, venom.

famous and invincible in war, fortunate in both, we that have been ever able to aid any of our neighbours (but never deafed any of their ears with any of our supplications for assistance) shall we, I say, without blushing, abase ourselves so far, as to imitate these beastly *Indians*, slaves to the *Spaniards*, refuse to the world, and as yet aliens from the holy covenant of God? Why do we not as well imitate them in walking naked as they do? in preferring glasses, feathers, and such toys, to gold and precious stones, as they do? yea why do we not deny God and adore the Devil, as they do?

Now to the corrupted baseness of the first use of this *Tobacco*, doth very well agree the foolish and groundless first entry thereof into this kingdom. It is not so long since the first entry of this abuse amongst us here, as this present age cannot yet very well remember, both the first author, and the form of the first introduction of it amongst us. It was neither brought in by king, great conqueror, nor learned doctor of physic.

With the report of a great discovery for a conquest, some two or three savage men, were brought in, together with this savage custom. But the pity is, the poor wild barbarous men died, but that vile barbarous custom is yet alive, yea in fresh vigour; so as it seems a miracle to me, how a custom springing from so vile a ground, and brought

in by a father so generally hated, should be welcomed upon so slender a warrant. For if they that first put it in practice here, had remembered for what respect it was used by them from whence it came, I am sure they would have been loath, to have taken so far the imputation of that disease upon them as they did, by using the cure thereof. For *Sanies non est opus medico*, and counter-poisons are never used, but where poison is thought to precede.

But since it is true, that divers customs slightly grounded, and with no better warrant entered in a commonwealth, may yet in the use of them thereafter, prove both necessary and profitable ; it is, therefore, next to be examined, if there be not a full sympathy and true proportion, between the base ground and foolish entry, and the loathsome and hurtful use of this stinking antidote.

I am now therefore heartily to pray you to consider, first upon what false and erroneous grounds you have first built the general good-liking thereof; and next, what sins towards God, and foolish vanities before the world you commit, in the detestable use of it.

As for these deceitful grounds, that have specially moved you to take a good and great conceit thereof, I shall content myself to examine here only four of the principals of them ; two

found upon the theoric of a deceivable appearance of reason, and two of them upon the mistaken practice of general experience.

First, it is thought by you a sure aphorism in the physics, that the brains of all men, being naturally cold and wet, all dry and hot things should be good for them ; of which nature this stinking suffumigation is, and therefore of good use to them. Of this argument, both the proposition and assumption are false, and so the conclusion cannot but be void of itself. For as to the proposition, that because the brains are cold and moist, therefore things that are hot and dry are best for them, it is an inept<sup>1</sup> consequence : for man being compounded of the four complexions, (whose father are the four elements) although there be a mixture of them all in all the parts of his body, yet must the divers parts of our *Microcosm* or little world within ourselves, be diversely more inclined, some to one, some to another complexion, according to the diversity of their uses, that of these discords a perfect harmony may be made up for the maintenance of the whole body.

The application then of a thing of a contrary nature, to any of these parts, is to interrupt them of their due function, and by consequence hurtful to the health of the whole body. As if a man, because the liver is hot (as the fountain of blood)

<sup>1</sup>INEPT.—Not apt or fit ; unsuitable.

and as it were an oven to the stomach, would therefore apply and wear close upon his liver and stomach a cake of lead ; he might within a very short time (I hope) be sustained very good cheap at an ordinary, besides the clearing of his conscience from that deadly sin of gluttony. And as if, because the heart is full of vital spirits, and in perpetual motion, a man would therefore lay a heavy pound stone on his breast, for staying and holding down that wanton palpitation, I doubt not but his breast would be more bruised with the weight thereof, than the heart would be comforted with such a disagreeable and contrarious cure. And even so is it with the brains. For if a man, because the brains are cold and humid, would therefore use inwardly by smells, or outwardly by application, things of hot and dry quality, all the gain that he could make thereof, would only be to put himself in a great forwardness for running mad, by over-watching himself, the coldness and moistness of our brain being the only ordinary means that procure our sleep and rest. Indeed I do not deny, but when it falls out that any of these, or any part of our body grows to be distempered, and to tend to an extremity, beyond the compass of nature's temperate mixture, that in that case cures of contrary qualities, to the intemperate inclination of that part, being wisely prepared and discreetly ministered, may be both necessary and



helpful for strengthening and assisting nature in the expulsion of her enemies : for this is the true definition of all profitable physic.

But first these cures ought not to be used, but where there is need of them, the contrary whereof, is daily practised in this general use of *Tobacco* by all sorts and complexions of people.

And next, I deny the minor of this argument, as I have already said, in regard that this *Tobacco*, is not simply of a dry and hot quality ; but rather hath a certain venomous faculty joined with the heat thereof, which makes it have an antipathy against nature, as by the hateful smell thereof doth well appear. For the nose being the proper organ and convoy of the sense of smelling to the brains, which are the only fountain of that sense, doth ever serve us for an infallible witness, whether that odour which we smell be healthful or hurtful to the brain (except when it falls out that the sense itself is corrupted and abused through some infirmity, and distemper in the brain.) And that the suffumigation thereof cannot have a drying quality, it needs no further probation, than that it is a smoke, all smoke and vapour, being of itself humid, as drawing near to the nature of the air, and easy to be resolved again into water whereof there needs no other proof but the meteors, which being bred of nothing else but of the vapours and exhalations sucked up by the sun out of the

earth, the sea, and waters yet are the same smoky vapours turned, and transformed into rains, snows, dews, hoar frosts, and such like watery meteors, as by the contrary the rainy clouds are often transformed and evaporated in blustering winds.

The second argument grounded on a show of reason is, that this filthy smoke, as well through the heat and strength thereof, as by a natural force and quality, is able and fit to purge both the head and stomach of rheums and distillations, as experience teacheth, by the spitting and avoiding phlegm, immediately after the taking of it. But the fallacy of this argument may easily appear, by my late preceding description of the meteors. For even as the smoky vapours sucked up by the sun, and stayed in the lowest and cold region of the air, are there contracted into clouds and turned into rain, and such other watery meteors; so this stinking smoke being sucked up by the nose, and imprisoned in the cold and moist brains, is by their cold and wet faculty, turned and cast forth again in watery distillations, and so are you made free and purged of nothing, but that wherewith you wilfully burdened yourselves; and therefore are you no wiser in taking *Tobacco* for purging you of distillations, than if for preventing the cholic you would take all kind of windy meats and drinks, and for preventing of the stone, you would take all kind of

meats and drinks that would breed gravel in the kidneys, and then when you were forced to avoid much wind out of your stomach, and much gravel in your urine, that you should attribute the thank thereof to such nourishments as bred those within you, that behoved either to be expelled by the force of nature, or you to have *burst at the broadside*, as the proverb is.

As for the other two reasons founded upon experience, the first of which is, that the whole people would not have taken so general a good liking thereof, if they had not by experience found it very sovereign and good for them: For answer thereunto how easily the minds of any people; wherewith God hath replenished this world, may be drawn to the foolish affectation of any novelty, I leave it to the discreet judgment of any man that is reasonable.

Do we not daily see, that a man can no sooner bring over from beyond the seas any new form of apparel, but that he cannot be thought a man of spirit, that would not presently imitate the same? And so from hand to hand it spreads, till it be practised by all, not for any commodity that is in it, but only because it is come to be the fashion. For such is the force of that natural self-love in every one of us, and such is corruption of envy bred in the breast of everyone, as we cannot be content unless we imitate everything that our fellows do, and so

prove ourselves capable of everything whereof they are capable, like apes, counterfeiting the manners of others, to our own destruction. For let one or two of the greatest masters of mathematics in any of the two famous universities, but constantly affirm any clear day, that they see some strange apparition in the skies : they will I warrant you be seconded by the greatest part of the students in that profession : so loath will they be, to be thought inferior to their fellows, either in depth of knowledge or sharpness of sight : and therefore the general good liking and embracing of this foolish custom, doth but only proceed from that affectation of novelty, and popular error, whereof I have already spoken.

The other argument drawn from a mistaken experience, is but the more particular probation of this general, because it is alleged to be found true by proof, that by the taking of *Tobacco* divers and very many do find themselves cured of divers diseases as on the other part, no man ever received harm thereby. In this argument there is first a great mistaking and next a monstrous absurdity. For is it not a very great mistaking, to take *non causam pro causa*, as they say in the logics? because peradventure when a sick man hath had his disease at the height he hath at that instant taken *Tobacco*, and afterward his disease taking the natural course of declining, and consequently the patient of recovering

his health, O then the *Tobacco* forsooth, was the worker of that miracle. Beside that, it is a thing well known to all physicians, that the apprehension and conceit of the patient hath by wakening and uniting the vital spirits, and so strengthening nature, a great power and virtue, to cure divers diseases. For an evident proof of mistaking in the like case, I pray you what foolish boy, what silly wench, what old doting wife, or ignorant country clown, is not a physician for a toothach, for the cholic, and divers such common diseases? Yea, will not every man withal, teach you a sundry cure for the same, and swear by that mean either himself, or some of his nearest kinsmen and friends was cured? And yet I hope no man is so foolish as to believe them. And all these toys do only proceed from the mistaking *non causam pro causa*, as I have already said, and so if a man chance to recover one of any disease, after he hath taken *Tobacco*, that must have the thanks of all. But by the contrary, if a man smoke himself to death with it (and many have done) O then some other disease must bear the blame for that fault. So do old harlots thank their harlotry for their many years, that custom being healthful (say they) *ad purgandos Renes*, but never have mind how many die of the pox in the flower of their youth. And so do old drunkards think they prolong their days, by their swine-like diet, but

never remember how many die drowned in drink before they be half old.

And what greater absurdity can there be, than to say that one cure shall serve for divers, nay, contrarious sorts of diseases? It is an undoubted ground among all physicians, that there is almost no sort either of nourishment or medicine, that hath not something in it disagreeable to some part of man's body, because, as I have already said, the nature of the temperature of every part, is so different from another, that according to the old proverb, that which is good for the head, is evil for the neck and the shoulders. For even as a strong enemy, that invades a town or fortress, although in his siege thereof, he do belay and compass it round about, yet he makes his breach and entry, at some one or few special parts thereof, which he hath tried and found to be weakest and least able to resist; so sickness doth make her particular assault, upon such part or parts of our body, as are weakest and easiest to be overcome by that sort of disease, which then doth assail us, although all the rest of the body by sympathy feel itself, to be as it were belayed and besieged by the affliction of that special part, the grief and smart thereof being by the sense of feeling dispersed through all the rest of our members. And therefore the skilful physician presses by such cures, to purge and strengthen that part

which is afflicted, as are only fit for that sort of disease, and do best agree with the nature of that infirm part; which being abused to a disease of another nature, would prove as hurtful for the one, as helpful for the other. Yea, not only will a skilful and wary physician be careful to use no cure but that which is fit for that sort of disease, but he will also consider all other circumstances, and make the remedies suitable thereunto: as the temperature of the clime where the patient is, the constitution of the planets, the time of the moon, the season of the year, the age and complexion of the patient, and the present state of his body, in strength or weakness. For one cure must not ever be used for the self-same disease, but according to the varying of any of the foresaid circumstances, that sort of remedy must be used which is fittest for the same. Whereby the contrary in this case, such is the miraculous omnipotence of our strong tasted *Tobacco*, as it cures all sorts of diseases (which never any drug could do before) in all persons, and at all times. It cures all manner of distillations, either in the head or stomach (if you believe their axioms) although in very deed it do both corrupt the brain, and by causing over quick digestion, fill the stomach full of crudities. It cures the gout in the feet, and (which is miraculous) in that very instant when the smoke thereof, as light, flies up into the head, the virtue

thereof, as heavy, runs down to the little toe. It helps all sorts of agues. It makes a man sober that was drunk. It refreshes a weary man, and yet makes a man hungry. Being taken when they go to bed, it makes one sleep soundly, and yet being taken when a man is sleepy and drowsy, it will, as they say, awake his brain, and quicken his understanding. As for curing of the pox, it serves for that use but among the poxy Indian slaves. Here in *England* it is refined, and will not deign to cure here any other than cleanly and gentlemanly diseases. O omnipotent power of *Tobacco* ! And if it could by the smoke thereof, chase out devils, as the smoke of *Tobias'* fish did (which I am sure could smell no stronger) it would serve for a precious relic, both for the superstitious priests, and the insolent Puritans, to cast out devils withal.

Admitting then, and not confessing that the use thereof were healthful for some sorts of diseases; should it be used for all sicknesses ? should it be used by all men ? should it be used at all times ? yea should it be used by able, young, strong, healthful men ? Medicine hath that virtue, that it never leaveth a man in that state wherein it findeth him : it makes a sick man whole, but a whole man sick. And as medicine helps nature being taken at times of necessity, so being ever and continually used, it doth but weaken, weary, and wear nature. What



speaking I of medicine? Nay let a man every hour of the day, or as oft as many in this country use to take *Tobacco*, let a man, I say, but take as oft the best sorts of nourishments in meat and drink that can be devised, he shall with the continual use thereof weaken both his head and his stomach: all his members shall become feeble, his spirits dull, and in the end, as a drowsy lazy belly-god, he shall vanish<sup>1</sup> in a lethargy.

And from this weakness it proceeds, that many in this kingdom have had such a continual use of taking this unsavoury smoke, as now they are not able to forbear the same, no more than an old drunkard can abide to be long sober, without falling into an incurable weakness and evil constitution: for their continual custom hath made to them, *habitu*, *alteram*, *naturam*: so to those that from their birth have been continually nourished upon poison and things venemous, wholesome meats are only poisonable.

Thus having, as I trust, sufficiently answered the most principal arguments that are used in defence of this vile custom, it rests only to inform you what fines and vanities you commit in the filthy abuse thereof. First, are you not guilty of sinful and shameful lust? (for lust may be as well in any of the senses as in feeling) that although you be

<sup>1</sup>EVANISH.—To vanish, to disappear.

troubled with no disease, but in perfect health, yet can you neither be merry at an ordinary, nor lascivious in the stews, if you lack *Tobacco* to provoke your appetite to any of those sorts of recreation lusting after it as the children of Israel did in the wilderness after quails? secondly it is, as you use or rather abuse it, a branch of the sin of drunkenness which is the root of all sins: for as the only delight that drunkards take in wine is in the strength of the taste, and the force of the fume thereof that mounts up to the brain: for no drunkard love any weak, or sweet drink: so are not those (I mean the strong heat and the fume) the only qualities that make *Tobacco* so delectable to all the lovers of it? And as no man likes strong heady drink the first day (because *nemo repent fit turpissimus*) but by custom is piece and piece allured, while in the end, a drunkard will have as great a thirst to be drunk, as a sober man to quench his thirst with a draught when he hath need of it: so is not this the very case of all the great takers of *Tobacco*? which therefore they themselves do attribute to a bewitching quality in it. Thirdly, is it not the greatest sin of all that you the people of all sorts of this kingdom who are created and ordained by God to bestow both your persons and goods for the maintenance both of the honour and safety of your king and commonwealth, should disable yourselves in both? In your

persons having by this continual vile custom brought yourselves to this shameful imbecility, that you are not able to ride or walk the journey of a Jew's Sabbath,<sup>1</sup> but you must have a reeky coal brought you from the next poor house to kindle your *Tobacco* with? whereas he cannot be thought able for any service in the wars, that cannot endure oftentimes the want of meat, drink and sleep, much more than must he endure the want of *Tobacco*. In the times of the many glorious and victorious battles fought by this nation, there was no word of *Tobacco*. But now if it were times of wars, and that you were to make some sudden *cavalcado* upon your enemies, if any of you should seek leisure to stay behind his fellow for taking of *Tobacco*, for my part I should never be sorry for any evil chance that might befall him. To take a custom in any thing that cannot be left again, is most harmful to the people of any land. *Mollicies* and delicacy were the wreck and overthrow, first of the Persian, and next of the Roman Empire. And this very custom of taking *Tobacco* (whereof our present purpose is) is even at this day accounted so effeminate among the Indians themselves, as in the market they will offer no price for a slave to be sold, whom they find to be a great *Tobacco* taker.

Now how you are by this custom disabled in your goods, let the gentry in this land here witness, some of them bestowing three, some four hundred

<sup>1</sup>A JEW'S SABBATH.—From sunset to sunset.

pounds a year upon this precious stink, which I am sure might be bestowed upon many far better uses. I read indeed of a knavish courtier, who for abusing the favour of the Emperor *Alexander Severus* his Master by taking bribes to intercede, for sundry persons in his master's ear (for whom he never once opened his mouth) was justly choked with smoke, with this doom, *Fumo pereat, qui fumum vendidit*: but of so many smoke-buyers, as are at this present in this kingdom, I never read nor heard.

And for the vanities committed in this filthy custom, is it not both great vanity and uncleanness, that at the table, a place of respect, of cleanliness, of modesty, men should not be ashamed, to sit tossing of *Tobacco pipes*, and puffing of the smoke of *Tobacco* one to another, making the filthy smoke and stink thereof, to exhale athwart the dishes, and infect the air, when very often, men that abhor it are at their repast? Surely smoke becomes a kitchen far better than a dining chamber, and yet it makes a kitchen also oftentimes in the inward parts of men, soiling and infecting them, with an unctious and oily kind of soot, as hath been found in some great *Tobacco* takers, that after their death were opened. And not only meat time, but no other time nor action is exempted from the public use of this uncivil trick; so as if the wives of *Dieppe* list to contest with this nation for good manners their worst manners would in all reason be found at least not so

dishonest (as ours are) in this point. The public use whereof, at all times, and in all places, hath now so far prevailed, as divers men very sound both in judgment, and complexion, have been at last forced to take it also without desire, partly because they were ashamed to seem singular (like the two philosophers that were forced to duck themselves in that rain water, and so become fools as well as the rest of the people) and partly, to be as one that was content to eat garlic (which he did not love) that he might not be troubled with the smell of it, in the breath of his fellows. And is it not a great vanity, that a man cannot heartily welcome his friend now, but straight they must be in hand with *Tobacco*? No it is become in place of a cure, a point of good fellowship, and he that will refuse to take a pipe of *Tobacco* among his fellows (though by his own election he would rather feel the savour of a sink) is accounted peevish and no good company, even as they do with tippling in the cold eastern countries. Yea the mistress cannot in a more mannerly kind, entertain her servant, than by giving him out of her fair hand a pipe of *Tobacco*. But herein is not only a great vanity, but a great contempt of God's good gifts, that the sweetness of man's breath, being a good gift of God, should be wilfully corrupted by this stinking smoke, wherein I must confess, it hath too strong a virtue : and so that which is an ornament

of nature, and can neither by any artifice be at the first acquired, nor once lost, be recovered again, shall be filthily corrupted with an incurable stink, which vile quality is as directly contrary to that wrong opinion which is holden of the wholesomeness thereof, as the venime of putrefaction is contrary to the virtue of preservation.

Moreover, which is a great iniquity, and against all humanity, the husband shall not be ashamed to reduce thereby his delicate, wholesome, and clean complexioned wife, to that extremity, that either she must also corrupt her sweet breath therewith, or else resolve to live in a perpetual stinking torment.

Have you not reason then to be ashamed, and to forbear this filthy novelty, so basely grounded, so foolishly received and so grossly mistaken in the right use thereof? In your abuse thereof sinning against God, harming yourselves both in person and goods, and raking also thereby the marks and notes of vanity upon you: by the custom thereof making yourselves to be wondered at by all foreign civil nations, and by all strangers that come among you, to be scorned and contemned. A custom loathsome to the eye, hateful to the nose, harmful to the brain, dangerous to the lungs, and in the black stinking fume thereof, nearest resembling the horrible stygian smoke of the pit that is bottomless.

THE  
ARRAIGNMENT  
AND  
EXECUTION

Of

*THE LATE TRAITORS,*

WITH A

RELATION OF THE OTHER TRAITORS,

Which were executed at Worcester,

The Twenty-seventh of January last past.



L O N D O N,

Printed for Jeffrey Chorlton, and are to be sold at  
his shop, at the great north door of St. Paul's.

1606,

The following tract contains a short narrative of the behaviour of these men at the gallows, who were executed for the gunpowder plot, of which we know not whether there is any other Protestant relation, and therefore have preserved this, though not very valuable either for its elegance or decency, for it is written in a strain of merriment and insult, which the religion, professed by the author, does not teach. However, as one extreme is naturally opposed to another, this pamphlet, in which the cause and sufferings of these wretches are treated with scoffs and derision, may be justly placed in contrast against those writings of their own church in which they are revered as martyrs.





*A brief Discourse upon the Arraignment and Execution of the eight Traitors, Digby, the two Winters, Grant, Rookwood, Keyes, Bates, and Johnson, alias Fawkes, four of which were executed in St. Paul's Church-yard, in London, upon Thursday, being the thirtieth of January; the other four in the old Palace in Westminster, over-against the Parliament-house, upon Friday next following.*

**N**OT to aggravate the sorrow of the living in the shame of the dead, but to dissuade the idolatrously blinded, from seeking their own destruction in the way to damnation, I have here briefly set down a discourse of the behaviour and carriage of the eight persons before named, from the time of their imprisonment, to the instant of their death; the nature of their offence, the little shew of their sorrow, their usage in prison, and their obstinacy to their end. First, for their offence, it is so odious in the ears of all human creatures, that it could hardly be believed, that so many monsters in nature should carry the shapes of men: murder, oh, it is the crying sin of the world, and such an

intended murder, as, had it taken effect, would have made a world cry ; and therefore the horror thereof must needs be hateful to the whole world to hear of it.

Men, that saw them go to their execution, did in a sort grieve to see such proper men, in shape, go to so shameful an end ; but the end was proper to men of so improper minds, who, to satisfy a blinded conceit, would forget their duties to God and their king, and unnaturally seek the ruin of their native country : they are said to be born unhappy, that are not someway profitable to their country ; and then, how accursed are they born, that seek the destruction of the whole kingdom ?

Papists will perhaps idly say, it was a bloody execution ; but, in respect of their desert, in the blood they intended to have shed, it was a merciful punishment : for, if Jezebel, a queen, for seeking the murder of one private man, was thrown out of a window, and fed upon by dogs : how can these people be thought to be cruelly used, that could intend and practice so horrible a villany as the death of so gracious a king, queen, and prince, so noble peers, and the ruin of so flourishing a kingdom ?

But since my intent is chiefly to make report of the manner of their demeanors, from the prison to the arraignment, and from thence to execution : I will truly set down what I have gathered, touching

the same. After their apprehension in the country, and being brought up to London, upon the appearance of their foul treason, before his Majesty's most honourable council, they were, by their commandment, committed to his Majesty's tower of London, where they wanted nothing, that, in the mercy of a christian prince, was thought fit, and, indeed, too good for so unchristian offenders.

For in the time of their imprisonment they seemed to feel no part of fear, either of the wrath of God, the doom of justice, or the shame of sin ; but, as it were, with seared consciences, senseless of grace, lived as not looking to die, or not feeling the sorrow of their sins ; and now, that no subtle fox, or rather goose, that would fain seem a fox, shall have cause to say or think, that the justice of the law hath not been truly ministered, according to the rules of the divine will, behold here a true report, as I said before, of their behaviour and carriage, from their apprehension, to their imprisonment, and from condemnation to their execution. In the time of their imprisonment they rather feasted with their sins, than fasted with sorrow for them ; were richly apparelled, fared deliciously, and took tobacco out of measure, with a seeming carelessness of their crime, as it were daring the law to pass upon them ; but the Almighty, and our most merciful good God, first revealed them. His Majesty's and his council's

careful head apprehended them, the law plainly did decipher them, justice gave judgment on them, and death made an end of them ; but, to come to their arraignment, and to deliver the manner of their behaviour, after they went from the tower by water, and came to Westminster, before they came into the hall, they made some half hour's stay, or more, in the star-chamber, whither being brought, and remaining till the court was all ready to hear them, and, according to the law, to give judgment on them, it was strange to note their carriage, even in their very countenances : some hanging down the head, as if their hearts were full of doggedness, and others forcing a stern look, as if they would fear death with a frown, never seeming to pray, except it were by the dozen, upon their beads, and taking tobacco, as if that hanging were no trouble to them ; saying little but in commendation of their conceited religion, craving mercy of neither God or the King for their offences, and making their consciences, as it were, as wide as the world : and to the very gates of hell, to be the cause of their hellish courses, to make a work meritorious.

Now being come into the hall, and upon the scaffold at the bar, standing to answer to their indictments, they all pleaded not guilty, but were all found guilty. Digby, without craving mercy, or favour, of either God or the King, made only five

wordly requests, that his wife might have her jointure, his children the lands entailed by his father, his sisters their legacies in his hand unpaid, his debts paid, and for his death, to be beheaded, and not hanged.

Robert Winter, in like manner, thinking himself already half a saint for his whole villany, said little to any purpose, that either made shew of sorrow, or sought mercy, but only made a request to the King for mercy towards his brother, in regard of his offence, as he said, through his only persuasion.

His brother said little, but, with a guilty conscience, swallowed up a concealed grief, with little show of sorrow for that time.

Grant, stubborn in his idolatry, seemed nothing penitent for his villany, asked little mercy, but, as it were, careless of grace, received the doom of his desert.

The younger Winter said little, but to excuse the foulness of his fact, in being drawn in by his brother, and not of his own plotting, with little talk to little purpose, troubled the time the lesser while.

Rookwood, out of a studied speech, would feign have made his bringing up, and breeding in idolatry, to have been some excuse to his villany; but a fair talk could not help a foul deed, and therefore, being

found guilty of the treason, had his judgment with the rest of the traitors.

Now, after their commendation and judgment, being sent back to the tower, there they remained till the Thursday following ; upon sledges and hurdles they were drawn into St. Paul's Church-yard, four of them, viz. Everard Digby, the elder Winter, Grant, and Bates, of whom I forgot to speak, having no great matter to speak of, but only that being a villain, and hoping for advancement by the same, he had the reward of a traitor.

Now these four being drawn to the scaffold, made on purpose for their execution : first went up Digby, a man of a goodly personage, and a manly aspect, yet might a wary eye, in the change of his countenance, behold an inward fear of death, for his colour grew pale and his eye heavy ; notwithstanding that he enforced himself to speak, as stoutly as he could, his speech was not long, and to little good purpose, only, that his belied conscience, being, but indeed, a blinded conceit, had led him into this offence, which, in respect of his religion, *alias*, indeed idolatry, he held no offence, but, in respect of the law, he held an offence for which he asked forgiveness of God, of the King, and the whole kingdom ; and so, with vain and superstitious crossing of himself, betook him to his Latin prayers, mumbling to himself, refusing to have any prayers

of any, but of the Romish Catholics ; went up the ladder, and, with the help of the hangman, made an end of his wicked days in this world.

After him went Winter up to the scaffold, where he used few words to any good effect, without asking mercy of either God, or the King, for his offence ; went up the ladder, and, making a few prayers to himself staid not long for his execution.

After him went Grant, who, abominably blinded with his horrible idolatry, though he confessed his offence to be heinous, yet, would feign have excused it by his conscience for religion ; a bloody religion, to make so bloody conscience ; but better that his blood, and all such as he was, should be shed by the justice of law, than the blood of many thousands to have been shed by his villany, without law or justice ; but to the purpose, having used a few idle words to ill effect, he was, as his fellow before him, led the way to the halter ; and so, after his crossing of himself, to the last part of his tragedy.

Last of them came Bates, who seemed sorry for his offence, and asked forgiveness of God, and the King, and of the whole kingdom ; prayed to God for the preservation of them all, and, as he said, only for his love to his master, drawn to forget

his duty to God, his king and country, and therefore was now drawn from the tower to St. Paul's Churchyard, and there hanged and quartered for his treachery. Thus ended that day's business.

The next day, being Friday, were drawn from the Tower to the Old Palace in Westminster, over against the Parliament-house, Thomas Winter, the younger brother, Rookwood, Keyes, and Fawkes the minor, justly called, the Devil of the Vault ; for, had he not been a devil incarnate, he had never conceived so villanous a thought, nor been employed in so damnable an action.

Now Winter, first being brought to the scaffold, made little speech, but seeming, after a sort, as it were sorry for his offence, and yet crossing himself, as though those were wards to put by the devil's stoccadoes, having already made a wound in his soul, of which he had not yet a full feeling, protesting to die a true Catholic, as he said ; with a very pale and dead colour went up the ladder, and, after a swing or two with a halter, to the quartering-block was drawn, and there quickly dispatched.

Next him came Rookwood, who made a speech of some longer time, confessing his offence to God, in seeking to shed blood, and asking therefore mercy of his Divine Majesty ; his offence to the



King, of whose Majesty he likewise humbly asked forgiveness; his offence to the whole state, of whom in general he asked forgiveness, beseeching God to bless the King, the Queen, and all his royal progeny, and that they might long live to reign in peace and happiness over this kingdom. But last of all, to mar all the potage, with one filthy weed, to mar this good prayer with an ill conclusion, he prayed God to make the King a Catholic, otherwise a Papist, which God of his infinite mercy ever forbid; and so, beseeching the King to be good to his wife and children, protesting to die in his idolatry, a Romish Catholic, he went up the ladder, and, hanging till he was almost dead, was drawn to the block, where he gave his last gasp.

After him came Keyes, who, like a desperate villain, using little speech, with small or no show of repentance, went stoutly up the ladder; where, not staying the hangman's turn, he turned himself off with such a leap, that with the swing he brake the halter, but, after his fall, was quickly drawn to the block, and there was quickly divided into four parts.

Last of all came the great Devil of all, Fawkes, alias Johnson, who should have put fire to the powder. His body being weak with torture and sickness, he was scarce able to go up the ladder, but with much ado, by the help of the hangman,

went high enough to brake his neck with the fall : who made no long speech, but, after a sort, seeming to be sorry for his offence, asked a kind of forgiveness of the King and the state for his bloody intent, and with his crosses and idle ceremonies, made his end upon the gallows and the block, to the great joy of the beholders, that the land was ended of so wicked a villany.

Thus have I ended my discourse upon the arraignment and execution of these eight traitors, executed upon Thursday and Friday last past, in St. Paul's Church-yard, and the Old Palace at Westminster.

Now there is certain report of the execution done on Monday, being the twenty-seventh of January, in the city of Worcester, upon one Perkins, and his man, for the receiving of traitors. God be blessed for it! And continue the justice of law to be executed upon all such rebellious and traitorous wretches, as either plot such villanies, conceal such treasons, or relieve such traitors! for since the betraying the Lord of heaven and earth, was there ever such a hellish plot practiced in the world? If the Pope were not a very devil, and these Jesuits, or rather Jebusites and satanical seminaries, very spirits of wickedness, that whisper in the ears of Eves, to bring a world of Adams to destruction, how could nature be so senseless, or reason so

graceless, as to subject wit so to will, as to run all headlong to confusion? Is this a rule of religion? Or rather of a legion? Where the synagogue of Satan sat in council for the world's destruction, for the satisfaction of a lousy humour, or bloody devotion, or hope of honour, or to make way to some mad fury to bring the most flourishing kingdom on the earth to the most desolation in the world; to kill at one blow, or with one blast, king, queen, prince, and peer; bishop, judge, and magistrate, to the ruin of the land, and utter shame to the whole world; and left naked to the invasion of any enemy: Is this a holy father, that begets such wicked children? is this religion, where is no touch of charity? Or, is there any spark of grace in these priests, that so poison the souls, and break the necks of so many people?

Ignorance in the simple, and idolatry in the subtle, take ceremonies for certainties, superstition for religion, envy for zeal, and murder for charity: what can that church be, but hell, where the devil sings such masses? *Servus Servorum*, says he that would be *Dominus Dominorum*; servant of servants, that would be master of masters; Is not he a cunning herdsman, that can make one painted cow, or printed bull, give him more milk, than many a herd of better kind? Are not these sweet notes to be taken in the nature of the popish government?

Kill princes, sow seditions, maintain bawdy-houses, blind the simple, abuse the honest, bereave the innocent, swear and forswear, so it be for the Pope's profit, the church will absolve you ; and, if you miss the mark to hit the mischief you shoot at, you shall be a hanging saint, till you be taken down to the devil. Oh, fine persuasions ! That infinite sins by numbered prayers, inward curses by outward crossings, an offence against God by a pardon from man, should be believed to be helped ! A child cannot conceive it, a wise man cannot digest it, and surely none, but either blind women, or madmen, can believe it. If a man would but a little look into their idolatries, he should see a world of such mockeries, as would make him both laugh at their fooleries, and abhor their villanies. Their kissing of babies, their kneeling to wooden ladies, their calling to saints that cannot hear them, their praying by the dozen, [their taking of penance, their pilgrimages to idols, their shavings and their washings, their confessions and their crossings, and their devilish devices to deceive the simple of their comfort : These, with a world of such tricks, as would make a jackanapes a fine juggler. He, that could see them with that clear eye, that can judge betwixt light and darkness, would, if they were his friends, be sorry for them ; if his enemies, laugh at them ; and, howsoever, or whatsoever, leave them

and say, as he may say, that papistry is mere adolatry, the Pope an incarnate devil, his church a synagogue of Satan, and his priests the very locusts of the earth.

But let us leave them to their loathsome puddles, and let us be thankful to Almighty God for the clear water of life, that, in his holy word, we receive from the fountain of his gracious mercy ; and let us a little look into the difference betwixt the traitorous papist, that dieth for his villany, and the faithful protestant, that dieth for the truth of his conscience in the belief of the word of God.

The traitorous papist will put down princes, and subvert kingdoms ; murder and poison whom they cannot command : the faithful protestant prayeth for princes, and the peace of the people ; and will endure banishment, but hate rebellion : the proud papist will shew intemperancy in passion, while the humble protestant will embrace affliction with patience : the protestant cries to God for mercy for his sin ; the papist gives authority to sin when, before the offence, the pardon is purchased.

I say, was it not a strange speech of Digby, through the blindness of his bewitched wit, “ That to bring the kingdom into the Popish idolatry, he cared not to root out all his posterity ? ”

Oh the misery of these blinded people! who forsake the true God of heaven and earth, to submit their service to the devil of the world; be traitors to their gracious princes, to serve a proud, ungracious prelate; lose their lands and goods, beggar their wives and children, lose their own lives with an open shame, and leave an infamy to their name for ever, only to obey the command of a cunning fox that, lying in his den, preyeth on all the geese that he can light on; and in proud belief to be made saints, will hazard their souls to go to the Devil.

But how many millions hath this devil enchanted! and how many kingdoms hath he ruined! and how many massacres hath he plotted and how many souls hath he sent to damnation! God for his mercy cut him off, or open the eyes of all them Christian princes, that they may agree together and pull him down: for, during his pride, princes, that are of his religion, will be but as copy-holders to his countenance; soldiers that fight not under his banner, shall be as shake-rags to his army; lawyers, except they plead in his right, shall have but curses for their fees; divines, if not of his opinion, shall be excommunicated out of his church; merchants that bring not him commodities, shall keep no shops in his sanctuary; nor

beggars that pray not for his monarchy, shall any alms in his basket. And therefore I hope that God will so wipe off the scales from the eyes of the blind, that both one and other, soldier and lawyer, divine and layman, rich and poor, will so lay their heads, their hearts and hands, and their purses together, that, whereas he hath been long in rising, and could not set fast, when he was up, he shall take a fall of a sudden and never rise again, when he is down : to which prayer, I hope all true Christians will say, Amen.







THE  
PENNILESS PARLIAMENT

OF

*T H R E A D - B A R E   P O E T S ;*

OR,

ALL MIRTH AND WITTY CONCEITS.



Printed at London, for William Barley, and are to  
be sold at his Shop in Grace Church-street,  
near Leaden-hall-gate. 1608.

The witty conceits of the following tract, seem to carry with them an air of rebuke against the vices and follies of those times in which they were composed ; and, so far as the same subject of rebuke subsisteth, they may still be serviceable to the same end : A jocose reproof is frequently known to take place of a serious admonitions.



THE

## PENNILESS PARLIAMENT.

I. **F**IRST of all, for the increase of every fool in his humour, we think it necessary and convenient, that all such as buys this book, and laughs not at it, before he has read it over, shall be condemned of melancholy, and

be adjudged to walk over Moorfields,<sup>1</sup> twice a week, in a foul shirt, and a pair of boots, but no stockings.

2. It is also agreed upon, that long-bearded men shall seldom prove the wisest; and that a niggard's purse shall scarce bequeath his master a good dinner; and, because water is like to prove so

MOORFIELDS.—Adjoining the manor of Finsbury was formerly one continuous fenny marsh, passable only by rude causeways here and there raised upon it. Eventually it was efficiently drained, and in 1614 it was to a certain degree levelled, and laid out into walks. In 1732, or between that and 1740 its level was perfected, and the walks planted with elms, and was a similar place of resort for recreation and amusement as Greenwich Park, with the advantage of being nearer London. After this, the spot was for years neglected, and *Moorfields* became an assemblage of petty shops, particularly booksellers, and of ironmonger's stalls, till the year 1790, when the handsome square of Finsbury, and the adjacent streets, arose upon its site,

weak an element in the world, that men and women will want tears, to bewail their sins, we charge and command all gardeners to sow more store of onions, for fear widows should want moisture, to bewail their husband's funerals.

3. In like manner we think it fit, that red-wine should be drank with oysters ; and that some maidens shall blush more for shame, than for shame-facedness ; but men must have care, lest, conversing too much with red petticoats, they banish their hair from their heads,<sup>1</sup> and, by that means, make the poor barbers beggars, for want of work.

4. Furthermore, it is lawful for those women, that, every morning, taste a pint of muscadine with eggs, to chide, as well as they that drink small beer all the winter ; and those that clip, that they should not, shall have a horse night-cap, for their labour ; gentlemen, that sell land for paper, shall buy penury with repentance ; and those, that have most gold, shall have least grace ; some that mean well, shall fare worse ; and he that hath no credit, shall have less commodity.

5. It is also ordered and agreed upon, that such as are cholerick, shall never want woe and sorrow ; and they, that lack money, may fast upon Fridays, by the statute ; and it shall be lawful for

<sup>1</sup>THEY BANISH THEIR HAIR FROM THEIR HEADS.—By reason of Luces Venerea.

them, that want shoes, to wear boots all the year ; and he, that hath never a cloak, may, without offence, put on his best gown at midsummer ; witness old Prime, the keeper of Bethlem dicing-house.

6. In like manner it is agreed upon, that what day soever St. Paul's church hath not, in the middle aisle of it, either a broker, masterless man, or a penniless companion, the usurers of London shall be sworn by oath, to bestow a new steeple upon it ; and it shall be lawful, for cony-catchers<sup>1</sup> to fall together by the ears, about the four knaves at cards, which of them may claim superiority ; and whether false dice, or true, be of the most antiquity.

7. Futhermore, we think it necessary and lawful for the husband and wife to fall at square, for superiority, in such sort, as the wife shall sit playing above in the chamber, while the husband stands painting below in the kitchen : likewise we mark all brokers to be knaves, by letter patents ; and usurers, for five marks a piece,<sup>2</sup> shall lawfully be buried in the chancel, though they have bequeathed their souls and bodies to the devil in hell.

<sup>1</sup>CONY-CATCHERS.—Sharpers or cheats. *Cony-catching*, that system of cheating, or, as it is now called, swindling, was carried to such a great length early in the 17th century, that a collective society of sharpers was called *a warren*, and their dupes *rabbit-suckers*—*i. e.*, young rabbits, or conies.

<sup>2</sup>FOR FIVE MARKS A PIECE.—Alluding to the table of fees for burials.

8. In like manner, it is thought good, that it shall be lawful for muscadines; in vintner's cellars, to indict their masters of commixtion,<sup>1</sup> and serjeants shall be contended to arrest any man for his fees : Alewives shall sell flesh on Fridays, without license and such as sell beer, in half-penny pots, shall utter bread and cheese for money through the whole year; and those, that are past honesty and shame, shall smile at sin ; and they, that care not for God, prefer money before conscience.

9. Futhermore, it shall be lawful for foot-stools (by the help of women's hands) to fly about without wings ; and poor men shall be accounted knaves without occasions ; those, that flatter least, shall speed worst ; and pigs, by the statute, shall dance the antics, with bells about their necks, to the wonder and amazement of all swineherds.

10. In like manner it is convenient, that many men shall wear hoods, that have little learning ; and some surfeit so much upon wit, and strive so long against the stream, as their necks shall fail them ; some shall build fair houses by bribes, gather much wealth by contention, and, before they be aware, heap up riches for another, and wretchedness for themselves.

11. Furthermore, it shall be established, for the benefit of increase, that some shall have a tympany

<sup>1</sup>COMMIXTION,—Blending ; adulteration.

in their bellies, which will cost them a child-bearing; and, though the father bear all the charges, it shall be a wise child, that shall know his own father.

12. It shall be lawful for some to have a palsy in their teeth, in such sort, as they shall eat more than ever they will be able to pay for: Some such a megrim in their eyes, as they shall hardly know another man's wife from their own some such a stopping in their hearts, as they shall be utter obstinate, to receive grace; some such a buzzing in their ears, as they shall be enemies to good counsel; some such a smell in their noses, as no feast shall escape, without their companies; and some shall be so needy, as neither young heirs shall get their own, nor poor orphans their patrimony.

13. Also, it is enacted and decreed, that some shall be so humorous in their walks, as they cannot step one foot from a fool; some so consumed in mind, as they shall keep never a good thought to bless themselves, some so disguised in purse, as they count it fatal to have one penny, to buy their dinners on Sundays; some so burdened in conscience, as they account wrongful dealing the best badge of their occupation.

14. But, amongst other laws and statutes, by us here established, we think it most necessary and convenient, that poulterers shall kill more innocent poultry, by custom, than their wives and maids can

sell, with a good conscience ; also it is ordered and agreed upon, that bakers, woodmongers, butchers, and brewers, shall fall to a mighty conspiracy, so that no man shall either have bread, fire, meat, or drink, without credit, or ready money.

15. Sycophants by the statute shall have great gifts, and good and godly labours shall scarce be worth thanks ; it is also thought necessary, that maidens, about midnight, shall see wondrous visions, to the great heart-grief of their mothers.

16. Furthermore it is marked and set down, that, if lawyers plead poor men's causes without money, Westminster-hall shall grow out of custom, to the great impoverishing of all nimmers, lifters, and cutpurses. Those, that sing bass, shall love good drink by authority ; and trumpeters, that sound trebles, shall stare by custom. Women, that wear long gowns, may lawfully raise dust in March ; and they, that keep a temperate diet, shall never die on surfeits.

17. In like manner, it shall be lawful for sailors and soldiers to spend, at their pleasures, what pay they get by their sword ; and if the treasurer pay them anything beyond account and reckoning, if they build not an hospital therewith, they may bestow it in apparel by the statute.

18. It is farther established and agreed upon, that they that drink too much Spanish sack shall,



about July, be served with a fiery-faces<sup>1</sup>; but oh! you ale-knights, you that devour the marrow of the malt, and drink whole ale-tubs into consumptions; that sing Queen Dido over a cup, and tell strange news over an ale-pot; how unfortunate are you, who shall piss out that which you have swallowed down so sweetly; you are under the law, and shall be awarded with this punishment, that the rot shall infect your purses, and eat out the bottoms, before you be aware.

19. It is also agreed upon and thought necessary, that some women's lips shall swell so big, as they shall long to kiss other men beside their husbands; others cheeks shall be so monstrously out of frame, as they cannot speak in a just cause without large fees; some with long tongues shall tell all things which they hear; some with no brains shall meddle much and know little; and those, that have no feet, may by the statute go on crutches.

20. Furthermore, it is convenient and thought meet, that ale shall exceed so far beyond its bounds as many stomachs shall be drowned in liquor, and thereupon will follow the dropsy, to the great benefit of all physicians; it is lawful for some to take such purgative drugs, that, if nature help not, the worms, in the churches of London, shall keep their Christmas at Midsummer in their bellies: but

<sup>1</sup>FIERY-FACES.—Punning on the writ *fieri facias*,

tailors, by this means, shall have more conscience ; for, where they were wont to steal but one quarter of a cloak, they shall have due commission to nick their customers in the lace, and, beside their old fee, take more than enough for new fashion's sake. But now, touching these following articles, we are to advise old men to look with spectacles, lest, in finding over many wise lines, they wax blind with reading.

21. But now, touching the benefit of private houses, by our rare and exquisite judgments, we think it very commodious, that those married men of weakest wit, and worse courage, should provide themselves with good weapons, to defend themselves from assaults, which shall assail them about midnight ; and it shall be lawful for all wives to have a masculine courage, in such sort, that they, who have their wills to this hour, shall have the mastery all the year after : and those husbands, which do not valiantly resist them, shall be awarded to pay a sheep's head to their next neighbour, in penance for their folly.

22. As by our provident judgments we have seen into lamentable miseries, incidents in these parts of the world ; so for the reformation thereof, we do ordain and enact, that the oil of holly shall prove a present remedy for a shrewd housewife, accounting Socrates for a flat fool, that suffered his

wife to crown him with a piss-pot ; ordaining that all those, that give their wives their own wills, be fools by act of parliament.

23. Also, it is farther established and agreed upon, that Essex calves shall indict butcher's knives of wilful murder ; and whosoever will prove a partial juryman, shall have a hot sheep's skin for his labour. Bow bell in Cheapside, if it break not, shall be warranted by letters patents to ring well ; and, if the conduit heads want no water, the tankard-bearers shall have one custard more to their solemn dinners, than their usual custom.

24. Moreover, it is thought good, that it shall be lawful for all tripe-wives to be exquisite physicians, for in one offal they shall find more simples, than ever Galen gathered since he was christened ; besides, if danciers keep not tide and time in their measures, they shall forfeit a fat goose to their teacher, for their slender judgment. The French morbus,<sup>1</sup> by commission, shall be worth three weeks diet, and they, who have but one shirt to shift them withal, may, by the law, strain courtesy to wear a foul one upon the Sunday ; also our commission shall be sent forth for the increase of hemp, as not only upland-ground shall be plentifully stored therewith, but also it shall so prosper in the highways,<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup>THE FRENCH MORBUS—*i.e.*, *The disease*.

<sup>2</sup>HIGHWAYS.—By the increase of highwaymen.

as the stalks thereof shall touch the top of Tyburn.

25. In like manner, we think it necessary and convenient, that there shall be great noise of wars in taverns, and wine shall make some so venturous, as they will destroy 'Tyrone'<sup>1</sup> and all his power at one draught; also we think it meet, that there be craft in all occupations, and those, that are penitent in this world, shall have comfort in a better; silk-weavers by the statute, shall prosper well, if they wash their hands clean on fasting-days, for otherwise, in soiling their work, they shall lose their workmasters: daws, by authority, shall leave building in steeples, and dwell in cities; and such as are cunning in music, shall know a crotchet from a quaver; but let such men, as instruct youth, be very circumspect; for, if they learn more than their masters can teach them, they shall forfeit their wits to those that bring them up.

26. Furthermore, we think it most necessary and convenient, that the generation of Judas should walk about the world, in these our latter days, and sell their neighbour for commodity to any man; but the usurers shall be otherwise disposed, for, having monthly taken but a penny in the shilling, ever since they first began their occupation, shall now, with a good conscience, venture upon three pence with the

<sup>1</sup>TYRONE.—The Irish rebel.

advantage; besides, many men shall prove themselves apparently knavish, and yet, in their own opinions, will not be so; and many women shall imagine that there are none fairer than themselves.

27. Moreover, for the further increase of foolish humours, we do establish and set down, that fantastic devices shall prove most excellent; and some shall so long devise for other men, that they will become barren themselves; some shall devise novelties to their own shames, and some snares to entrap themselves with.

28. In like manner, we think it most necessary, that those, who be fortune tellers, shall shut a knave in a circle, and, looking about for a devil, shall find him locked in their own bosoms; atheists, by the law, shall be as odious as they are carles<sup>1</sup>; and those that depend on destiny, and not on God, may chance look through a narrow lattice at Footmen's Inn<sup>2</sup>: But, my dear friends, the grocers are plentifully blessed, for their figs and rasins may allure fair lasses by authority: yea, many men, by the statute, shall be so kind-hearted, that a kiss and an apple shall serve to make them innocents.

29. It is further agreed upon and established, that many strange events shall happen in those houses, where the maid is predominant with her

<sup>1</sup>CARLE.—A churl, a bondman; a clown.

<sup>2</sup>FOOTMAN'S INN.—Bridewell.

master, and wants a mistress to look narrowly unto her.

30. Also, we think it convenient, that some shall take their neighbour's bed for their own ; some the servant for their master ; and if candles could tell tales, some will take a familiar for a flea. Also we think it meet, that there should be many fowlers, who, instead of larks, will catch lobcocks<sup>1</sup>; and many for want of wit, shall sell their freehold for tobacco-pipes and red petticoats. Likewise, we think it convenient, that there should be many takers ; some would be taken for wise men, who, indeed, are very fools ; for some will take cracked angels<sup>2</sup> of your debtors, and a quart of malmsy when they cannot get a pottle.<sup>3</sup>

31. But, stay a while, whither are we carried leaving the greatest laws unpublished, and establishing the less ? Therefore, we enact and ordain, as a necessary statute, that there shall great contentions fall between soldiers and archers, and, if the fray be not decided over a pot of ale and a black pudding, great bloodshed is like to ensue ; for some shall maintain, that a Turk can be hit at twelve score pricks<sup>4</sup> in Finsbury Fields, *Ergo*, the bow and shafts

<sup>1</sup>LOBCOCK.—A lubber.

<sup>2</sup>CRACKED ANGELS.—Bad money.

<sup>3</sup>POTTLE.—A measure of two quarts.

<sup>4</sup>PRICK.—A peg in the centre of a target, to hit which gave the first prize in archery.

won Boulogne; others say that a pot-gun<sup>1</sup> is a dangerous weapon against a mud-wall, and an enemy to the painter's work<sup>2</sup>; amongst these controversies we will send forth our commission to god Cupid, being an archer, who shall decide the doubt and prove that archery is heavenly, for, in meditation thereof, he hath lost his eyes.

32. O gentle fellow-soldiers, then leave your controversies, if you love a woman, for I will prove it, that a mince-pie is better than a musket; and he that dare gainsay me, let him meet me at the Dagger in Cheap,<sup>3</sup> with a case of pewter spoons, and I will answer it; and, if I prove not that a mince-pie is the better weapon, let me dine twice a week at Duke Humphry's table.

33. It is furthermore established, that the four knaves at the cards shall suddenly leap from out the bunch, and desperately prank about the new play-house, to seek out their old master, Captain Crop-ear; also it is thought meet, that some men, in these days, shall be politic without reason, and write more in one line than they can prove in an age.

34. Furthermore, it shall be lawful for some to study which way they may walk to get them a stomach to their meat, whilst others are as careful

<sup>1</sup>POT-GUN—*i.e.*, pop-gun.

<sup>2</sup>PAINTER'S WORK.—That on sign boards.

<sup>3</sup>DAGGER IN CHEAP.—A celebrated Pie-House in Cheapside.

to get meat to put into their bellies ; likewise there shall be great persecution in the commonwealth of kitchen fees, so that some desperate woman shall boil, try, and see the poor tallow to the general commodity of all the whole company of tallow-chandlers.

35. Alas ! alas ! how are we troubled to think on these dangerous times ; for tailors, by act of parliament, may lawfully invent new fashions ; and he that takes Irish Aquavitæ by the pint, may by the law stumble without offence, and break his face ; and it shall be thought convenient, that some be so desperately bent, as they shall go into my Lord Mayor's buttery, when all the barrels be full, without either sword or dagger about them ; many men shall be so venturously given, as they shall go into Petticoat Lane, and yet come out again as honestly as they went first in.

36. In like manner, it shall be lawful for Thames water to cleanse as much as ever it did in times past : and, if the brewers at London buy store of good malt, poor bargemen at Queenhithe shall have a whole quart for a penny ; St. Thomas's onions shall be sold by the rope at Billingsgate by the statute, and sempsters in the Exchange shall become so conscionable, that a man, without offence, may buy a falling band<sup>1</sup> for twelve pence.

<sup>1</sup>FALLING-BAND.—A neck-band worn so as to fall on the shoulders.



37. It shall be lawful for smiths to love good ale, and, if it be possible to have a frost of three weeks long in July, men shall not be afraid of a good fire at Midsummer. Porter's baskets shall have authority to hold more than they can honestly carry away : and such a drought shall come amongst cans<sup>1</sup> at Bartholomew Fair in Smithfield, that they shall never continue long filled.

38. The images in the Temple Church, if they rise again, shall have a commission to dig down Charing Cross with their fauchons<sup>2</sup> ; and millers, by custom, shall have small mind to morning-prayers, if the wind serve them in any corner on Sunday. Those that go to wars, and can get nothing, may come home poor by authority ; and those, that play fast and loose with woman's apron string, may chance make a journey for a Winchester pigeon<sup>3</sup> ; for prevention thereof, drink every morning a draught of *noli me tangere*, and by that means, thou shalt be sure to escape the physician's purgatory.<sup>4</sup>

<sup>1</sup>CANS.—Ale-house pots.

<sup>2</sup>FAUCHIONS.—Swords.

<sup>3</sup>A WINCHESTER PIGEON OR GOOSE.—A name for a syphilitic bubo ; 16th Cent. It is thought to have originated from the circumstance of the public stews at Bankside, in Southwark, being under the jurisdiction of the Bishop of *Winchester* (*temp.* Hen. IV).

“ — had belike some private dealings with her, and there got a *goose*. —The cunning jade comes into th' court, and there deposes that she gave him true *Winchester* measure.” *Cure for a Cuckold*, act iv, scene i.

“ Then ther's a *Goose* that breeds at *Winchester*,  
And of all *Geese* my mind is least to her ;  
For three or foure weekes after she is rost,  
She keeps her heat more hotter than a tost.” Jo. Taylor's *Goose*.

<sup>4</sup>PHYSICIAN'S PURGATORY.—A salvation.

39. Furthermore, it shall be lawful for bakers to thrive by two things ; that is, scores well paid, and millers that are honest.

40. Physicians, by other men's harms, and churchyards by often burials.

41. Also, we think it necessary for the commonwealth, that the salmon shall be better sold in Fish-street, than the beer shall be at Billingsgate.

42. And heart's ease among the company of herb-wives, shall be worth as much as they can get for it by the statute.

43. It is further enacted and agreed upon, that those that run fourscore miles a foot, on a winter's day, shall have a sore thirst about seven of the clock in the evening.

44. And such as are inclined to the dropsy, may be lawfully cured, if the physicians know how.

45. Also, we ordain and appoint, that, if there be no great store of tempests, two half-penny loaves shall be gold for a penny in Whitechapel.

47. Chaucer's books, by act of parliament, shall in these days prove more witty than ever they were before ; for there shall so many sudden, or rather sodden wits, step abroad, that a flea shall not frisk forth unless they comment upon her.

47. O what a detestable trouble shall be among women about fourscore and ten years old, for such have had more teeth about them, than they

can well use, shall die for age, if they live not by miracle.

48. Moreover, we think it necessary, that those that have two eyes in their head, shall sometimes stumble ; and they, that can neither write nor read, may as boldly forswear themselves, as they that can.

49. And it shall be lawful for almanack makers, to tell more lies than true tales.

50. And they that go to sea, without victuals, may suffer penury by the statute.

51. In like manner it shall be lawful for any man to carry about him more gold than iron, if he can get it.

52. But they that are given to sullen complexions, if they be females, must be more circumspect ; for, if they repent their hidden sins too much, they may by chance catch heaven for their labour.

53. Therefore, let maidens take heed how they fall on their backs, less they catch a forty weeks favour.<sup>1</sup>

54. And he that hath once married a shrew, and, by good chance, buried her, beware how he come into the stocks again.

55. Further, it shall be lawful for those that be rich, to have many friends ; and they that be

<sup>1</sup>A FORTY WEEKS FAVOUR.—The period of gestation.

poor, may, by authority, keep money, if they can get it honestly.

56. Also, we command and charge all such as have no conscience, to do their worst, lest they die in the devil's debt. As for the rest, they that have more money than they need, may help their poor neighbours if they will.

57. In like manner, it shall be lawful for such as are subject to hot rheums, to drink cold drink: and those that have a mind to enrich physicians, but be never without diseases.

58. Also soldiers, that have no means to thrive by plain dealing, may by the statute swallow down an ounce of the syrup of subtlety every morning; and if they cannot thrive that way, we think it necessary, that, four times in the year, they go a fishing on Salisbury plain.<sup>1</sup>

59. Furthermore, for the benefit and increase of foolish humours, we think it necessary, that those our dear friends, who are sworn true servitors, to women's pantables,<sup>2</sup> should have this order set down, that you suit yourselves handsomely against goose-feast<sup>3</sup>; and if you meet not a fair lass betwixt St. Paul's and Stratford, that day, we will bestow a new

FISHING IN SALISBURY PLAIN.—Collecting or thieving.

<sup>2</sup>PANTABLE.—A sort of high shoe or slipper, corrupted from *pantofle*.

<sup>3</sup>GOOSE FEAST.—Green-goose Fair, kept at Stratford Bow, two miles from London, on Thursday in Whitsun week.

suit of satin upon you, so you will bear all the charges.

60. But, as for your dear friends and scholars, thus much we favour you, for you shall dine upon wit by authority ; and, if you pay your hostess well, it is no matter, though you score it up till it come to a good round sum.

61. In like manner, it shall be lawful for maid's milk to be good physick for kibed<sup>1</sup> heals ; and a cup of sack to bed-ward, a present remedy for the rheum.

62. Such as are sick, in the spring, may take physick by the statute ; and those that are cold may wear more clothes without offence.

63. It is best to ride in long journeys, lest a man be weary with going a-foot ; and more comely to go in broken stockings than bare-legged.

64. Further, it shall be lawful for some to be lean, because they cannot be fat.

65. Some, by statute, shall love beef passing well, because they can come by no other meat ; and other some simper it with an egg at dinner, that dare manfully set upon a shoulder of veal in the afternoon.

66. Some shall be sad when they want money, and in love with widows rather for their wealth than their honesty.

<sup>1</sup>KIBED.—Cracked ; or cracked with cold, afflicted with chilblains.

67. It is also thought necessary, that some shall suspect their wives at home, because they themselves play false abroad.

68. And some love bowling-allies better than a sermon.

69. But, above all other things, spirits with aprons shall much disturb your sleep about midnight.

70. Furthermore, it shall be lawful for him that marries without money, to find four bare legs in his bed; and he, that is too prodigal in spending, shall die a beggar by the statute.

71. In like manner we think it necessary, that he, that is plagued with a cursed wife, have his pate broke quarterly, as he pays his rent.

72. Likewise, he, who delights in subtlety, may play the knave by custom; and he who hath his complexion and courage spent, may eat mutton on fasting-days by the law.

73. And to conclude, since there are ten precepts to be observed in the art of scolding, we humbly take our leave of Duke Humphry's ordinary, and betake us to the chapel of ill counsel, where a quart or two of fine Trinedado shall arm us against the gun-shot of tongue-metal, and keep us safe from the assaults of Sir John Find-fault. *Vale*, my dear friends, till my next return.



# THE GULL'S HORNBOK.







# THE GULL'S HORNBOOK.

STULTORUM PLENA SUNT OMNIA.  
AL SAVIO MEZZA PAROLA BASTA.

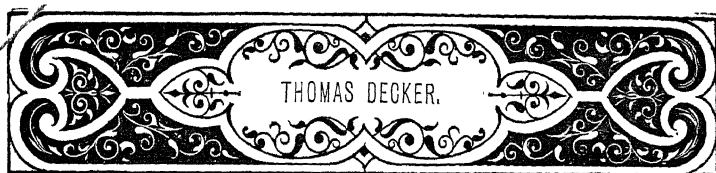
BY

T. DECKER.

*Edited by CHARLES HINDLEY.*

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1872.





## INTRODUCTION.

**T**HOMAS DECKER, Deekar, Dekker, Dickers, or Deckkar, as the name is differently spelt in his different publications, was a most voluminous writer ; his pamphlets and plays would furnish a more complete view of the habits and customs of his contemporaries in the vulgar and middle life than could easily be collected from all the grave annals of the time.

Thomas Decker, the dramatist (writes Mr. J. P. Collier) was often, if not always, in difficulties. We have no reason to think that he was like Shakespeare, Ben Jonson, and others, also an actor. The first we hear of him, in connection with theatres, is in 1597, when he was a writer for Henslowe's company ; in 1598 he was in the Poultry Compter, and the old manager stood his friend on this occasion, as appears by the following item from Henslowe's Book of Accounts, which establishes the fact :—"Lent unto the companey the 4 of Febreary 1598, to discharge Mr. Dicker owt of the cownter in the Powltery, the some of fortie shillings. I saye dd [delivered] to Thomas Downton xxxxs." In the same year he was arrested for money due to the association for which Shakespeare wrote. In 1602 he and Anthony Monday acknowledged themselves to be indebted to Henslowe in "the somme of five powndes of lawfull mony of England, to bee payd unto him, his executors or assignes uppon the xth of June next ensuing the date hereof. In witness hereof hereunto wee have sett our hands - dated the day and yere above written."—The signatures to this acknowledgment—which is in Decker's handwriting—have been cut away from the entry in the Diary of Philip Henslowe, now in Dulwich College.

"Decker seems to have lived from hand to mouth, supplying his necessities by his pen in the production of plays, pamphlets, and poems ;—generally

written on a sort of dinner-demanding-emergency; and, as he had a ready pen, the composition of some of his pieces could not have occupied as many hours as it takes minutes to read them. In 1613 he was in prison again, and perhaps several times in the interval. He was in the King's Bench September 12, 1616, when he wrote and sent to Alleyn, enclosing some verses, 'a euloguin,' as he called it, 'In praise of Charity,' and in celebration of the erection of Dulwich College, then fast approaching to completion; soliciting at the same time pecuniary aid. It is to be regretted that his tribute to Alleyn has shared the fate of many things he and his contemporaries composed. We need entertain little doubt that Alleyn took steps to relieve his old friend's necessities."

"One of the most notable events in Decker's life was the virulent and long-standing quarrel with Ben Jonson, about the beginning of the seventeenth century. What the grounds of disagreement between the rival dramatists were, cannot now be clearly ascertained, but we have no cause to regret it, since it occasioned 'The Poetaster' of the latter, where he satirized Decker as Demetrius, introducing Marston the dramatist as Crispinus. Decker amply repaid the affront in his 'Satiro-Mastix, or The Untrussing of the Humorous Poet,' by sketching his opponent in the character of Horace, Junior. It may be no unpleasing amusement to the reader to compare the two productions of these rival poets: there is certainly a great deal of wit in both of them; and, perhaps, Decker had the advantage of his antagonist in the bitterness of his sarcasms and the severity of his personal reflections, such as—'like a bricklayer in a play,' 'a foul-fisted mortar-treader,' 'You go thus in Ovid's mortar—Morphesis.' 'A gentleman, or an honest citizen shall not sit in your penny-bench theatres, with his squirrel by his side cracking nuts, nor sneak into a tavern with his mermaid, but he shall be satir'd, and epigram'd upon, and his humour must run upon the stage:—'You'll ha' *Every Gentleman in's humour*, and *Every Gentleman out-on's humour*,—*you serpentine rascal*.' 'Art not famous enough yet, for killing a player, but thou must eat men alive?' &c., &c. But the principal plot of Jonson's comedy is far more diverting than that of his adversary, as the characters of the poets who flourished at the court of Augustus, which are described with great learning and accuracy, have something in them more interesting to us than those of Sir Quintilian Shorthose, and the courtiers of William Rufus, in whose reign our poet represents the disgrace of poor Horace. On the whole, we cannot help being more inclined to favour Decker, who only meant to retaliate the insults of his rival, than Jonson, who first insulted him, and who seems by all his writings to have been of an arrogant and over-

bearing spirit, unwilling to allow his contemporaries their due share of praise, or to bear a poetical brother near his throne.\* He was also a great lover and praiser of himself; and scorner of others; given rather to lose a friend than a jest, jealous of every word and action of those about him, especially after drink, which was one of the elements in which he lived."

This quarrel—says Disraeli in his "The Calamities and Quarrels of Authors" is a splendid instance how genius of the first order, lavishing its satirical powers on a number of contemporaries, may discover, among the crowd, some individual who may return with a right aim the weapon he has himself used, and who will not want for encouragement to attack the common assailant: the greater genius is thus mortified by a victory conceded to the inferior, which he himself had taught the meaner one to obtain over him.

"Jonson, in his earliest productions, 'Every Man in his Humour' and 'Every Man out of his Humour' usurped that dictatorship, in the Literary Republic, which he so sturdily and invariably maintained, though long and hardily disputed. No bard has more courageously foretold that posterity would be interested in his labours; and often with very dignified feelings he casts this declaration into the teeth of his adversaries; but a bitter contempt for his brothers and his contemporaries was not less vehement than his affections for those who crowded under his wing. 'To his "sons" and his admirers he was warmly attached, and no poet has left behind him, in MS, so many testimonials of personal fondness, in the inscriptions and addresses in the copies of his works which he presented to his friends.'"

On the other hand, Gifford, the ablest Jonsonian commentator, labours hard — very hard — to prove that Jonson was 'a man more sinned against than sinning,' and, that, as Marston and Decker had headed the cabal against him, he introduced them under the respective names of Crispinus and Demetrius in his 'The Poetaster,' which was brought out at the Blackfriars, by the Children of the Queen's Chapel in 1601. Its object, he adds, cannot be better given than in his own words:—from an APOLOGETICAL DIALOGUE: which was only once spoken upon the stage, and then laid aside by command:—

"Three years  
Did they provoke me with their petulant styles  
On every stage; and I at last, unwilling,  
But weary, I confess, of so much trouble,  
Thought I would try if shame could win upon 'em,  
And, therefore, chose Augustus Cæsar's times,  
When wit and arts were at their height at Rome,

\* *Hawkins.*

To show that Virgil, Horace, and the rest  
 Of those great master spirits, did not want  
 Detractors then, or practicers against them :  
 And by this line, although no parallel,  
 I hoped at last they would sit down and blush."

This apology was not printed until 1616; so that we have no means of ascertaining how long the injunction continued in force.

"If Jonson," says Gifford, "expected to silence his enemies by giving them 'a brave defiance,' or even by proving his own innocence, he speedily discovered his mistake. Decker, who had sustained the part of Demetrius, was (apparently to his own satisfaction) put forward by the rest, and as he was not only a rapid but a popular writer, the choice of a champion was not injudicious. The *Satiromastix* was produced in 1602. Johnson had played with his subject; but Decker writes in downright passion, and foams through every page. He makes no pretensions to invention, but takes up the characters of his predecessor, turns them the *seamy side without*, and produces a coarse and ill-wrought caricature. Tucca, who in Jonson's hands is amusing with all his insolence and rapacity, degenerates with Decker into a mere candidate for Tyburn. Nor is this the worst. In transferring the scene from the court of Augustus to England, Decker has the inconceivable folly to fix on William Rufus, a rude and ignorant soldier, whom he ridiculously terms "learning's true Mæcenas, poesy's king," for the champion of literature, when his brother, Henry I., who aspired to the reputation of a scholar, would have entered into his plot with equal facility."

The exact date of Decker's birth has not been satisfactorily ascertained. We glean from his tract of "The Seven Deadly Sins of London," that he was born in London. He could not have died young, as his earliest play bears date 1597. He speaks of himself in "Warres, Warres, Warres; *Arma Virumque Cano*." Imprinted at London for J. G., 1628, as an old man, and at this date he had been for more than thirty years a popular author of plays, poems, and pamphlets:—

"For my heart danceth sprightly, when I see  
 (Old as I am) our English gallantry;"

And in the dedication to his "Match Me in London," 1631, he says:—"I have been a priest in Apollo's temple many years, my voice is decaying with my age." Decker's latest publication bears date 1638, in which year Oldys tells us "he was full three score years of age," and it may be conjectured, as we do not hear of him after, that he did not long survive that period. From these circumstances, and the fact of his connection with the stage before

the year 1597, we may safely conclude that he was much advanced in years at the time of his decease.

Decker's plays, poems and miscellaneous pamphlets are very numerous : a complete list would certainly be a desideratum, but his prolific pen (writes Dr. Rimbault,) so frequently employed the press that it would now be almost impossible to supply it, a considerable list may however be seen in Dodsley's "Select Collection of Old Plays" edition 1825, 'and in Dr. Nott's reprint of the "Gulls Hornbook." Two tracts are however omitted in both, which are undoubtedly Decker's and among the scarcest of his works. One is entitled "The Double P. P. A Papist in Arms, Bearing Ten severall Shields. Encovntred by the Protestant. At Ten severall Weapons. A Iesuite marching before them. *Cominūs and Eminūs*—London, imprinted by T. C. and are to be sold by Iohn Hodgets, &c. 1606." This is ascribed to Decker upon the authority of a presentation copy existing with his autograph. This tract Collier says has little but its rarity to recommend it : it is a violent, and, as far as we can now understand the allusions, not a very witty attack upon the Catholics, provoked by the Gunpowder Plot of the year preceding its publicaton. The other tract omitted is an unique poem, entitled "Warres Warres, Warres. *Arma Virumque cano.*

Into the Field I bring  
Souldiers and Battailes  
Boeth their Fames I sing.

Imprinted at London for J. G. 1628."

Of our present reprint,—*"THE GULL'S HORNBOK,"*—although it is unquestionably the most entertaining, and exclusive of his plays, perhaps the best of Decker's numerous works in verse and prose, being full of lively descriptions of the manners and customs of the middle classes of society in the first part of the seventeenth century, is nevertheless mainly taken from Frederic Dedekind's poem, entitled "*Grobianus and Grobiana.*" The original was published in a complete shape at Frankfort in 1584, but parts of it had previously appeared in 1549, 1552, and 1558. It is written in Latin elegiac verse, and in its nature somewhat resembles Erasmus' Praise of Folly ; but its leading object is to exhibit rules for good manners, though it apparently inculcates incivility. The work was translated, and published as "*The Schoole of Slovenie ; or Cato turned wrong side outward.*" Translated out of Latine into English verse, to the Vse of all English Christendome, except Court and Cittie. By R. F. Gent.—London : Printed by Valentine Simmes, 1605.

Decker admits in his address "To the Reader," "It hath a relish of Grobianism, and tastes very strongly of it in the beginning : the reason

thereof is, that, having translated many books of that into English verse, and not greatly liking the subject, I altered the shape and of a Dutchman fashioned a mere Englishman." So that it would appear that our author had begun to translate Dedekind's work, according to the original, in verse, but that either growing tired of the fetters of rhyme, or fancying that he could better adapt the satire to his own times in plain prose, he changed his plan, and gave the book its present form.

Dedekind's work again appeared as "*Grobianus et Grobiana, de Morum Simplicitate Libri tres: cui adjungitur de Civilitate Morum puerilum per Des, Erasum Libellus.*" London, 1661. Dean Swift had possibly read it, and composed, in consequence, his admirable "Directions to Servants," as well as his "Polite Conversation," as another English version of this German poet's work which bears the title of "*Grobianus, or the complete Booby,*" an ironical poem, from the Latin of Frederic Dedekindus. Englished by R. Bull; London, 1739; is dedicated to him.

A reprint of the "*Gull's Hornbook*" was published at Bristol (Price, £1 16s.), under the superintendence and editorship of the learned Dr. Nott, who, in his preface, says, "The singular little tract, a reprint of which I here offer to the public, is of so great a rarity, that not above twenty copies of it are thought to exist throughout the kingdom, perhaps not so many: yet it is well worthy of general notice; for it familiarizes us more with the habits and customs of ordinary life, at the time it was written, than any other work of the kind I am acquainted with."

Then after giving the list of Decker's productions, Dr. Nott continues—"Besides these, there are, I know, some other works of a like kind attributed to Decker, but perhaps, improperly. The tract, however, of which I here give a reprint, may be considered that which best depicts the prevailing follies of his day. The transcript made for such reprint was most accurate; and it varies from the original in nothing but the orthography, which I have thought it right to modernize, after the example of such judicious editors as have revived some of our early English poets. The ancient orthography can claim no merit from uniformity or consistency; it is arbitrary and indefinite; modern orthography is systematic; it pleases every one, because it is familiar to everyone, and does not prejudice or perplex by seeming obscurity."

Our "READABLE REPRINT" is taken from that of Dr. Nott's, having previously compared it with the original edition, and finding that the learned Dr. had so diligently followed it, simply correcting the very many palpable "printer's errors," and only deviating, as he states, "in one or two cases I have ventured to interpolate a word where it seemed very evident that something similar to the word inserted was intended, as absolutely requisite,"



# THE G V L S'

## Horn-booke:

Stultorum plena sunt omnia.  
Al Sauio meza parola  
Basta,

By T. Deckar.

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Imprinted at London for R. S., 1609.





**To all GUILLS in general,  
Wealth and Liberty.**

**W**HOM can I choose, my most worthy Mæcen-asses, to be patrons to this labour of mine fitter than yourselves? Your hands are ever open, your purses never shut; so that you stand not in the common rank of dry-fisted patrons, who give nothing; for you give all. Scholars, therefore, are much beholden to you, as vintners, players, and punks<sup>1</sup> are: those three trades gain by you more than usurers do by thirty in the hundred: you spend the wines of the one, you make suppers for the other, and change your gold into white money with the third. Who is more liberal than you? Who, but only citizens, are more free? Blame me not, therefore, if I pick you out from the bunch of book-takers, to consecrate these fruits of my brain, which shall never die, only to you. I know that

<sup>1</sup>PUNKS.—Prostitutes.

most of you, O admirable GULLS ! can neither write  
nor read. A HORNBOOK\* have I invented, because  
I would have you well schooled. Paul's is your  
walk, but this your guide: if it lead  
you right, thank me; if astray,  
men will bear with your  
errors, because you are  
GULLS. Fare-  
well.

\*HORN-BOOK.—The horn-book was the Primer of our ancestors—their established means of learning the elements of English literature. It consisted of a single leaf—in Black Letter or in Roman—with a small regiment of monosyllables, and a copy of the Lord's Prayer; and this leaf was usually set in a frame of wood, with a slice of diaphanous horn in front—hence the name *horn-book*. Generally there was a handle to hold it by, and this handle had usually a hole for a string, whereby the apparatus was slung to the girdle of the scholar. Another kind of horn-book gave the leaf simply pasted against a slice of horn; but the more generally in use was that above described. It ought not to be forgotten that the alphabet on the horn-book was invariably prefaced with a Cross; whence it came to be called the Christ Cross Row, or by corruption, the Criss Cross Row, a term which was often used instead of horn-book. The remark has been very justly made, that many books, at one time enjoying a more than usually great circulation, are precisely those likely to become the scarcest in a succeeding age, for example, nearly all school-books, and above all, a Horn-book. Down to the time of George II there was perhaps no kind of book of that reign of which it would be more difficult to procure a copy. There are several examples of the Hornbook exhibited in the South Kensington Museum.





## To the Reader.

**G**ENTLE reader, I could willingly be content that thou shouldst neither be at cost to buy this book, nor at the labour to read it. It is not my ambition to be a man in print thus, every term : *Ad prælum tanquam ad prælium* ; we should come to the press as we come to the field, seldom. This tree of GULLS was planted long since ; but not taking root, could never bear till now. It hath a relish of Grobianism, and tastes very strongly of it in the beginning ; the reason thereof is, that, having translated many books of that into English verse, and not greatly liking the subject, I altered the shape, and of a Dutchman fashioned a mere Englishman.

It is a table wherein are drawn sundry pictures :

the colours are fresh ; if they be well laid

on, I think my workmanship well

bestowed ; if ill, so much the

better, because I draw the


pictures only of

GULLS.

T. D.

## The Chapters contained in this Book.

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HAP. I. *The old World, and the new weighed together. The Tailors of those Times, and these compared. The Apparel, and Diet of our first Fathers.*

CHAP. 2. *How a young Gallant shall not only keep his Clothes, which many of them can hardly do, from Brokers; but also save the Charges of taking Physic; with other Rules for the Morning. The Praise of Sleep; and of Going naked.*

CHAP. 3. *How a Gallant should warm himself by the Fire; how attire himself. Description of a Man's Head. The Praise of long Hair.*

CHAP. 4. *How a Gallant should behave himself in Paul's Walks.*

CHAP. 5. *How a Gallant should behave himself in an Ordinary.*

CHAP. 6. *How a Gallant should behave himself in a Playhouse.*

CHAP. 7. *How a Gallant should behave himself in a Tavern.*

CHAP. 8. *How a Gallant is to behave himself passing through the City, at all Hours of the Night; and how to pass by any Watch.*



THE  
GULL'S HORNBOOK;

OR,

FASHIONS TO PLEASE ALL SORTS OF GULLS.

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**Proemium.**

**I**SING, like the cuckoo in June, to be laughed at. If therefore I make a scurvy noise, and that my tunes sound unmusically; the ditty being altogether lame in respect of the bad feet, and unhandsome in regard of the worm-eaten fashion; you that have authority under the broad seal of mouldy custom to be called the "gentle audience," set your goodly great hands to my pardon: or else, because I scorn to be upbraided that I profess to instruct others in an art, whereof I myself am ignorant, do your worst; choose whether you will let my notes have you by the ears, or no; hiss, or give plaudits; I care not a nutshell which of either: you can neither shake our comic theatre with your stinking breath of hisses, nor raise it with

the thunderclaps of your hands : up it goes, *in dispetto del fato*. The motley is bought<sup>1</sup> ; and a coat with four elbows, for any one that will wear it, is put to making, in defiance of the seven wise masters. For I have smelt out of the musty sheets of an old almanack, that, at one time or other, even he that jets upon the neatest and sprucest leather ; even he that talks all adage and apothegm ; even he that will not have a wrinkle in his new satin suit, though his mind be uglier than his face, and his face so ill favouredly made, that he looks at all times as if a toothdrawer were fumbling about his gums ; with a thousand lame heteroclites more, that cozen the world with a gilt spur and a ruffled boot ; will be all glad to fit themselves in Will Sommers's<sup>2</sup> wardrobe, and be driven, like a Flemish hoy in foul weather, to slip into our school, and take out a lesson. Tush ! *Cælum petimus sultitiâ*. All that are chosen constables for their wit go not to heaven.

A fig therefore for the new-found college of critics. You courtiers, that do nothing but sing the gamut, ARE<sup>3</sup> of complimentary courtesy, and, at the rustical behaviour of our country muse, will screw

<sup>1</sup>MOTLEY—Motley was the term applied to the parti-coloured dress of jesters and clowns, such as that worn by Touchstone in "As You Like It," the domestic fool in "All's Well that Ends Well," &c., &c.

<sup>2</sup>WILL SOMMERS—The well-known Jester of Henry VIII.

<sup>3</sup>THE GAMUT ARE—See Taming of the Shrew, 3. 1.



forth worse faces than those which God and the painter has bestowed upon you ; I defy your perfumed scorn ; and vow to poison your muscats, if their civet excrement do but once play with my nose. You ordinary Gulls, that, through a poor and silly ambition to be thought you inherit the revenues of extraordinary wit, will spend your shallow censure upon the most elaborate poem so lavishly, that all the painted tablemen about you take you to be heirs apparent to rich *Midas*, that had more skill in alchymy than Kelly<sup>1</sup> with the philosopher's stone, (for all that he could lay his fingers on turned into beaten gold) dry tobacco with my leaves, you good dry-brained polypragmonists, till your pipe-offices smoke with your pitifully-stinking girds shot out against me. I conjure you, as you come of the right goosecaps, stain not your house ; but, when at a new play you take up twelvepenny room next the stage, because the lords and you may seem to be hail-fellow-well-met, there draw forth this book, read

<sup>1</sup>KELLY—Edward Kelly, otherwise Talbot, alchemist and necromancer, was born at Worcester, August 1st, 1555. Associated with the celebrated Dr. Dee ; attempted the transmutation of metals ; patronised by the Emperor Rodolph ; fell while escaping from imprisonment for deception, 1595.

“ A man, the emperor  
Has courted above Kelly ; sent his medals  
And chains, to invite him.”

Ben Jonson's *Alchemist* 4, 1.

See The Private Diary of Dr. John Dee, edited by J. O. Halliwell, Esq., for the Camden Society, 1842.

aloud, laugh aloud, and play the antics, that all the garlick-mouthed stinkards may cry out: "Away with the fool!" As for thee, *Momus*, chew nothing but hemlock; and spit nothing but the syrup of aloes upon my papers, till thy very rotten lungs come forth for anger. I am snake-proof; and, though, with *Hannibal*,<sup>1</sup> you bring whole hogsheads of vinegar-railings, it is impossible for you to quench or come over my Alpine resolution. I will sail boldly and desperately alongst the shore of the Isle of Gulls; and in defiance of those terrible block-houses, their loggerheads, make a true discovery of their wild, yet habitable country.

Sound an alarum therefore, O thou my courageous muse! and, like a Dutch crier, make proclamation with thy drum: the effect of thine O-yes being, that if any man, woman, or child, be he lord be he loon, be he courtier, be he carter, of the inns of court, or inns of city, that, hating from the bottom of his heart all good manners and generous education, is really in love, or rather doats on that excellent country lady, innocent Simplicity, being the first, fairest, and chiefest chambermaid that our great grandam Eve entertained into service: or if any person aforesaid, longing to make a voyage in

<sup>1</sup>HANNIBAL—Alluding to the passage of Hannibal over the Alps, when he dissolved the rock with hot vinegar to effect a road for his soldiery. See *Livy, Lib. 21.*

the Ship of Fools,<sup>1</sup> would venture all the wit that his mother left him to live in the country of Gulls, cockneys, and coxcombs; to the intent that, haunting theatres, he may sit there, like a popinjay, only to learn play-speeches, which afterward may furnish the necessity of his bare knowledge to maintain table-talk ; or else, haunting taverns, desires to take the bacchanalian degrees, and to write himself *in arte bibendi magister* ; that at ordinaries would sit like *Bias*, and in the streets walk like a braggart ; that on foot longs to go like a French lackey, and on horse-back rides like an English tailor ; or that from seven years and upward, till his dying day, has a month's mind to have the Gull's Hornbook by heart ; by which in time he may be promoted to serve any lord in Europe, as his crafty fool or his bawdy jester ; yea, and to be so dear to his lordship, as for the excellency of his fooling to be admitted both to ride in coach with him, and' to lie at his very feet on a truckle-bed. Let all such (and I hope the world has not left her old fashions, but there are ten thousand such) repair hither. Never knock, you that strive to be ninnyhammer ; but with your feet spurn open

<sup>1</sup>SHIP OF FOOLS.—A work written by Sebastian Brant and translated by Alexander Barclay. London, Richard Pynson, 1509. This extremely curious, interesting, and once widely-popular satire, which, under the allegory of a ship, freighted with fools of all kinds, held the mirror up to the prevailing vices and follies of every rank and profession at that important and suggestive period of history immediately preceding the Reformation.

the door, and enter into our school; you shall not need to buy books; no; scorn to distinguish a B from a battledoor; only look that your ears be long enough to reach our rudiments, and you are made for ever. It is by heart that I would have you to con my lessons, and therefore be sure to have most devouring stomachs. Nor be you terrified with an opinion, that our rules be hard, and indigestible; or that you shall never be good graduates in these rare sciences of barbarism, and idiotism: O fye upon any man that carries that ungodly mind! Tush, Tush; Tarlton, Kemp, nor Singer,<sup>1</sup> nor all the litter all fools that now come drawling behind them, never played the clowns more naturally than the arrantest sot of you all shall, if he will but boil my instructions in his brainpan.

And lest I myself, like some pedantical vicar stammering out a most false and cracked Latin oration to master mayor of the town and his brethren, should cough and hem in my deliveries; by which means you, my auditors, should be in danger to depart more like woodcocks<sup>2</sup> than when you came to me: O thou venerable father of ancient, and therefore hoary customs, *Sylvanus*, I invoke thy assistance; thou that first taughtest carters to

<sup>1</sup>TARLTON, KEMP, NOR SINGER.—Celebrated clowns and buffoons.

<sup>2</sup>WOODCOCKS.—Simpletons.—“O, this *woodcock*! what an ass it is,”—*Taming of the Shrew*. i, 2.

wear hobnails, and lobs<sup>1</sup> to play christmas-gambols, and to shew the most beastly horse-tricks; O do thou, or, if thou art not at leisure, let thy mountebank, goat-footed *Faunus*, inspire me with the knowledge of all those silly and ridiculous fashions, which the old dunstical world wore even out at elbows; draw for me the pictures of the most simple fellows then living, that by their patterns I may paint the like! Awake, thou noblest drunkard *Bacchus*; thou must likewise stand to me, if at least thou canst for reeling; teach me, you sovereign skinker,<sup>2</sup> how to take the German's upsy-freeze,<sup>3</sup> the Danish rowsa,<sup>4</sup> the Switzer's stoop<sup>5</sup> of rhenish, the Italian's parmizant[?],<sup>6</sup> the Englishman's healths, his

<sup>1</sup>LOBS.—Lubbers, clowns.

<sup>2</sup>SKINKER.—One who serves drink at a tavern. A tapster, a drawer.

“But no fear affrights deep drinkers,  
There I toss'd it with my *skinkers*.”

*Drunken Barnaby's Journal.*

“Bacchus the wine him *skinketh* all about.”

Chaucer's *Knight's Tale*.

<sup>3</sup>UPSY-FREEZE, OR UPSE-FREESE.—A heavy and intoxicating kind of Dutch beer, and called “Upse Dutch.” *Upse-freeze*, a similar drink, formerly imported in large quantities from Friesland.

<sup>4</sup>DANISH ROWSA OR ROUSE.—A drinking bout, a carousal.

“The King doth wake to-night, and takes his *rouse*.”

Hamlet i. 4.

<sup>5</sup>SWITZER'S STOOP OR STOUP.—A drinking vessel, cup, bowl.

“Set me the *stoups* of wine upon that table.”

Hamlet v. 2.

<sup>6</sup>ITALIAN'S PARMIZANT.—Our author has used the word *Parmizant* [*sic*] before, and also for a liquor—thus in his “The Seven Deadly Sins of London,” 1606—“They were drunk according to all the rules of learned

hoops, cans, half-cans,<sup>1</sup> gloves, frolics, and flapdragons, together with the most notorious qualities of the truest tosspots, as when to cast, when to quarrel, when to fight, and where to sleep : hide not a drop of the moist mystery from me, thou plumpest swill-bowl ; but, like an honest red-nosed wine-bibber, lay open all thy secrets, and the mystical hieroglyphic of rashers o' th' coals, modicums, and shoeing-horns, and why they were invented, for what occupations, and when to be used. Thirdly, (because I will have more than two strings to my bow) *Comus*, thou clerk of gluttony's kitchen, do thou also bid me profess ; and let me not rise from table till I am perfect in all the general rules of epicures and cormorants : fatten thou my brains, that I may feed others ; and teach them both how to

drunkenness, as Upsy-freeze, crambo, *Parmizant*. We can easily recognise the Italian's love of Parmasent, or Parmesan cheese. But the whole sentence here relates to the quantities and qualities of the National drink of the Germans, Danes, Switzers, Italians and Englishmen. Bacchus being invoked to enable our author to take with ease the same quantities of the various strong liquors as "the truest tosspots." Was there an Italian drink called *Parmizant* at or about Dicker's time ?

HOOPS, CANS, HALF CANS, &c.—A quart pot so called, because it was formerly bound with hoops, like a barrel. There were generally three hoops on the quart pot, and if three men were drinking each would take his *hoop* or third portion. Hence one of Jack Cade's reformations was to increase the number of hoops—"The *three hoop'd* pot shall have ten *hoops* ; and I will make it felony to drink small beer."—2 Hen. VI. iv. 2. Nash in "Pierce Penniless, His Supplication to the Devill, 1592." As "I believe *hoops* in quart pots were invented to that end, that every man should take his *hoop*, and no more."

squat down to their meat : and how to munch so like loobies, that the wisest *Solon* in the world shall not be able to take them for any other. If there be any strength in thee, thou beggarly monarch of Indians, and setter-up of rotten-lunged chimney-sweepers, tobacco ! I beg it at thy smoky hands, make me thine adopted heir, that inheriting the virtues of thy whiffs, I may distribute them amongst all nations ; and make the fantastic Englishmen, above the rest, more cunning in the distinction of thy roll Trinidado, leaf, and pudding,<sup>f</sup> than the whitest-toothed blackamore in all Asia. After thy pipe shall ten thousands be taught to dance, if thou wilt but discover to me the sweetness of thy snuffs, with the manner of spawling, slaving, spitting and driveling in all places, and before all persons. O what songs will I charm out, in praise of those valiantly-strong stinking breaths, which are easily purchased at thy hands, if I can but get thee to travel through my nose ! All the “fohs !” in the fairest lady’s mouths that ever kissed lord shall not fright me from thy brown presence : for thou art humble ; and from the courts of princes has vouchsafed to be acquainted with penny galleries ; and, like a good fellow, to be drunk for company with watermen, carmen and colliers : whereas before, and so still, knights, and wise

<sup>1</sup>TRINIDADO, LEAF, AND PUDDING.—Three sorts of tobacco.

<sup>f</sup>“I have my *three sorts of tobacco* in my pocket.”

Ben Jonson’s *Cynthia’s Revels*

gentlemen were, and are thy companions. Last of all, thou lady of clowns and carters, schoolmistress of fools and wiseacres, thou homely but harmless Rusticity, O breath thy dull and dunstical spirit into our gander's quill ! Crown me thy poet, not with a garland of bays—O no ! the number of those that steal laurel is too monstrous already—but swaddle thou my brows with those unhandsome boughs, which, like Autumn's rotten hair, hang dangling over thy dusty eyelids. Help me, thou midwife of unmannerliness, to be delivered of this embryo that lies tumbling in my brain. Direct me in this hard and dangerous voyage, that, being safely arrived on the desired shore, I may build up altars to thy unmatched rudeness ; the excellency whereof I know will be so great, that growtnouls<sup>1</sup> and momes will in swarms fly buzzing about thee. So Herculean a labour is this that I undertake, that I am enforced to bawl out for all your succours, to the intent I may aptly furnish this feast of fools, unto which I solemnly invite all the world ; for at it shall sit not only those whom fortune favours, but even those whose wits are naturally their own. Yet, because your artificial fools bear away the workmanship at bell, all our best this time shall be spent to fashion such a creature.

<sup>1</sup>GROUTNOULS AND MOMES,--Blockheads, Doltz,



## Chapter I.

*The old world, and the new weighed together. The  
Tailors of those times, and these compared.  
The apparel, and diet of our  
first fathers.*

GOOD clothes are the embroidered trappings of pride, and good cheer the very eryngo-root<sup>1</sup> of gluttony; so that fine backs, and fat bellies are coach-horses to two of the seven deadly sins; in the boots of which coach Lechery, and Sloth sit like the waiting maid. In a most desperate state therefore do tailors, and cooks stand, by means of their offices; for both those trades are apple-squires<sup>2</sup> to that couple of sins. The one invents more fantastic fashions, than France hath worn since her first stone was laid; the other more lickerish epicurean dishes, than were ever served up to *Galloni*'s table. Did man, think you, come wrangling into the world about no better matters, than all his lifetime to make privy searches in Birchin lane for whalebone doublets, or for pies of nightingales' tongues in *Heliogabalus*'s kitchen? No, no; the first suit of apparel, that

<sup>1</sup>ERYNGO-ROOT.—Formerly used as a provocative.

<sup>2</sup>APPLE SQUIRES.—Pimps, panders.

ever mortal man put on, came neither from the mercer's shop, nor the merchant's warehouse: Adam's bill would have been taken then, sooner than a knight's bond now; yet was he great in nobody's books<sup>1</sup> for satin, and velvets. The silk-worms had something else to do in those days, than to set up looms, and be free of the weavers; his breeches were not so much worth as King Stephen's, that cost but a poor noble; for Adam's holyday hose and doublet were of no better stuff than plain fig-leaves, and Eve's best gown of the same piece: there went but a pair of shears between them. An antiquary in this town has yet some of the powder of those leaves dried to show. Tailors then were none of the twelve companies: their hall, that now is larger than some dorpes<sup>2</sup> among the Netherlands, was then no bigger than a Dutch butcher's shop: they durst not strike down their customers with large bills: Adam cared not an apple-paring for all their lousy hems. There was then neither the Spanish slop, nor the skipper's galligaskin, the Switzer's blistered codpiece, nor the Danish sleeve sagging down like a Welch wallet, the Italian's close strosser, nor the French standing collar: your treblequadruple dædalian ruffs, nor your stiffnecked rabatos, that have more arches<sup>3</sup> for pride to row

<sup>1</sup>GREAT IN NOBODY'S BOOKS.—*i.e.*, not indebted.

<sup>2</sup>DORPES.—Small villages.

<sup>3</sup>ARCHES by reason of the fluting or puckering.

under, than can stand under five London bridges, durst not then set themselves out in print; for the patent for starch could by no means be signed. Fashions then was counted a disease, and horses died of it: but now, thanks to folly, it is held the only rare physic; and the purest golden asses live upon it.

As for the diet of that Saturnian age, it was like their attire, homely. A sallad, and a mess of leek-porridge was a dinner for a far greater man than ever the Turk was. Potato-pies, and custards stood like the sinful suburbs of cookery, and had not a wall so much as a handful high built round about them. There were no daggers<sup>1</sup> then, nor no chairs. Crookes's ordinary, in those parsimonious days, had not a capon's leg to throw at a dog. O golden world! The suspicious Venetian carved not his meat with a silver pitchfork,<sup>2</sup> neither did the sweet-toothed Englishman shift a dozen of trenchers at one meal; Piers Ploughman laid the cloth, and Simplicity brought in the voider.<sup>3</sup> How wonderfully is the world altered! And no marvel, for it has lain sick almost five thousand years; so that it is no

<sup>1</sup>DAGGERS.—Instruments to fix the meat while cutting it.

<sup>2</sup>SILVER PITCHFORK.—*i.e.*, a table fork. Introduced about this time from Italy.

“Then must you learn the use,  
And handling of your *silver fork* at meals.”  
Ben Jonson's *Volpone*; or *For* 4. 1.

<sup>3</sup>VOIDER.—A basket made to carry away the fragments,

more like the old *theatre du monde*; than old Paris Garden<sup>1</sup> is like the king's Garden at Paris.

What an excellent workman therefore were he, that could cast the Globe of it<sup>2</sup> into a new mould : and not to make it look like Mullineux's<sup>3</sup> globe, with a round face sleeked, and washed over with whites of eggs ; but to have it *in plano*, as it was at first, with all the ancient circles, lines, parallels, and figures ; representing indeed all the wrinkles, cracks, crevices, and flaws that (like the mole on Hatten's cheek, being *os amoris*,) stuck upon it at the first creation, and made it look most lovely : but now those furrows are filled up with ceruse, and vermillion ; yet all will not do, it appears more ugly. Come, come ; it would be but a bald world, but that it wears a periwig ; the body of it is foul, like a birdingpiece, by being too much heated ; the breadth of it stinks like the mouths of chambermaids by feeding on so many sweatmeats : and, though to purge it will be a sorer labour than the cleansing of *Augeas'* stable, or the scouring of Moorditch, yet, *Ille ego qui quondam* ; I am the Pasquil's madcap that will do it.

<sup>1</sup>PARIS GARDENS.—The Bear Garden at Bankside.

<sup>2</sup>THE GLOBE OF IT, &c.—The Globe Theatre was built on the site of the old Bear Garden.

<sup>3</sup>MULLINEUX'S GLOBE.—A celebrated mathematical instrument and globe maker of the day.

Draw near, therefore, all you that love to walk upon single, and simple soles; and that wish to keep company with none but innocents, and the sons of civil citizens; out with your tables;<sup>1</sup> and nail your ears, as it were to the pillory, to the music of our instructions: nor let the title *Gullery* fright you from school, for mark what an excellent ladder you are to climb by. How many worthy, and men of famous memory, for their learning of all offices, from the scavenger, and so upward, have flourished in London of the ancient family of the Wiseacres, being now no better esteemed than fools and younger brothers? This gear must be looked into; lest in time (O lamentable time, when that hourglass is turned up!) a rich man's son shall no sooner peep out of the shell of his minority, but he shall straightways be begged for a concealment, or set upon, as it were, by freebooters, and taken in his own pursenets by fencers and conycatchers.<sup>2</sup> To drive which pestilent infection from the heart, here is a medicine more potent, and more precious, than was ever that mingle-mangle of drugs which Mithridates boiled together. Fear not to taste it; a caudle will not go down half so smoothly as this will; you need not call the honest name of it in question; for antiquity

<sup>1</sup>OUT WITH YOUR TABLES.—*i. e.*, tablets.


<sup>2</sup>FENCERS AND CONY CATCHERS.—Receivers of stolen goods and thieves, or cheats.

puts off his cap, and makes a bare oration in praise of the virtues of it: the receipt hath been subscribed unto, by all those that have had to do with simples, with this moth-eaten motto, *probatum est*. Your *Diacatholicon aureum*, that with gunpowder threatens to blow up all diseases that come in its way, smells worse than asafoetida in respect of this. You therefore whose bodies, either overflowing with the corrupt humours of this age's phantasticness, or else being burnt up with the inflammation of upstart fashions, would fain be purged; and, to show that you truly loath this polluted and mangy-fisted world, turn Timonists, not caring either for men or their manners; do you pledge me; spare not to take a deep draught of our homely counsel: the cup is full; and so large, that I boldly drink a health unto all comers.



## Chapter III.

*How a Young Gallant shall not only keep his clothes,  
which many of them can hardly do, from  
Brokers; but also save the charges of  
taking physic; with other  
rules for the morning.  
The praise of sleep,  
and of going  
naked.*

OU have heard all this while nothing but the prologue, and seen no more but a dumb show: our *vetus comœdia* steps out now. The fittest stage upon which you, that study to be an actor there, are first to present yourself, is, in my approved judgment, the softest and largest down-bed; from whence, if you will but take sound counsel of your pillow, you shall never rise, till you hear it ring noon at least. Sleep, in the name of *Morpheus*, your bellyful; or, rather sleep till you hear your belly grumbles and waxeth empty. Care not for those coarse painted-cloth rhymes made by the university of Salerne, that come over you with:

*Sit brevis, aut nullus, tibi somnus meridianus.*

Short let thy sleep at noon be,  
Or rather let it none be.

Sweet candied<sup>1</sup> counsel ! But there is ratsbane under it. Trust never a bachelor of arts of them all ; for he speaks your health fair, but to steal away the maidenhead of it. Salerne stands in the luxurious country of Naples ; and who knows not that the Neapolitan will, like Derick the hangman, embrace you with one arm, and rip your guts with the other ? There is not a hair in his moustachio but, if he kiss you, will stab you through the cheeks like a poignard : the slave, to be avenged on his enemy, will drink off a pint of poison himself, so that he may be sure to have the other pledge him but half so much. And it may be, that, upon some secret grudge to work the general destruction of all mankind, those verses were composed. Physicians, I know, and none else took up the bucklers in their defence ; railing bitterly upon that venerable, and princely custom of long-lying-abed. Yet, now I remember me, I cannot blame them ; for they which want sleep, which is man's natural rest, become either mere naturals, or else fall into the doctor's hands, and so consequently into the Lord's : whereas he that snorts profoundly scorns to let *Hippocrates* himself stand tooting<sup>2</sup> on his urinal, and thereby saves the charges a groat's-worth of physic : and happy is that man that saves it ; for

<sup>1</sup>CANDIED.—A play upon the word *candid*.

<sup>2</sup>TOOTING.—Peeping, to look narrowly.



physic is *non minus venefica quam benefica* ; it hath an ounce of gall in it for every drachm of honey. Ten Tyburns cannot turn men over the perch so fast as one of these brewers of purgations : the very nerves of their practice being nothing but *ars homicidiorum*, an art to make poor souls kick up their heels ; insomuch, that even their sick grunting patients stand in more danger of Mr. Doctor and his drugs, than of all the cannon-shots which the desperate disease itself can discharge against them. Send them packing therefore, to walk like Italian mountebanks ; beat not your brains to understand their parcel-greek, parcel-latin gibberish ; let not all their sophistical buzzing into your ears, nor their satirical canvassing of feather beds, and tossing men out of their warm blankets, awake you till the hour that here is prescribed.

For do but consider what an excellent thing sleep is : it is so inestimable a jewel, that, if a tyrant would give his crown for an hour's slumber, it cannot be bought : of so beautiful a shape is it, that, though a man lie with an empress, his heart cannot be at quiet till he leaves her embracements to be at rest with the other : yea, so greatly are we indebted to this kinsman of death, that we owe the better tributary half of our life to him ; and there is good cause why we should do so ; for sleep is that golden chain that ties health, and our bodies together.

Who complains of want, of wounds, of cares, of great men's oppressions, of captivity, whilst he sleepeth? Beggars in their beds take as much pleasure as kings. Can we therefore surfeit on this delicate ambrosia? Can we drink too much of that, whereof to taste too little tumbles us into a church-yard; and to use it but indifferently throws us into Bedlam? No, no. Look upon *Endymion*, the moon's minion, who slept threescore and fifteen years; and was not a hair the worse for it. Can lying abed till noon then, being not the threescore and fifteen thousand part of his nap, be hurtful?

Besides, by the opinion of all philosophers and physicians, it is not good to trust the air with our bodies; till the sun with his flame coloured wings hath fanned away the misty smoke of the morning; and refined that thick tobacco-breath which the rheumatic night throws abroad of purpose to put out the eye of the element: which work questionless cannot be perfectly finished, till the sun's car-horses stand prancing on the very top of highest noon; so that then, and not till then, is the most healthful hour to be stirring. Do you require examples to persuade you? At what time do lords and ladies use to rise, but then? Your simpering merchants' wives are the fairest liars in the world; and is not eleven o'clock their common hour? They find, no doubt, unspeakable sweetness in such lying; else

they would not day by day put it so in practice. In a word, mid-day slumbers are golden : they make the body fat, the skin fair, the flesh plump delicate and tender : they set a russet colour on the cheeks of young women, and make lusty courage to rise up in men : they make us thrifty ; both in sparing victuals, for breakfasts thereby are saved from the hell-mouth of the belly ; and in preserving apparel, for while we warm us in our beds our clothes are not worn.

The casements of thine eyes being then at this commendable time of the day newly set open, choose rather to have thy windpipe cut in pieces than to salute any man. Bid not good-morrow so much as to thy father, though he be an emperor. An idle ceremony it is, and can do him little good ; to thyself it may bring much harm ; for if he be a wise man that knows how to hold his peace, of necessity must he be counted a fool that cannot keep his tongue.

Amongst all the wild men that run up and down in the wide forest of fools, the world, none are more superstitious than those notable Ebritians,<sup>1</sup> the Jews : yet a Jew never wears his cap threadbare with putting it off ; never bends in the hams with casting away a leg ; never cries : " God save you !" though he sees the devil at your elbow. Play the

<sup>1</sup>EBRITIANS.—For Hebrews, Jews.

Jews therefore in this, and save thy lips that labour: only remember, that, so soon as thy eyelids be unglued, thy first exercise must be, either sitting upright on thy pillow, or rarely lolling at thy body's whole length, to yawn, to stretch, and to gape wider than any oyster-wife; for thereby thou dost not only send out the lively spirits, like vaunt-couriers, to fortify and make good the uttermost borders of the body; but also, as a cunning painter, thy goodly lineaments are drawn out in their fairest proportion.

This lesson being played, turn over a new leaf; and, unless that Freezeland<sup>1</sup> cur, cold winter, offer to bite thee, walk awhile up and down thy chamber, either in thy thin shirt only, or else (which, at a bare word, is both more decent and more delectable) strip thyself stark naked. Are we not born so? And shall a foolish custom make us to break the laws of our creation? Our first parents, so long as they went naked, were suffered to dwell in paradise; but, after they got coats to their backs, they were turned out of doors. Put on, therefore, either no apparel at all, or put it on carelessly; for look how much more delicate liberty is than bondage; so much is the looseness in wearing of our attire above the imprisonment of being neatly, and tailor-like dressed up in it. To be ready in our clothes is to

<sup>1</sup>FREEZELAND.—For Friesland to favour the equivoque.

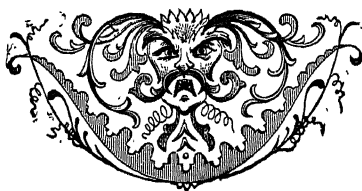
be ready for nothing else ; a man looks as if he be hung in chains, or like a scarecrow. And as those excellent birds, whom *Pliny* could never have the wit to catch in all his springes, commonly called woodcocks, whereof there is great store in England, having all their feathers plucked from their backs, and being turned out as naked as *Plato's* cock was before all *Diogenes's* scholars, or as the cuckoo in christmas, are more fit to come to any knight's board, and are indeed more serviceable, than when they are lapped in their warm liveries ; even so stands the case with man. Truth, because the bald-pate her father, Time, has no hair to cover his head, goes, when she goes best, stark naked ; but Falsehood has ever a cloak for the rain. You see likewise, that the lion, being the king of beasts ; the horse, being the lustiest creature ; the unicorn, whose horn is worth half a city<sup>1</sup> ; all these go with no more clothes on their backs, than what nature hath bestowed upon them ; but your baboons, and your jackanapes, being the scum and rascality of all the hedge-creepers,

<sup>1</sup>UNICORN HORN, &c.—The horn of the unicorn was considered an infallible antidote against poison. In such estimation was this counter-poison held that Andrea Racei, a Florentine physician, relates it had been sold by the apothecaries for £24 sterling per ounce. Ambrose Pare, an eminent French surgeon, who flourished towards the end of the sixteenth century, exposed the cheat of its quack-salving vendors. What the *unicorn horn* was supposed to be, what was sold for it, and the real unicorn as well as the fancied unicorn, are treated of largely by Sir Thomas Browne in his *Vulgar Errors*.

they go in jerkins and mandilions. Marry how? They are put into their rags only in mockery.

O beware therefore both what you wear, and how you wear it; and let this heavenly reason move you never to be handsome! For, when the sun is arising out of his bed, does not the element seem more glorious, being only in gray, than at noon, when he is in all his bravery? It were madness to deny it. What man would not gladly see a beautiful woman naked, or at least with nothing but a lawn, or some loose thing over her; and even highly lift her up for being so? Shall we then abhor that in ourselves, which we admire and hold to be so excellent in others?

*Absit.*



## Chapter III.

*How a Gallant should warm himself by the fire ; how attire himself. Description of a man's head. The praise of long hair.*

**B**UT if, as it often happens unless the year catch the sweating sickness, the morning, like charity waxing cold, thrust his frosty fingers into thy bosom, pinching thee black and blue with her nails made of ice, like an invisible goblin ; so that thy teeth as if thou wert singing pricksong,<sup>1</sup> stand coldly quavering in thy head, and leap up and down like the nimble jacks of a pair of virginals<sup>2</sup> ; be then as swift as a whirlwind, and as boisterous in tossing all thy clothes in a rude heap together ; with which bundle filling thine arms, step bravely forth, crying : “ Room, what a coil keep you about the fire ? ” The more are set round about it, the more is thy commendation, if thou either bluntly ridest over their shoulders, or tumblest aside their stools to creep into the chimney-corner ; there toast thy body till thy scorched skin be speckled all over, being stained

<sup>1</sup>PRICKSONG.—A song, the harmony of which was *pricked* or noted down.

<sup>2</sup>VIRGINALS.—An instrument somewhat like a small pianoforte, so called because used *by* young ladies.

with more motley colours than are to be seen on the right side of the rainbow.

Neither shall it be fit for the state of thy health to put on thy apparel, till, by sitting in that hothouse of the chimney, thou feelest the fat dew of thy body, like basting, run trickling down thy sides ; for by that means thou mayest lawfully boast, that thou livest by the sweat of thy brows.

As for thy stockings and shoes ; so wear them, that all men may point at thee, and make thee famous by that glorious name of a malecontent. Or, if thy quicksilver can run so far on thy errand, as to fetch thee boots out of St. Martin's ; let it be thy prudence to have the tops of them wide as the mouth of a wallet, and those with fringed boot-hose over them to hang down by thy ankles. Doves are accounted innocent and loving creatures ; thou, in observing this fashion, shalt seem to be a rough-footed dove, and be held as innocent. Besides, the straddling, which of necessity so much leather between thy legs must put thee into, will be thought not to grow from thy disease,<sup>1</sup> but from that gentlemanlike habit.

Having thus apparelled thee from top to toe, according to that simple fashion, which the best goosecaps in Europe strive to imitate ; it is now high time for me to have a blow at thy head, which

<sup>1</sup>THY DISEASE.—That of French origin !



I will not cut off with sharp documents, but rather set it on faster ; bestowing upon it such excellent carving, that, if all the wise men of Gotham should lay their heads together, their jobbernouls should not be able to compare with thine.

To maintain, therefore, that sconce of thine strongly guarded, and in good reparation, never suffer comb to fasten his teeth there ; let thy hair grow thick and bushy, like a forest or some wilderness ; lest those six-footed creatures that breed in it, and are tenants to that crown-land of thine, be hunted to death by every base barbarous barber ; and so that delicate, and tickling pleasure of scratching be utterly taken from thee ; for the head is a house built for reason to dwell in, and thus is the tenement framed. The two eyes are the glass windows, at which light disperses itself into every room, having goodly penthouses of hair to overshadow them : as for the nose ; though some, most injuriously and improperly, make it serve for an Indian chimney<sup>1</sup> : yet surely it is rightly a bridge with two arches, under which are neat passages to convey as well perfumes to air and sweeten every chamber, as to carry away all noisome filth that is swept out of unclean corners : the cherry lips open, like the new painted gates of a lord mayor's house, to take in provision ; the tongue is a bell,

<sup>1</sup>INDIAN CHIMNEY.—That is, to inhale the fumes of tobacco.

hanging just under the middle of the roof; and, lest it should be rung out too deep, as sometimes it is when women have a peal, whereas it was cast by the first founder but only to toll softly; there are two even rows of ivory pegs, like pales, set to keep it in: the ears are two music-rooms, into which as well good sounds as bad descend down two narrow pair of stairs, that for all the world have crooked windings like those that lead to the top of Paul's steeple; and because when the tunes are once gotten in, they should not too quickly slip out, all the walls of both places are plastered with yellow wax round about them. Now as the fairest lodging, though it be furnished with walls, chimneys, chambers, and all other parts of architecture, yet if the ceiling be wanting, it stands subject to rain, and so consequently to ruin; so would this goodly palace, which we have modelled out unto you, be but a cold and bald habitation, were not the top of it rarely covered; nature, therefore, has played the tiler, and given it a most curious covering; or, to speak more properly, she has thatched it all over; and that thatching is hair. If then thou desirest to reserve that fee-simple of wit, thy head, for thee and the lawful heirs<sup>1</sup> of thy body; play neither the scurvy part of the Frenchman, that plucks up all by

<sup>1</sup>HEIRS.—A play upon the word *hairs*.

the roots<sup>1</sup>; nor that of the spending Englishman, who, to maintain a paltry warren of unprofitable conies, disimparks the stately swift-footed wild deer; but let thine receive its full growth, that thou mayest safely and wisely brag 'tis thine own bush natural.

And withal consider; that, as those trees of cobweb lawn, woven by spinners the fresh May-mornings, do dress the curled heads of the mountains, and adorn the swelling bosoms of the valleys; or, as those snowy fleeces, which the naked briar steals from the innocent nibbling sheep, to make himself a warm winter livery, are to either of them both an excellent ornament: so make thou account, that, to have feathers sticking here and there on thy head will embellish, and set thy crown out rarely. None dare upbraid thee, that like a beggar thou has lain on straw, or, like a travelling pedlar upon musty flocks; for those feathers will rise up as witnesses to choak him that says so, and prove that thy bed was of the softest down.

When your noblest gallants consecrate their hours to their mistresses, and to revelling; they wear feathers then chiefly in their hats, being one of the fairest ensigns of their bravery; but thou, a reveller, and a mistress-server all the year, by wearing

<sup>1</sup>FRENCHMAN THAT PLUCKS UP ALL BY THE ROOTS.—Alluding to the depilatory effects of a *certain disease*. See *The Comedy of Errors*, III. 3., and *Measure for Measure* I. 2.

feathers in thy hair; whose length before the rigorous edge of any puritanical pair of scissors should shorten the breadth of a finger, let the three housewifely spinsters of destiny rather curtail the thread of thy life. O, no! Long hair is the only net that women spread abroad to entrap men in; and why should not men be as far above women in that commodity, as they go beyond men in others? The merry Greeks were called *καρηχομόωντες* (long-haired.) Lose not thou, being an honest *Trojan*, that honour? since it will more fairly become thee. Grass is the hair of the earth, which, as long as it is suffered to grow, it becomes the wearer, and carries a most pleasing colour: but when the sun-burnt clown makes his mows at it, and like a barber shaves it off to the stumps; then it withers, and is good for nothing but to be trussed up and thrown amongst jades.<sup>1</sup> How ugly is a bald pate! It looks like a face wanting a nose, or like ground eaten bare with the arrows of archers; whereas a head all hid in hair gives even to a most wicked face a sweet proportion, and looks like a meadow newly married to the spring; which beauty in men the Turks envying, they no sooner lay hold on a christian, but the first mark they set upon him, to make him know he is a slave, is to shave off all his hair close to the skull. A Mahomedan cruelty, therefore, is it to stuff breeches and tennis-balls with that, which, when 'tis

<sup>1</sup>JADES—i.e., horses.

once lost, all the hare-hunters<sup>1</sup> in the world may sweat their hearts out, and yet hardly catch it again.

You then, to whom chastity has given an heir apparent, take order that it may be apparent; and, to that purpose, let it play openly with the lascivious wind, even on the top of your shoulders. Experience cries out in every city, that those selfsame critical saturnists, whose hair is shorter than their eyebrows, take a pride to have their hoary beards hang slaverling like a dozen of fox-tails down so low as their middle. But, alas, why should the chins and lips of old men lick up that excrement, which they violently clip away from the heads of young men? Is it because those long besoms, their beards, with sweeping the soft bosoms of their beautiful young wives, may tickle their tender breasts, and make some amends for their masters' unrecoverable dullness? No, no! There hangs more at the ends of those long grey hairs, than all the world can come to the knowledge of. Certain I am, that, when none but the golden age went current upon earth, it was higher treason to clip hair, than to clip money; the comb, and scissors were condemned to the currying of hackneys; he was disfranchised for ever, that did but put on a barber's apron. Man, woman, and child wore then hair longer than a lawsuit; every head, when it

<sup>1</sup>HARE-HUNTERS.—Hair-hunters, an equivoque.

stood bare or uncovered, looked like a butter-box's<sup>1</sup> noul, having his thrum'd cap on. It was free for all nations to have shaggy pates, as it is now only for the Irishman. But since this polling, and shaving world crept up locks were locked up, and hair fell to decay. Revive thou, therefore, the old buried fashion, and, in scorn of periwigs and sheepshearing, keep thou that quilted headpiece on continually. Long hair will make thee look dreadfully to thine enemies, and manly to thy friends ; it is, in peace, an ornament ; in war, a strong helmet ; it blunts the edge of a sword, and deadens the leaden thump of a bullet ; in winter, it is a warm nightcap ; in summer, a cooling fan of feathers.

A BUTTER-BOX NOUL.—*i. e.*, a Dutchman's head.



## Chapter IV.

*How a Gallant should behave himself in  
Paul's walks.*

**B**EING weary with sailing up and down alongst these shores of Barbaria,<sup>1</sup> here let us cast our anchor ; and nimbly leap to land in our coasts, whose fresh air shall be so much the more pleasing to us, if the ninnyhammer, whose perfection we labour to set forth, have so much foolish wit left him as to choose the place were to suck in ; for that true humorous gallant that desires to pour himself into all fashions, if his ambition be such to excel even compliment itself, must as well practise to diminish his walks, as to be various in his salads, curious in his tobacco, or ingenious in the trussing up of a new Scotch hose ; all which virtues are excellent, and able to maintain him ; especially if the old worm-eaten farmer, his father, be dead, and left him five hundred a year : only to keep an Irish hobby, an Irish horseboy, and himself like a gentleman. He therefore that would strive to fashion his legs to his silk stockings, and his proud

<sup>1</sup>BARBARIA.—Punning] on the Barbers, who are so called from *barba*, a beard,

gait to his broad garters, let him whiff down these observations; for, if he once get to walk by the book, and I see no reason but he may, as well as fight by the book,<sup>1</sup> Paul's may be proud of him<sup>2</sup>; Will Clarke<sup>3</sup> shall ring forth encomiums in his honour; John in Paul's churchyard<sup>4</sup> shall fit his head for an excellent block; whilst all the inns of court rejoice to behold his most handsome calf.

Your mediterranean isle<sup>5</sup> is then the only gallery, wherein the pictures of all your true fashionate and complemental Gulls are, and ought to be hung up. Into that gallery carry your neat body; but take heed you pick out such an hour, when the main shoal of islanders<sup>6</sup> are swimming up and down. And first observe your doors of entrance, and your exit; not much unlike the players at the theatres: keeping

FIGHT BY THE BOOK.—The particular book alluded to is Vincentio Saviolo's *The use of the Rapier and Dagger, and of Honour and honourable Quarrels*. London, printed by John Wolfe, 1595.

<sup>2</sup>PAUL'S MAY BE PROUD OF HIM.—The body of old St. Paul's was in former times a favorite resort for purposes of business, amusement, lounging, or assignations. Bills were fixed up there, bargains made, servants hired, politics discussed, and a variety of matters performed wholly inconsistent with the sacred nature of the edifice.

<sup>3</sup>WILL CLARKE.—Probably some ballad or news-writer of the day.

<sup>4</sup>JOHN IN PAUL'S CHURCHYARD.—A hat or peruke maker, by his *blocks* being mentioned.

<sup>5</sup>"So may one of *John* of *Paul's church-yeards blocks* prove wiser than he himself."

*Discovery of a New World*, p. 129.

<sup>6</sup>YOUR MEDITERRANEAN ISLE.—The middle aisle of St. Paul's Church.

<sup>6</sup>ISLANDERS.—Persons who walk the *aisles*,



your decorums, even in phantasticality. As for example : if you prove to be a northern gentleman, I would wish you to pass through the north door, more often especially than any of the other ; and so, according to your countries, take note of your entrances.

Now for your venturing into the walk. Be circumspect, and wary what pillar you come in at ; and take heed in any case, as you love the reputation of your honour, that you avoid the serving-man's log,<sup>1</sup> and approach not within five fathom of that pillar ; but bend your course directly in the middle line, that the whole body of the church may appear to be yours ; where, in view of all, you may publish your suit in what manner you affect most, either with the slide of your cloak from the one shoulder ; and then you must, as 'twere in anger, suddenly snatch at the middle of the inside, if it be taffeta at the least ; and so by that means your costly lining is betrayed, or else by the pretty advantage of compliment. But one note by the way do I especially woo you to, the neglect of which makes many of our gallants cheap and ordinary, that by no means you be seen above four turns ; but in the fifth make yourself away, either in some of the seamster's shops, the new tobacco-office, or amongst the booksellers, where, if

<sup>1</sup>SERVING MAN'S LOG.—That portion of the building set apart for rest and convenience of gentlemen's servants,—In or out of place.

you cannot read, exercise your smoke, and enquire who has writ against this divine weed,<sup>1</sup> &c. For this withdrawing yourself a little will much benefit your suit, which else, by too long walking, would be stale to the whole spectators ; but howsoever if Paul's jacks<sup>2</sup> be once up with their elbows, and quarrelling to strike eleven ; as soon as ever the clock has parted them, and ended the fray with his hammer, let not the Duke's gallery contain you any longer, but pass away apace in open view ; in which, departure, if by chance you either encounter, or aloof off throw your inquisitive eye upon any knight or squire, being your familiar, salute him not by his name of Sir such a one, or so ; but call him Ned, or Jack, &c. This will set off your estimation with great men ; and if, though there be a dozen companies between you, 'tis the better, he call aloud to you, for that is most genteel, to know where he shall find you at two o'clock ; tell him at such an ordinary, or such ; and be sure to name those that

<sup>1</sup>DIVINE WEED — *Tobacco*. — This luxury is satirized throughout the present tract, and it is singular, that when the introduction of this new indulgence had engaged the pen of almost every contemporary playwright and pamphleteer, nay, even of royalty itself—King James's Counterblast to Tobacco, 1604, that Shakespeare should have been totally silent about it.

<sup>2</sup>PAUL'S JACKS.—Automatons that struck the hour. The cant term for which was *Jacks o' th' clock* ; *Jack* being a contemptuous term for any *time-serving* (!) menial.

“ Their tongues are like a *Jack o' th' clock*, still in labour.”

Sharpham's *The Fleire*,

are dearest, and whither none but your gallants resort. After dinner you may appear again, having translated yourself out of your English cloth cloak into a light Turkey gogram, if you have that happiness of shifting ; and then be seen, for a turn or two, to correct your teeth with some quill or silver instrument, and to cleanse your gums with a wrought handkerchief ; it skills not whether you dined, or no : that is best known to your stomach ; or in what place you dined ; though it were with cheese, of your own mother's making, in your chamber, or study.

Now if you chance to be a gallant not much crossed among citizens ; that is, a gallant in the mercer's books, exalted for satins and velvets ; if you be not so much blest to be crossed ; (as I hold it the greatest blessing in the world to be great in no man's books) your Paul's walk is your only refuge : the Duke's tomb<sup>1</sup> is a sanctuary ; and will keep you alive from worms, and land-rats, that long to be feeding on your carcass : there you may spend your legs in winter a whole afternoon ; converse, plot, laugh, and talk anything ; jest at your creditor,<sup>2</sup> even

<sup>1</sup>THE DUKE'S TOMB.—The tomb of Sir John Beauchamp, son of Guy, Earl of Warwick ; it was unaccountably called "Duke Humphrey's Tomb," and the dinnerless persons who lounged here were said to have dined with Duke Humphrey.

<sup>2</sup>JEEST AT YOUR CREDITORS.—That part of the church was held to give privileges to debtors.

to his face ; and in the evening, even by lamp-light, steal out ; and so cozen a whole covey of abominable catchpoles. Never be seen to mount the steps into the choir, but upon a high festival day, to prefer the fashion of your doublet ; and especially if the singing-boys seem to take note of you ; for they are able to buzz your praises above their anthems, if their voices have not lost their maidenheads : but be sure your silver spurs dog your heels, and then the boys will swarm about you like so many white butterflies<sup>1</sup> ; when you in the open choir shall draw forth a perfumed embroidered purse, the glorious sight of which will entice many countrymen from their devotion to wondering ; and quoit silver into the boys' hands,<sup>2</sup> that it may be heard above the first lesson, although it be read in a voice as big as one of the great organs.

This noble and notable act being performed, you are to vanish presently out of the choir, and to appear again in the walk : but in any wise be not observed to tread there long alone ; for fear you be suspected to be a gallant cashiered from the society of captains, and fighters.

Suck this humour up especially. Put off to none, unless his hatband be of a newer fashion than

<sup>1</sup>LIKE SO MANY BUTTERFLIES.—By reason of their white surplices.

<sup>2</sup>QUOIT—*i.e.*, *Toss, Throw*—SILVER INTO THE BOYS HANDS.—It had long been the custom of the choristors to demand what is called *spur-money* on seeing a person enter a cathedral during Divine service, with spurs on.

yours, and three degrees quainter ; but for him that wears a trebled cyprus<sup>1</sup> about his hat, though he were an alderman's son, never move to him : for he is suspected to be worse than a Gull, and not worth the putting off to, that cannot observe the time of his hatband, nor know what fashioned block is most kin to his head : for, in my opinion, the brain that cannot choose his felt well, being the head ornament, must needs pour folly into all the rest of the members, and be an absolute confirmed fool in *summâ totali*.

All the diseased horses in a tedious siege cannot show so many fashions, as are to be seen for nothing, every day, in Duke Humphrey's walk. If, therefore, you determine to enter into a new suit, warn your tailor to attend you in Paul's, who, with his hat in his hand, shall like a spy discover the stuff, colour, and fashion of any doublet, or hose that dare be seen there ; and, stepping behind a pillar to fill his table-books with those notes, will presently send you into the world an accomplished man ; by which means you shall wear your clothes in print with the first edition. But if fortune favour you so much as to make you no more than a mere country gentleman, or but some three degrees removed from him, (for which I should be very sorry,

<sup>1</sup>CYPRUS.—A thin transparent stuff, now called *crape*.

because your London experience will cost you dear before you shall have the wit to know what you are) then take this lesson along with you : the first time that you venture into Paul's, pass through the body of the church like a porter, yet presume not to fetch so much as one whole turn in the middle isle, no nor to cast an eye to *Si quis* door, pasted and plastered up with serving-men's supplications, before you have paid tribute to the top of Paul's steeple with a single penny ; and, when you are mounted there, take heed how you look down into the yard, for the rails are as rotten as your great grandfather ; and thereupon it will not be amiss if you enquire how Kit Woodroffe<sup>1</sup> durst vault over, and what reason he had for it, to put his neck in hazard of reparations : from hence you may descend, to talk about the horse that went

<sup>1</sup>KIT WOODROFFE. — Who this adventurous *Vaulter* was has not reached us. We read of rope-dancing feats from the battlements of St. Paul's, exhibited before Edward VI, and in the reign of Queen Mary, who the day before her coronation, also witnessed a Dutchman standing upon the weathercock of the steeple waving a five-yard streamer. "Flying" from the tops of churches appears to have been one of the experiments adopted by strolling adventurers to replenish their pockets at the expense of lovers of such novelties. Thus in the *Complete London Jester*, 1771, p. 98, we find the following account :—

"A Man who travell'd the Country, and got his Bread by flying upon a Rope off the Tops of Steeples, &c., applied to a learned Bishop for leave to fly from the Top of the Cathedral, and engaged some People of Weight to speak in his Favour ; to whom his Lordship reply'd, "*'Tis inconsistent with my Duty and the Nature of my Functions, to permit any Man to fly from the Church ; but your friend may fly to it if he will.*"

up<sup>1</sup>; and strive, if you can, to know his keeper; take the day of the month, and the number of the steps; and suffer yourself to believe verily that it was not a horse, but something else in the likeness of one: which wonders you may publish, when you return into the country, to the great amazement of all farmers' daughters, that will almost swoon at the report, and never recover till their banns be asked twice in the church.

But I have not left you yet. Before you come down again, I would desire you to draw your knife, and grave your name, or, for want of a name, the mark which you clap on your sheep, in great characters upon the leads, by a number of your brethren, both citizens and country gentlemen: and so you shall be sure to have your name lie in a coffin of lead, when yourself shall be wrapt in a winding-sheet: and indeed the top of Paul's contains more names than Stow's Chronicle. These lofty tricks being played; and you, thanks to your feet, being safely arrived at the stairs' foot again; your next worthy work is to repair to my lord Chancellor's tomb; and, if you can but reasonably spell, bestow some time upon the reading of Sir Philip Sidney's brief epitaph! in the compass of an hour you may

<sup>1</sup>THE HORSE THAT WENT UP.—The ascent of Bankes on his famous horse, Marocco, mentioned as the *dancing horse* in *Love's Labour Lost*, act i, sc. 2.

make shift to stumble it out. The great dial is your last monument ; there bestow some half of the threescore minutes, to observe the sauciness of the jacks that are above the man in the moon there ; the strangeness of the motion will quit your labour. Besides, you may here have fit occasion to discover your watch, by taking it forth, and setting the wheels to the time of Paul's ; which, I assure you, goes truer by five notes than St. Sepulchre's chimes. The benefit that will arise from hence is this, that you publish your charge in maintaining a gilded clock ; and withal the world shall know that you are a time-pleaser. By this I imagine you have walked your bellyful ; and thereupon being weary, or, which rather I believe, being most gentlemanlike hungry, it is fit that I brought you into the Duke ; so because he follows the fashion of great men, in keeping no house, and that, therefore, you must go  
seek your dinner ; suffer me to  
take you by the hand, and  
lead you into an  
ordinary.





## Chapter V.

*How a Gallant should behave himself in  
an Ordinary.*

**F**IRST, having diligently enquired out an ordinary of the largest reckoning, whither most of your courtly gallants do resort, let it be your use to repair thither some half hour after eleven ; for then you shall find most of your fashion-mongers planted in the room waiting for meat. Ride thither upon your Galloway nag, or your Spanish jennet, a swift ambling pace, in your hose, and doublet, gilt rapier and piognard bestowed in their places, and your French lackey carrying your cloak, and running before you ; or rather in a coach, for that will both hide you from the basilisk eyes of your creditors, and outrun a whole kennel of bitter-mouthed sergeants.<sup>1</sup>

Being arrived in the room, salute not any but those of your acquaintance : walk up and down by the rest as scornfully, and as carelessly as a gentleman-usher : select some friend, having first thrown off your cloak, to walk up and down the room with

<sup>1</sup>SERGEANTS, *i.e.*, Sheriff's Officers, Bailiffs.

you ; let him be suited, if you can, worse by far than yourself ; he will be a foil to you ; and this will be a means to publish your clothes better than Paul's, a tennis-court, or a playhouse ; discourse as loud as you can, no matter to what purpose ; if you but make a noise, and laugh in fashion, and have a good sour face to promise quarrelling, you shall be much observed.

If you be a soldier, talk how often you have been in action ; as the Portugal voyage, the Cadiz voyage, the Island voyage ; besides some eight or nine employments in Ireland, and the Low Countries : then you may discourse how honourably your Grave used you ; (observe that you call your Grave Maurice "your Grave")<sup>1</sup> how often you have drunk with Count such a one, and such a Count on your knees to your Grave's health ; and let it be your virtue to give place neither to St. Rynock, nor to any Dutchman whatsoever in the seventeen provinces, for that soldier's complement of drinking. And, if you perceive that the untravelled company about you take this down well, ply them with more such stuff, as ; how you have interpreted between the French king and a great lord of Barbary, when you have been drinking healths together : and that will be an excellent occasion to publish your languages, if you have them ; if not, get some fragments of French, or small parcels of Italian, to fling

<sup>1</sup>GRAVE MAURICE. —The title given to Maurice of Nassau.

about the table : but beware how you speak any Latin there ; your ordinary most commonly hath no more to do with Latin, than a desperate town of garrison hath.

If you be a courtier, discourse of the obtaining of suits ; of your mistress's favours, &c. Make enquiry, if any gentleman at board have any suit, to get which he would use the good means of a great man's interest with the king : and withal, if you have not so much grace left in you as to blush, that you are, thanks to your stars, in mighty credit ; though in your own conscience you know, and are guilty to yourself, that you dare not, but only upon the privileges of handsome clothes, presume to peep into the presence. Demand if there be any gentleman, whom any there is acquainted with, that is troubled with two offices ; or any vicar with two church-livings ; which will politickly insinuate, that your enquiry after them is because you have good means to obtain them. Yea ; and, rather than your tongue should not be heard in the room, but that you should sit like an ass with your finger in your mouth, and speak nothing ; discourse how often this lady hath sent her coach for you, and how often you have sweat in the tennis-court with that great lord ; for indeed the sweating together in France, I mean the society of tennis, is a great argument of most dear affection, even between noblemen and peasants.

If you be a poet, and come into the ordinary ; though it can be no great glory to be an ordinary poet ; order yourself thus. Observe no man ; doff not cap to that gentleman to day at dinner, to whom, not two nights since, you were beholden for a supper ; but, after a turn or two in the room, take occasion, pulling out your gloves, to have some epigram, or satire, or sonnet fastened in one of them, that may, as it were vomitingly<sup>1</sup> to you, offer itself to the gentlemen : they will presently desire it : but, without much conjuration from them, and a pretty kind of counterfeit loathsness in yourself ; do not read it ; and, though it be none of your own, swear you made it. Marry, if you chance to get into your hands any witty thing's of another man's that is somewhat better ; I would counsel you then, if demand be made who composed it, you may say : " Faith, a learned gentleman, a very worthy friend." And this seeming to lay it on another man will be counted either modesty in you, or a sign that you are not ambitious of praise ; or else that you dare not take it upon you, for fear of the sharpness it carries with it. Besides, it will add much to your fame to let your tongue walk faster than your teeth, though you be never so hungry : and, rather than you should sit like a dumb coxcomb, to repeat by heart either

<sup>1</sup>VOMITINGLY, *i.e.*, cast forth from the glove in such a manner,

some verses of your own, or of any other man's, stretching even very good lines upon the rack of censure : though it be against all law, honesty, or conscience : it may chance save you the price of your ordinary, and beget you other supplements. Marry, I would further entreat our poet to be in league with the mistress of the ordinary ; because from her, upon condition that he will but rhyme knights and young gentlemen to her house, and maintain the table in good fooling, he may easily make up his mouth at her cost, *gratis*.

Thus much for particular men. But in general let all that are in ordinary pay march after the sound of these directions. Before the meat come smoking to the board, our gallant must draw out his tobacco-box, the ladle for the cold snuff into the nostril, the tongs and prining-iron ; all which artillery may be of gold or silver, if he can reach to the price of it ; it will be a reasonable useful pawn at all times, when the current of his money falls out to run low. And here you must observe to know in what state tobacco is in town, better than the merchants ; and to discourse of the apothecaries where it is to be sold ; and to be able to speak of their wines, as readily as the apothecary himself reading the barbarous hand of a doctor ; then let him show his several tricks in taking it, as the whiff, the ring, &c., for these are compliments that gain gentlemen no mean respect ; and for

which indeed they are more worthily noted, I ensure you, than for any skill that they have in learning.

When you are set down to dinner, you must eat as impudently as can be, for that is most gentlemanlike: when your knight is upon his stewed mutton, be you presently, though you be but a captain, in the bosom of your goose; and, when your justice of peace is knuckle-deep in goose, you may, without disparagement to your blood, though you have a lady to your mother, fall very manfully to your woodcocks.

You may rise in dinner-time to ask for a close-stool, protesting to all the gentlemen that it costs you an hundred pounds a year in physic, besides the annual pension which your wife allows her doctor; and, if you please, you may, as your great French lord doth, invite some special friend of yours from the table to hold discourse with you as you sit in that withdrawing-chamber; from whence being returned again to the board; you shall sharpen the wits of all the eating gallants about you, and do them great pleasure to ask what pamphlets or poems a man might think fittest to wipe his tail with; (Marry; this talk will be somewhat foul, if you carry not a strong perfume about you) and, in propounding this question, you may abuse the works of any man; deprave his writings that you cannot equal; and purchase to yourself in time the terrible name of a severe critic; nay, and be one of the college, if you

will be liberal enough, and, when your turn comes, pay for their suppers.

After dinner, every man as his business leads him, some to dice, some to drabs,<sup>1</sup> some to plays, some to take up friends in the court, some to take up money in the city, some to lend testers in Paul's, others to borrow crowns upon the Exchange: and thus, as the people is said to be a beast of many heads, yet all those heads like hydra's, ever growing, as various in their horns as wondrous in their budding and branching; so, in an ordinary, you shall find the variety of a whole kingdom in a few apes of the kingdom.

You must not swear in your dicing; for that argues a violent impatience to depart from your money, and in time will betray a man's need. Take heed of it. No; whether you be at primero, or hazard, you shall sit as patiently, though you lose a whole half-year's exhibition,<sup>2</sup> as a disarmed gentleman does when he is in the unmerciful fingers of sergeants. Marry; I will allow you to sweat privately, and tear six or seven score pair of cards,<sup>3</sup> be the damnation of some dozen or twenty bale of dice,<sup>4</sup> and forswear play a thousand times in an hour;

<sup>1</sup>DRABS.—Loose women.

<sup>2</sup>EXHIBITION.—A person's income.

<sup>3</sup>PAIR OF CARDS, *i.e.*, pack of cards.

<sup>4</sup>BALE OF DICE.—A set or pair of dice.

but not swear. Dice yourself unto your shirt ; and, if you have a beard that your friend will lend but an angel upon, shave it off, and pawn that, rather than go home blind to your lodging.<sup>1</sup> Further it is to be remembered ; he that is a great gamester may be trusted for a quarter's board at all times<sup>2</sup> ; and apparel provided, if need be.

At your twelpenny ordinary, you may give any justice of peace, or young knight, if he sit but one degree towards the equinoctial of the salt-cellar,<sup>3</sup> leave to pay for the wine ; and he shall not refuse it, though it be a week before the receiving of his quarter's rent, which is a time albeit of good hope, yet of present necessity.

There is another ordinary, to which your London usurer, your stale bachelor, and your thrifty attorney do resort ! the price threepence ; the rooms as full of company as a jail ; and indeed divided

<sup>1</sup>GO HOME BLIND TO YOUR LODGINGS.—By reason of not having money to pay a boy for a lantern or link to light you home.

<sup>2</sup>TRUSTED FOR A QUARTER'S BOARD, &c.—That is to those who are constant customers, or decoy ducks and gamesters, and who keep up the play for "the good of the house."

<sup>3</sup>SALT CELLAR.—To sit at the table, above or before the salt, was a mark of distinction in opulent families. The salt was contained in a massive silver utensil, called a *saler*, now corrupted into *cellar*, which was placed in the middle of the table ; persons of distinction sat nearest the head of the table or *above the salt*, and inferior relations or dependants below it.

That he do on on default  
Ever presume to sit above the *salt*.

Bishop Hall's *Satires*,



into several wards, like the beds of an hospital. The compliment between these is not much, their words few ; for the belly hath no ears : every man's eye here is upon the other man's trencher ; to note whether this fellow lurch him, or no : if they chance to discourse, it is of nothing but of statutes, bonds, recognizances, fines, recoveries, audits, rents subsidies, sureties, inclosures, liveries, indictments, outlawries, feoffments, judgments, commissions, bankrupts, amercements, and of such horrible matter ; that when a lieutenant dines with his punk in the next room, he thinks verily the men are conjuring. I can find nothing at this ordinary worthy the sitting down for ; therefore the cloth shall be taken away ; and those, that are thought good enough to be guests here, shall be too base to be waiters at your grand ordinary ; at which your gallant tastes these commodities ; he shall fare well, enjoy good company, receive all the news ere the post can deliver his packet, be perfect where the best bawdy houses stand, proclaim his good clothes, know this man to drink well, that to feed grossly, the other to swagger roughly ; he shall, if he be minded to travel, put out money upon his return,<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup>PUT OUT MONEY UPON HIS RETURN.—Adventurers about to travel were in the habit of staking various sums of money, on condition, that, should they return they were to receive from two to ten times the amount deposited. Taylor, the Water-Poet, was in the habit of doing this to a very great extent ; and as a number of persons had refused or neglected to pay him, he wrote an

and have hands enough to receive it upon any terms of repayment ; and no question, if he be poor, he shall now and then light upon some Gull or other whom he may skelder,<sup>1</sup> after the genteel fashion, of money. By this time the parings of fruit, and cheese are in the voider<sup>2</sup> ; cards, and dice lie stinking in the fire ; the guests are all up ; the gilt rapiers ready to be hanged<sup>3</sup> ; the French lackey, and Irish footboy shrugging at the doors, with their masters' hobby-horses, to ride to the new play : that is the rendezvous, thither they are galloped in post.<sup>4</sup> Let us take a pair of oars, and row lustily after them.

abusive, satirical, and, withal, humorous poem, entitled "The Scourge of Baseness, or the Old Lerry, with a new kicksey, and a new cum twang, with the old Winsye ; wherein *John Taylor* hath satyrically suited seven hundred and fifty of his bad Debtors, that will not pay him for his return of his journey from Scotland." In which he gives "*A Table of the general heads, containing seven parts* :"—

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| 1. Those that have paid.                              | 4. Those that say they will pay.            |
| 2. Those that would pay if they could.                | Who knows when ?                            |
| 3. Those that walk invisible and are not to be found. | 5. Those that are dead.                     |
|   | 6. Those that are fled.                     |
|   | 7. Those Rorers that can pay, and will not. |
- Those that to ever mean to pay,  
Nothing at all this book doth say.  
To such my satyre talketh still,  
As have not paid, nor ever will.

<sup>1</sup>SKELDER.—To swindle.


<sup>2</sup>VOIDER.—A basket to carry away the relics of a meal.

<sup>3</sup>RAPIERS READY TO BE HANGED.—That is *put on*, having been *unhung*, or taken off, for convenience and freedom while at dinner.

<sup>4</sup>IN POST.—*En poste*, that is *post-haste*.

## Chapter VI.

*How a gallant should behave himself in a playhouse.*

 HE theatre is your poets' Royal Exchange, upon which their muses, that are now turned to merchants, meeting, barter away that light commodity of words for a lighter ware than words; *plaudites*, and the breath of the great beast; which, like the threatenings of two cowards, vanish all into air. Players and their factors, who put away the stuff, and make the best of it they possibly can, as indeed 'tis their parts so to do, your gallant, your courtier, and your captain had wont to be the soundest paymasters; and, I think, are still the surest chapmen: and these, by means that their heads are well stocked, deal upon this comical freight by the gross; when your groundling, and gallery-commoner buys his sport by the penny; and, like a haggler, is glad to utter it again by retailing.

Since then the place is so free in entertainment, allowing a stool as well to the farmer's son as to your templar: that your stinkard has the selfsame liberty to be there in his tobacco-fumes, which your sweet courtier hath; and that your carman and tinker claim as strong a voice in their suffrage, and

sit to give judgment on the play's life and death, as well as the proudest *Momus* among the tribes of critic : it is fit that he, whom the most tailors' bills do make room for, when he comes, should not be basely, like a viol, cased up in a corner.

Whether therefore the gatherers of the public, or private playhouse stand to receive the afternoon's rent; let our gallant, having paid it, presently advance himself up to the throne of the stage; I mean not into the lords' room, which is now but the stage's suburbs; no; those boxes, by the iniquity of custom, conspiracy of waiting-women and gentlemen-ushers that there sweat together, and the covetousness of sharers, are contemptibly thrust into the rear; and much new satin is there damned, by being smothered to death in darkness. But on the very rushes<sup>1</sup> where the comedy is to dance, yea, and under the state of *Cambyses* himself, must our feathered ostrich, like a piece of ordinance, be planted valiantly, because impudently, beating down the mews<sup>2</sup> and hisses of the opposed rascality.

For do but cast up a reckoning; what large comings-in are pursed up by sitting on the stage? First a conspicuous eminence is gotten; by which means, the best and most essential parts of a gallant's,

<sup>1</sup>RUSHES.—The stage was always strewed with *rushes*.

<sup>2</sup>MEWS.—*i. e.*, Caterwauling.—CAT-CALL.—A kind of whistle used in theatres to interrupt the actors.

good clothes, a proportionable leg, white hand, the Parisian lock, and a tolerable beard, are perfectly revealed.

By sitting on the stage, you have signed patent to engross the whole commodity of censure, may lawfully presume to be a girder,<sup>1</sup> and stand at the helm to steer the passage of scenes; yet no man shall once offer to hinder you from obtaining the title of an insolent, over-weening coxcomb.

By sitting on the stage, you may, without travelling for it, at the very next door ask whose play it is; and, by that quest of inquiry, the law warrants you to avoid much mistaking; if you know not the author, you may rail against him; and peradventure so behave yourself, that you may enforce the author to know you.

By sitting on the stage, if you be a knight, you may happily get you a mistress; if a mere Fleet-street gentleman, a wife: but assure yourself, by continual residence, you are the first and principal man in election to begin the number of "We three."<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup>GIRDER.—A jester or satirist.

<sup>2</sup>WE THREE—"Loggerheads be."

"How now, my hearts? Did you never see the picture of '*We three*'?"  
Shakespeares' *The Twelfth Night*, a. 2, sc. 3.

Constant allusions are made in the old writers, to the THREE LOGGER-HEADS, which, old as it is, and stale as the joke may be, has not yet lost its

By spreading your body on the stage, and by being a justice in examining of plays, you shall put yourself into such true scenical authority, that some poet shall not dare to present his muse rudely upon your eyes, without having first unmasked her, rifled her, and discovered all her bare and most mystical parts before you at a tavern; when you most knightly shall, for his pains, pay for both their suppers.

By sitting on the stage, you may, with small cost, purchase the dear acquaintance of the boys; have a good stool for sixpence; at any time know what particular part any of the infants [re]present; get your match lighted; examine the play-suits' lace,

charms for the inhabitants of many of our villages and quiet inland towns. It represents two silly-looking faces, with the inscription—

“WE THREE

LOGGERHEADS BE.”

The unsuspecting spectator being, of course, the third.

There is a joke in “Pasquils Jests mixed with Mother Bunch's Merri-ments,” 1604, entitled “A Tale of a Scrivener at London and a Countryman :—

“It fell out upon a Satterday, being market day, that a Countrie fellow of the better sort of husbandrie, came to London to lay out a little money upon some necessary trinkets : and hauing dispatched his businesse, after hee had pretily refreshed his spirits with a pot of the best that the Alehouse could afford him, made homewards very merily ; but, by the way, casting his eye, by chance, upon a kind of Writers, that would haue bin a Scriveners shop, and seeing the master of the poore house, or the poore master of the house, sitting alone in a rugge gowne, wrapping in his armes, to auoyd the bitterness of the weather, minding to make himselfe a little sport, fell thus to salute the poore Pen-man : I pray you, master, what might you sel in your shop, that you haue so many ding-dongs hang at your doore ! Why, my friend, quoth the Obligation-maker, I sell nothing but Logger-heads. By my fay, master, quoth the Country man, you haue made a faire market with them, for you haue left but one in your shop, that I see : and so laughing, went his way, leauine much good sport to them that heard him.

and perhaps win wagers upon laying 'tis copper; &c. And to conclude; whether you be a fool, or a justice of peace; a cuckold, or a captain; a lord-mayor's son, or a dawcock<sup>1</sup>; a knave, or an under-sheriff; of what stamp soever you be; current, or counterfeit; the stage, like time, will bring you to most perfect light, and lay you open. Neither are you to be hunted from thence; though the scare-crows in the yard hoot at you, hiss at you, spit at you, yea, throw dirt even in your teeth: 'tis most gentlemanlike patience to endure all this, and to laugh at the silly animals. But if the rabble, with a full throat, cry: "Away with the fool!" you were worse than a madman to tarry by it; for the gentleman, and the fool should never sit on the stage together.

Marry; let this observation go hand in hand with the rest; or rather, like a country serving-man, some five yards before them. Present not yourself on the stage, especially at a new play, until the quacking Prologue hath by rubbing got colour into his cheeks, and is ready to give the trumpets their cue that he is upon point to enter; for then it is time, as though you were one of the properties, or that you dropped out of the hangings, to creep from behind the arras, with your tripes or three-footed stool in one hand, and a teston<sup>2</sup> mounted

<sup>1</sup>DAWCOCK.—A jackdaw; an empty, chattering fellow.

<sup>2</sup>TESTON or *Tester*.—Sixpence.

between a forefinger and a thumb in the other ; for, if you should bestow your person upon the vulgar, when the belly of the house is but half full, your apparel is quite eaten up, the fashion lost, and the proportion of your body is in more danger to be devoured than if it were served up in the Counter amongst the poultry<sup>1</sup> : avoid that as you would the bastone.<sup>2</sup> It shall crown you with rich commendation, to laugh aloud in the midst of the most serious and saddest scene of the terriblest tragedy ; and to let that clapper, your tongue, be tossed so high, that all the house may ring of it : your lords use it ; your knights are apes to the lords, and do so too ; your inn-a-court man is zany to the knights, and (many very scurvily) comes likewise limping after it : be thou a beagle to them all, and never lin<sup>3</sup> snuffing till you have scented them : for by talking and laughing, like a ploughman in a morris, you heap *Pelion* upon *Ossa*, glory upon glory ; as first, all the eyes in the galleries will leave walking after the players, and only follow you ; the simplest dolt in the house snatches up your name, and, when he meets you in the streets, or that you fall into his hands in the middle of a watch, his word shall be taken for you ; he will cry “ he’s such a gallant,”

<sup>1</sup>COUNTER AMONGST THE POULTRY.—A punning allusion to the Compter prison, which was situate in the Poultry in Cheapside.

<sup>2</sup>BASTONE.—A bastinado.

<sup>3</sup>LIN.—To cease ; to stop.



and you pass : secondly, you publish your temperance to the world, in that you seem not to resort thither to taste vain pleasures with a hungry appetite ; but only as a gentleman to spend a foolish hour or two, because, you can do nothing else : thirdly, you mightily disrelish the audience, and disgrace the author : Marry ; you take up, though it be at the worst hand, a strong opinion of your own judgment, and enforce the poet to take pity of your weakness, and, by some dedicated sonnet, to bring you into a better paradise, only to stop your mouth.

If you can, either for love or money, provide yourself a lodging by the water-side ; for, above the convenience it brings to shun shoulder-clapping, and to ship away your cockatrice betimes in the morning, it adds a kind of state unto you to be carried from thence to the stairs of your playhouse. Hate a sculler, remember that, worse than to be acquainted with one o' th' scullery. No ; your oars are your only sea-crabs, board them, and take heed you never go twice together with one pair ; often shifting is a great credit to gentlemen, and that dividing of your fare will make the poor water-snakes be ready to pull you into pieces to enjoy your custom. No matter whether, upon landing, you have money, or no ; you may swim in twenty of their

boats over the river upon ticket<sup>1</sup>: Marry; when silver comes in, remember to pay treble their fare; and it will make your flounder-catchers to send more thanks after you when you do not draw,<sup>a</sup> than when you do; for they know it will be their own another day.

Before the play begins, fall to cards; you may win or lose, as fencers do in a prize, and beat one another by confederacy, yet share the money when you meet at supper: notwithstanding, to gull the ragamuffins that stand aloof gaping at you, throw the cards, having first torn four or five of them, round about the stage, just upon the third sound,<sup>2</sup> as though you had lost; it skills not if the four knaves lie on their backs, and outface the audience; there's none such fools as dare take exceptions at them; because, ere the play go off, better knaves than they will fall into the company.

Now, sir; if the writer be a fellow that hath either epigrammed you, or hath had a flirt at your mistress, or hath brought either your feather, or your red beard, or your little legs, &c.<sup>3</sup> on the stage; you

<sup>1</sup>TICKET.—A tradesman's bill. *To run o' the ticket*, to run in debt; since corrupted into *tick*. <sup>a</sup> DO NOT DRAW—*i.e.*, your purse.

<sup>2</sup>THIRD SOUND.—At the *third sounding*, or flourish of trumpets, the curtain which concealed the stage from the audience, was drawn (opening in the middle) and the play began.

<sup>3</sup>FEATHER, RED BEARD, LITTLE LEGS, &c.—Here Decker retorts on Ben Jonson, who in his *The Poetaster*, act iii, sc. 1, makes mention of—"He,

shall disgrace him worse than by tossing him in a blanket, or giving him the bastinado in a tavern, if, in the middle of his play, be it pastoral or comedy, moral or tragedy, you rise with a screwed and discontented face from your stool to be gone ; no matter whether the scenes be good, or no ; the better they are, the worse do you distaste them : and, being on your feet, sneak not away like a coward ; but salute all your gentle acquaintance, that are spread either on the rushes, or on stools about you ; and draw what troop you can from the stage after you, the mimics are beholden to you for allowing them elbow room : their poet cries, perhaps, “a pox go with you ;” but care not for that ; there is no music without frets.

Marry: if either the company, or indisposition of the weather bind you to sit it out ; my counsel is then that you turn plain ape : take up a rush, and tickle the earnest ears of your fellow gallants, to make other fools fall a laughing ; mew at passionate speeches ; blare at merry ; find fault with the music ; whew at the children's action ; whistle at the songs ; and, above all, curse the sharers, that whereas the same day you had bestowed forty shillings on an embroidered felt and feather, Scotch fashion, for with the ash-coloured feather there,” “Little Legs,” “And shall your hair change like these?” The *blanketting* alludes to the punishment inflicted on him as Horace in the *Satiromastriæ*, and the *bastinado* to a circumstance of which—whether true or not—several hints are to be found in the same play.

your mistress in the court, or your punk in the city, within two hours after you encounter with the very same block on the stage, when the haberdasher swore to you the impression was extant but that morning.

To conclude. Hoard up the finest play-scrap you can get ; upon which your lean wit may most savourily feed, for want of other stuff, when the Arcadian and Euphuesed<sup>1</sup> gentlewomen have their tongues sharpened to set upon you : that quality, next to your shittlecock, is the only furniture to a courtier that is but a new beginner, and is but in his A B C of compliment. The next places that are filled, after the playhouses be emptied, are, or ought to be, taverns ; into a tavern then let us next march, where the brains of one hogshhead must be beaten out to make up another.

<sup>1</sup>ARCADIAN AND EUPHUESED GENTLEWOMEN.—Such as had studied Sir Philip Sidney's *Arcadia* and John Lilly's *Euphues*, and *The Anatomy of Wit*, and *Euphues and his England*, 1579-81.



## Chapter VII.

*How a Gallant should behave himself in a Tavern.*

**W**HOSOEVER desires to be a man of good reckoning in the city, and, like your French lord, to have as many tables furnished as lackies, who, when they keep least, keep none; whether he be a young quat<sup>1</sup> of the first year's revenue; or some austere and sullen-faced steward, who, in despite of a great beard, a satin suit, and a chain of gold wrapt in cyprus, proclaims himself to any, but to those to whom his lord owes money, for a rank coxcomb; or whether he be a country gentleman, that brings his wife up to learn the fashion, see the tombs at Westminster, the lions in the Tower, or to take physic; or else in some young farmer, who many times makes his wife in the country believe he hath suits in law, because he will come up to his lechery; be he of what stamp he will that hath money in his purse, and a good conscience to spend it; my counsel is that he take his continual diet at a tavern, which out of question is the only rendezvous of boon company; and the drawers the most nimble, the most bold, and most sudden proclaimers of your largest bounty.

<sup>1</sup>QUAT.—A pimple, or spot. Hence, metaphorically speaking, a diminutive person.—A young chap newly come to town and his estate.

Having therefore thrust yourself into a case most in fashion, how coarse soever the stuff be, 'tis no matter, so it hold fashion ; your office is, if you mean to do your judgment right, to enquire out those taverns which are best customed, whose masters are oftenest drunk (for that confirms their taste, and that they choose wholesome wines) and such as stand furthest from the counters ; where, landing yourself and your followers, your first compliment shall be to grow most inwardly acquainted with the drawers ; to learn their names, as Jack, and Will, and Tom ; to dive into their inclinations, as whether this fellow useth to the fencing-school, this to the dancing-school ; whether, that young conjurer in hogsheads<sup>1</sup> at midnight keeps a gelding now and then to visit his cockatrice, or whether he love dogs, or be addicted to any other eminent and citizen-like quality ; and protest yourself to be extremely in love, and that you spend much money in a year upon any one of those exercises which you perceive is followed by them. The use which you shall make of this familiarity is this : if you want money five or six days together, you will still pay the reckoning with this most gentlemanlike language, "boy, fetch me money from the bar ;" and keep yourself most providentially from a hungry melancholy in your chamber. Besides, you shall be

<sup>1</sup>YOUNG CONJURER IN HOGSHEADS.—The tapster who *sophisticates*, and so conjures three hogsheads of wine out of two.

sure, if there be but one faucet that can betray neat wine to the bar, to have that arranged before you, sooner than a better and worthier person.

The first question you are to make ; after the discharging of your pocket of tobacco, and pipes, and the household stuff thereto belonging ; shall be for an inventory of the kitchen<sup>1</sup> : for it were more than most tailor-like, and to be suspected you were in league with some kitchen-wench, to descend yourself, to offend your stomach with the sight of the larder, and haply to grease your accoutrements. Having therefore, received this bill, you shall, like a captain putting up dead pays,<sup>2</sup> have many salads stand on your table, as it were for blanks to the other more serviceable dishes : and, according to the time of the year, vary your fare ; as capon is a stirring meat sometimes, oysters are a swelling meat sometimes, trout a tickling meat sometimes, green-goose and woodcock a delicate meat sometimes ; especially in a tavern, where you shall sit in as great state, as a churchwarden amongst his poor parishioners, at Pentecost or Christmas.

For your drink, let not your physician confine you to any one particular liquor ; for as it is requisite

<sup>1</sup>INVENTORY OF THE KITCHEN—*i.e.*, the bill-of-fare.

<sup>2</sup>DEAD PAYS.—The continued pay of soldiers actually dead, which dishonest officers appropriated illegally.

“ Most of them [captains] knew arithmetic so well,  
That in a muster, to preserve *dead pays*,  
They'll make twelve stand for twenty.”

Webster's *Appius and Virginia*, act v, sc. 2.

that a gentleman should not always be plodding in one art, but rather be a general scholar, that is, to have a lick at all sorts of learning, and away ; so 'tis not fitting a man shall trouble his head with sucking at one grape ; but that he may be able, now there is a general peace,<sup>1</sup> to drink any stranger drunk in his own element of drink, or more properly in his own mist language.

Your discourse at the table must be such, as that which you utter at your ordinary ; your behaviour the same, but somewhat more careless ; for, where your expence is great, let your modesty be less : and, though you should be mad in a tavern, the largeness of the items will bear with your incivility ; you may, without prick to your conscience, set the want of your wit against the superfluity, and sauciness of their reckonings.

If you desire not to be haunted with fiddlers ; who by the statute have as much liberty as rogues to travel into any place, having the passport of the house about them ; bring then no women along with you : but, if you love the company of all the drawers, never sup without your cockatrice ; for, having her there, you shall be sure of most officious attendance. Enquire what gallants sup in the next room ; and, if they be any of your acquaintance, do

<sup>1</sup>NOW THERE IS A GENERAL PEACE.—The peace concluded with Spain in August, 1604 ; and which had re-opened up the wine trade.



not you, after the city fashion, send them in a pottle of wine, and your name, sweetened in two pitiful papers of sugar, with some filthy apology crammed into the mouth of a drawer; but rather keep a boy in fee, who underhand shall proclaim you in every room, what a gallant fellow you are, how much you spend yearly in taverns, what a great gamester, what custom you bring to the house, in what witty discourse you maintain a table, what gentlewomen or citizens' wives you can with a wet finger have at any time to sup with you, and such like: by which encomiasticks of his, they that know you not shall admire you, and think themselves to be brought into a paradise but to be meanly in your acquaintance; and, if any of your endeared friends be in the house, and beat the same ivy-bush that yourself does, you may join companies, and be drunk together most publicly.

But, in such a deluge of drink, take heed that no man counterfeit himself drunk, to free his purse from the danger of the shot<sup>1</sup>; 'tis a usual thing now amongst gentlemen; it had wont[to] be the quality of cockneys: I would advise you to leave so much brains in your head, as to prevent this. When the terrible reckoning, like an indictment, bids you hold up your hand, and that you must answer it at the bar; you must not abate one penny in any

<sup>1</sup>SHOT.—The reckoning.

particular ; no ; though they reckon cheese to you, when you have neither eaten any, nor could ever abide it, raw or toasted : but cast your eye only upon the *totalis*, and no further ; for to traverse the bill would betray you to be acquainted with the rates of the market ; nay more ; it would make the vintners believe you were *pater familias*, and kept a house ; which, I assure you, is not now in fashion.

If you fall to dice after supper ; let the drawers be as familiar with you as your barber, and venture their silver amongst you ; no matter where they had it, you are to cherish the unthriftness of such young tame pigeons, if you be a right gentleman : for when two are yoked together by the purse-strings, and draw the chariot of madam Prodigality ; when one faints in the way and slips his horns, let the other rejoice and laugh at him.

At your departure forth the house ; to kiss mine hostess over the bar, or to accept of the courtesy of the cellar when 'tis offered you by the drawers, (and you must know that kindness never creeps upon them, but when they see you almost cleft to the shoulders) or to bid any of the vintners good night is as commendable, as for a barber after trimming to lave your face with sweet water.

To conclude. Count it an honour, either to invite, or be invited to any rifling<sup>1</sup> ! for commonly,

<sup>1</sup>RIFLING.—Any cheating.

though you find much satin there,<sup>1</sup> yet you shall likewise find many citizens' sons, and heirs, and younger brothers there, who smell out such feasts more greedily, than tailors hunt upon sundays after weddings.<sup>2</sup> And let any hook draw you either to a fencer's supper, or to a player's that acts such a part for a wager; for by this means you shall get experience by being guilty to their abominable shaving.<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup>MUCH SATIN THERE—*i.e.*, persons of quality and fashion.

<sup>2</sup>AFTER WEDDINGS—*i.e.*, to hear, by way of their trade, what weddings are about to take place.

<sup>3</sup>SHAVING.—Fleecing.



## Chapter VIII.

*How a Gallant is to behave himself passing through the city, at all hours of the night ; and how to pass by any watch.*

**A**FTER the sound of pottle-pots is out of your ears ; and that the spirit of wine, and tobacco walks in your brain ; the tavern-door being shut upon your back ; cast about to pass through the widest, and goodliest streets in the city. And, if your means cannot reach to the keeping of a boy, hire one of the drawers to be as a lantern unto your feet and to light you home : and, still as you approach near any nightwalker that is up as late as yourself, curse and swear, like one that speaks high Dutch, in a lofty voice. because your men have used you so like a rascal in not waiting upon you, and vow the next morning to pull their blue cases<sup>1</sup> over their ears ; though, if your chamber were well searched, you give only sixpence a week to some old woman to make your bed, and that she is all the serving creatures you give wages to. If you smell a watch, and that you may easily do, for commonly they eat onions to keep them in sleeping, which they account

<sup>1</sup>BLUE CASES.—Blue was the usual colour of servants liveries.

a medicine againt cold ; or, if you come within danger of their brown bills ; let him that is your candlestick, and holds up your torch from dropping, for to march after a link is shoemaker-like ; let *ignis fatuus*, I say, being within the reach of the constable's staff, ask aloud, "Sir Giles, or, Sir Abraham, "will you turn this way, or down that street?" It skills not, though there be none dubbed in your bunch ; the watch will wink at you, only for the love they bear to arms and knighthood. Marry ; if the sentinel and his court of guard stand strictly upon his martial law, and cry "stand," commanding you to give the word, and to show reason why your ghost walks so late : do it in some jest ; for that will show you have a desperate wit, and perhaps make him and his halberdiers afraid to lay foul hand upon you : or, if you read a mittimus in the constable's book ; counterfeit to be a Frenchman, a Dutchman, or any other nation whose country is in peace with your own ; and you may pass the pikes ; for, being not able to understand you, they cannot by the customs of the city take your examination, and so by consequence they have nothing to say to you.

If the night be old, and that your lodging be some place into which no artillery of words can make a breach ; retire ; and rather assault the doors of your punk, or, not to speak broken English, your sweet mistress, upon whose white bosom you may

languishingly consume the rest of darkness that is left in ravishing, though not restorative pleasures, without expences, only by virtue of four or five oaths, (when the siege breaks up, and at your marching away with bag and baggage) that the last night you were at dice, and lost so much in gold, so much in silver; and seem to vex most that two such Elizabeth twenty-shilling pieces, or four such spur-royals,<sup>1</sup> sent you with a cheese and a baked meat from your mother, rid away amongst the rest. By which tragical, yet politic speech you may not only have your night-work done *gratis*; but also you may take diet there the next day, and depart with credit, only upon the bare word of a gentleman to make her restitution.

All the way as you pass, especially being approached near some of the gates,<sup>2</sup> talk of none but

<sup>1</sup>SPUR-ROYALS.—A gold coin worth about fifteen shillings.

<sup>2</sup>CITY WALL AND GATES.—The City Wall is believed to have been a work of the later Roman period, when London was not unfrequently exposed to hostile attacks. Its direct course was as follows :—Beginning at a fort on part of the site of the present Tower of London, the line was continued by the Minories, between Poor-Jury-lane and the Vineyard, to *Ald-gate*. Thence, forming a curve to the north-west, between Shoemaker-row, Bevis-marks, and Houndsditch, it abutted on *Bishop's-gate*, from which it extended nearly in a straight line, through Bishopsgate churchyard, and behind Bethlem Hospital and Fore-street, to *Cripple-gate*. At a short distance further, it turned southward, by the back of Hart-street and Cripplegate churchyard; and thence, continuing between Monkwell-street and Castle-street, led by the back of Barber-Surgeons' Hall and Noble-street to Dolphin-court, opposite Oat-

lords, and such ladies with whom you have played at primero, or danced in the presence the very same day ; it is a chance to lock up the lips of an inquisitive bellman : and being arrived at your lodging door, which I would counsel you to choose in some rich citizen's house, salute at parting no man but by the name of "sir," as though you had supped with knights ; albeit you had none in your company but your perinado, or your ingle.

Happily it will be blown abroad, that you and your shoal of gallants swum through such an ocean of wine, that you danced so much money out at heels, and that in wild-fowl there flew away thus much ; and I assure you, to have the bill of your

lane, where, turning westerly, it approached *Alders'-gate*. Proceeding hence, towards the south-west, it curved along the back of St. Botolph's churchyard, Christ's Hospital, and Old *New-gate*, from which it continued southward to *Lud-gate*, passing at the back of the College of Physicians, Warwick-square, Stationer's Hall, and the London Coffee-house, on Ludgate-hill. From Ludgate it proceeded westerly by Cock-court to Little Bridge-street, where, turning south, it skirted the Fleet-Brook to the Thames, near which it was guarded by another fort. The circuit of the whole line, according to Stow, was two miles and one furlong nearly. Another wall, defended by towers, extended the whole distance along the banks of the Thames between the two forts. The walls were defended by strong towers and bastions ; the remains of three of which, of Roman masonry, were, in Maitland's time, to be seen in the vicinity of Houndsditch and Aldgate. The height of the perfect wall is considered to have been 22 feet, and that of the towers 40 feet. The superficial contents of the ground within the walls has been computed at 380 acres.

reckoning lost on purpose, so that it may be published, will make you to be held in dear estimation : only the danger is, if you owe money, and that your revealing gets your creditors by the ears ; for then, look to have a peal or ordnance thundering at your chamber-door the next morning. But if either your tailor, mercer, haberdasher, silkman, cutter, linen-draper, or seamster, stand like a guard of Switzers about your lodging, watching your up-rising, or, if they miss of that, your down-lying in one of the Counters<sup>1</sup> ; you have no means to avoid the galling of their small-shot than by sending out a light-horseman to call your apothecary to your aid, who encountering this desperate band of your creditors only with two or three glasses in his hand, as though that day you purged, is able to drive them all to their holes like so many foxes : for the name of taking physic is a sufficient *quietus est* to any endangered gentleman, and gives an acquittance, for the time, to them all ; though the twelve companies stand with their hoods to attend your coming forth, and their officers with them.

I could now fetch you about noon, the hour which I prescribed you before to rise at, out of your chamber, and carry you with me into Paul's church-yard ; where, planting yourself in a stationer's shop,

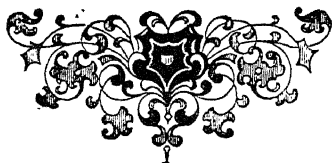
<sup>1</sup>COUNTERS.—The two city prisons, of the Poultry and Wood Street,



many instructions are to be given to you, what books to call for, how to censure of new books, how to mew at the old, how to look in your tables and enquire for such and such Greek, French, Italian, or Spanish authors, whose names you have there, but whom your mother for pity would not give you so much wit as to understand. From thence you should blow yourself into the tobacco-ordinary, where you are likewise to spend your judgment, like a quack-salver, upon that mystical wonder; to be able to discourse whether your cane or your pudding be sweetest, and which pipe has the best bore, and which burns black, which breaks in the burning, &c. Or, if you itch to step into the barber's, a whole dictionary cannot afford more words to set down notes what dialogues you are to maintain, whilst you are doctor of the chair there. After your shaving, I could breathe you in a fence-school, and out of that cudgel you into a dancing-school; in both which I could weary you, by showing you more tricks than are in five galleries, or fifteen prizes. And, to close up the stomach of this feast, I could make cockneys, whose fathers have left them well, acknowledge themselves infinitely beholden to me, for teaching them by familiar demonstration how to spend their patrimony; and to get themselves names, when their fathers are dead and rotten. But, lest too

many dishes should cast you into a surfeit, I will now  
take away; yet so that, if I perceive  
you relish this well, the rest  
shall be in time be prepared  
for you. Fare-  
well.

FINIS.



# Notes and Observations

ON

THOMAS DECKER'S  
THE GULL'S HORNBOOK.

*By* \_\_\_\_\_

*of* \_\_\_\_\_

*in the County of* \_\_\_\_\_

18 \_\_\_\_\_

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# TRUE AND WONDERFULL.

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*A Discourse relating*


A STRANGE AND MONSTROUS  
SERPENT, OR DRAGON,

**Lately Discovered and yet living**  
to the great Annoyance and divers Slaugh-  
ters both Men and Cattell, by his  
strong and violent  
Poyson.

In Sussex, two Miles from Horsam, in a Woode  
called St. Leonards Forrest, and thirtie  
Miles from London, this present  
Month of August, 1614.

Printed at London, by *John Trundle*,  
1614.

## TO THE READER.

HE just reward of him that is accustomed to lie, is not, to be believed when he speaketh the truth : so just an occasion may sometimes be imposed upon the pamphleting pressers; and therefore, if we receive the same reward, we cannot much blame our accusers, which often falls out either by our forward credulity to but-seeming true reports, or by false copies translated from other languages, which (though we beget not) we foster, and our shame is little the less. But, passing by what's past, let not our present truth blush for any former falsehood sake : the country is near us, Sussex; the time present, August; the subject, a Serpent; strange, yet now a neighbour to us; and it were more than impudence to forge a lie so near home, that every man might turn in our throats; believe it, or read it not, or read it (doubting) for I believe ere thou hast read this little all, thou wilt not doubt of one, but believe there are many serpents in England. Farewell.

By A. R.

He that would send better news, if he had it.



# A DISCOURSE

RELATING

## A STRANGE AND MONSTROUS SERPENT OR DRAGON.

**I**N Sussex, there is a pretty market-town called Horsham, near unto it a forest, called St. Leonards forest, and there, in a vast and unfrequented place, heathy, vaulty, full of unwholesome shades, and overgrown hollows, where this serpent is thought to be bred ; but, wheresoever bred, certain and too true it is that there it yet lives. Within three or four miles compass are its usual haunts, oftentimes at a place called Faygate, and it hath been seen within half a mile of Horsham, a wonder, no doubt, most terrible and noisome to the inhabitants thereabouts. There is always in his track or path left a glutinous and slimy matter (as by a small

similitude we may perceive in a snail's) which is very corrupt and offensive to the scent, insomuch that they perceive the air to be putrified withal, which must needs be very dangerous. For though the corruption of it cannot strike the outward part of a man, unless heated into his blood, yet by receiving it in at any of our breathing organs (the mouth or nose) it is by authority of all authors, writing in that kind, mortal and deadly, as one thus saith :

*Noxia serpentum est admixto sanguine pestis.*

LUCAN.

The serpent, or dragon, as some call it, is reputed to be nine feet, or rather more, in length, and shaped almost in the form of an axletree of a cart, a quantity of thickness in the midst, and somewhat smaller at both ends. The former part, which he shoots forth as a neck, is supposed to be an ell long, with a white ring, as it were, of scales about it. The scales along his back seem to be blackish, and so much as is discovered under his belly appeareth to be red ; for I speak of no nearer description than of a reasonable ocular distance. For coming too near it hath already been too dearly paid for, as you shall hear hereafter.

It is likewise discovered to have large feet, but the eye may be there deceived ; for some suppose that serpents have no feet, but glide upon certain



ribs and scales, which both defend them from the upper part of their throat unto the lower part of their belly, and also cause them to move much the faster. For so this doth, and rids way, as we call it as fast as a man can run. He is of countenance very proud, and, at the sight or hearing of men or cattle, will raise his neck upright, and seem to listen and look about, with arrogancy. There are likewise on either side of him discovered two great bunches so big as a large foot-ball, and, as some think, will in time grow to wings ; but God, I hope, will defend the poor people in the neighbourhood, that he shall be destroyed before he grow so fledged.

He will cast his venom about four rod from him, as by woeful experience it was proved on the bodies of a man and woman coming that way, who afterwards were found dead, being poisoned and very much swelled, but not preyed upon. Likewise a man going to chase it and, as he imagined, to destroy it, with two mastiff dogs, as yet not knowing the great danger of it, his dogs were both killed, and he himself glad to return with haste to preserve his own life. Yet this is to be noted, that the dogs were not preyed upon, but slain and left whole ; for his food is thought to be, for the most part, in a cony-warren,<sup>1</sup> which he much frequents,

<sup>1</sup> CONY-WARREN—*i.e.*, rabbit-warren.

## 6 A STRANGE AND MONSTROUS SERPENT, &c.

and it is found much scanted and impaired in the increase it had wont to afford.

These persons, whose names are hereunder printed, have seen this serpent, beside divers others, as the carrier of Horsham, who lieth at the White Horse, in Southwark, and who can certify the truth of all that has been here related.

JOHN STEELE.

CHRISTOPHER HOLDER.

And a Widow Woman dwelling near Faygate.



# WORKE FOR CVTLERS :

*Or,*

A Merrie Dialogue betweene  
Sword, Rapier, and Dagger.

---

Acted in a Shew in the Famous  
Universitie of Cambridge.

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London, printed by THOMAS CREEDE, for Richard  
Meighen and Thomas Iones ; and are to be sold  
at S. Clement's Church without Temple-  
barre. 1615.





# WORK FOR CUTLERS;

OR,

A MERRY DIALOGUE BETWEEN

SWORD, RAPIER, AND DAGGER.

*Enter Sword.*

*Sword.* **N**AY Rapier, come forth : come forth,  
I say, I'll give thee a *crown*  
though it be but a *cracked* one.  
What, wilt not? Art so hard to be *drawn forth*  
Rapier?

*Enter Rapier.*

*Rap.* S'foot! thou shalt know that Rapier  
dares enter ; nay, Back-Sword.

*Enter Dagger ; he holds Rapier's hands behind him.*

*Rap.* Who's this behind me ?

*Dag.* 'Tis Dagger, Sir. What, will you never  
leave your quarreling ?

*Rap.* Well, Sword : Dagger hath defended you  
a good many times. But 'tis no matter ; another  
time shall serve. Shall I get you out Sword alone,  
that I may have you *Single-Sword*.

*Sword.* Yes : if you'll be *Single Rapier* too.

*Dag.* Nay, *Sword*, put the case of *Rapier's* aside, that there were two of them : I hope you were able to *buckle* with them.

*Sword.* I'll tell you what : if I go into the field with him, hang *Sword* up if I do not cut *Rapier's points*, and lash him when I have done. Nay, you shall find *Sword* *mettle* to the very back. S'foot ! my teeth be an *edge* at him.

*Dag.* If you offer but to *thrust* towards him, *Rapier* ; I'll strike you down.

*Sword.* Hang him, I defy him, base Spaniard !

*Rap.* Defy me ; sirrah *Sword*, *Rapier* spits in thy face. Dar'st meet me i' the fields, cravenly capon !

*Sword.* Capon ?

*Rap.* Aye, Capon ! so I say, Sir.

*Dag.* Why any man may see that thou art well *carved*, *Sword* : and yet methinks that *Rapier* should not speak of that ; for it's an hundred to one if he be not *gilt* too.

*Sword.* Well, *Rapier*, if thou goest into the fields with me, I'll make a capon of you before I have done with you. You shall ne'er come home *uncut*, I'll warrant you.

*Dag.* Nay, you shall find *Sword* a notable *cutter*.

*Rap.* He a cutter ; alas, he ne'er went into the fields yet, but he was soundly *hacked* before he came out.

*Sword.* Ne'er talk you of *hacking* : for its a hundred to one if you have not the *Foil*, Rapier.

*Rap.* S'foot! if you be so *short*, Sword; Rapier ne'er fears you. Come along.

*Dag.* Nay, ne'er go : for if you do, I'll send one after you which shall *scour* you both. The Cutler can do it. I have seem him *handle* you both bravely.

*Sword.* The Cutler. Alas! we are the best friends he has : and if it were not for us, the Cutler might soon shut up his shop.

*Dag.* Alas! Sword, you need not talk of his shutting up of shop. An, if it had not been for him, you had *broken* by this time, Sword. Nay, ne'er talk : for you know he can hold your nose to the *grind-stone*, when he list. And as for you, Rapier, you know he *brought you up* first ; and if you stayed with him still it might been better for you.

*Rap.* Better for me! Alas, he knew not how to *use* me.

*Dag.* He used you too well, indeed : for when you were with him, he furnished you with *silver* and everything; but now you are *worn out* of all fashion.

You are even like a lapwing : you are no sooner hatched, Rapier, but you run abroad presently from him.

*Rap.* Yet I scorn to run away from him.

*Sword.* But it were more wisdom than to stand : for the Cutler is a man as well armed as any man I know ; and has as good skill in his weapons.

*Rap.* Ha, Sword : is the wind in that door ? Faith, now I see which way you stand *bent*, Sword : you had rather sleep in a whole skin, than go into the fields to *try* yourself.

*Sword.* Sir, Sword has been *proved* before now ; and yet he'll prove himself again with you, if you dare follow him.

*Dag.* Do you hear, Sword ? If you go look for Dagger at your *backs* presently : for I am a justice of peace, and am sworn to keep and defend the peace.

*Rap.* Sir, we will fight ; and do you take it in dudgeon, Dagger, if you please. If you once offer to hinder us, I'll so *pummel* you, Dagger, that you were never pummeled in your life. And howsoever, I hope there's law against you as well as others, and Rapier can put up a *case* against you.

*Dag.* Alas ! I care not if you were both plain-tiffs against me : you shall find Dagger your defendant, I'll warrant you. Aye, and if need be, I could put up an action of *battery* against you.



*Sword.* What : talk you of Law ? Sword scorns to have any other law than *martial* law, and that upon you, Rapier.

*Dag.* Away, Sword ; the time was indeed when thou wast a notable *swash-buckler*,<sup>1</sup> but now thou art grown *old*, Sword.

*Rap.* Aye, you do well to excuse his cowardice.

*Sword.* Why, Sir, 'tis well known that Sword has *flourished* in his days.

*Dag.* Flourished ? I'faith, Sir, I have seen Sword *hang* with nothing but *scarfs* ere now.

*Rap.* With scarfs ? With a halter, if he had been well served : for he's a notable thief.

*Dag.* A thief ?

*Rap.* Aye, a thief. Did you never hear of *Cutting Dick*<sup>2</sup> ? this is the very same man.

*Dag.* Nay, Rapier, ne'er hit Sword i' th' teeth with that : for you know you were both indicted for treason before now ; and were in danger to be *hanged* and *drawn* too, and had escaped well if you had not been *quartered*.

*Sword.* Sword, I hope, knows how to keep his *quarters*.

*Dag.* You are a crafty fox, Sword. It were well if you knew how to keep your friendship too : for gentlemen and friends should not *fall out*.

<sup>1</sup>SWASH BUCKLER.—One who makes a furious noise with sword and buckler, to appal antagonists ; a bravo, or swaggering ruffian.

<sup>2</sup>CUTTING DICK.—A ruffian, a swaggerer, &c., as *swash-buckler*.

*Sword.* Rapier, a gentleman !

*Rap.* A gentleman, and has *arms*.

*Dag.* But methinks, *Sword*, by the very sounding of his name should be the better gentleman, and has the better *arms* too; for if the truth were well known *Rapier* hath but one arm.

*Rap.* *Sword* bear arms? He's a base companion. Alas, I have known you bear a *basket*, *Sword*.

*Dag.* If you look in the Book of Armoury, I'll warrant you, you shall find *Sword* of more antiquity than you, *Rapier*. He derives his pedigree from *Morglay*, Bevis of Southampton's sword; and that from St. George his sword, that killed the dragon.

*Rap.* Ay, the dragon in Sussex,<sup>1</sup> the other day. But I'll warrant you *Rapier's* of as good a *blood* as he, for his heart.

*Dag.* By th' mass, I think indeed you are both well *sanguined*. You're both of one *blood*: only there's this difference, that *Sword* comes of the elder brother, and you *Rapier* of the younger.

*Rap.* And oftentimes the younger brother proves the better soldier.

*Dag.* Nay, *Dagger* will defend you both for good soldiers.

*Sword.* *Rapier*, a soldier! when did you ere know *Rapier* fight a *battle* !

<sup>1</sup>THE DRAGON IN SUSSEX.—See the tract on “a Strange and Monstrous Serpent or Dragon,” &c.

*Dag.* Yes, Rapier is a soldier, and a man as well *armed at all points* as any one.

*Sword.* No, no ; it's Sword that's the notable soldier. Why, there's none of all you captains could do any thing in war without him.

*Rap.* I hope Rapier hath not been at *fencing-school* all this while for nothing.

*Dag.* Alas, there's none master of defence but *Dagger*. But yet, if you speak of soldiers, there's Bow, Bill, and Gun, worth twenty such as we are.

*Rap.* Indeed, they say that Bow has been an old soldier.

*Sword.* Yet he's not fit for a soldier : any man may *bend* him as he list.

*Rap.* And as for Bow-string, I dare undertake to *whip* him myself.

*Sword.* Then let me alone to tickle Bow's own nock,<sup>1</sup> i' faith.

*Dag.* But what say you to Bill ? He's a notable sturdy villain.

*Sword.* Bill ! I'll *pay* him soundly, if ere I reach him.

*Dag.* It's more than you can do, I'm afraid. For Bill's a tall fellow on's hands, and will quickly be wood. And then there's Gun ; such another bouncing fellow too.

*Rap.* Gun : alas, he's nobody. Any little boy

<sup>1</sup>NOCK.—The posteriors.

will make him *roar*. I have made him *go off* o' th' fields a good many times myself.

*Dag.* Well; is Gun nobody? I'm sure he'll give some *blows* sometimes.

*Sword.* Its ne'er but when Powder *overcharges* him: then indeed, he'll be somewhat *hot* o' th' matter.

*Rap.* I think that Powder is a vile bragger; he doth nothing but *crack*.

*Dag.* Faith, I know not what soldier he is: but they say he's an excellent politician.

*Rap.* He a politician?

*Dag.* Why, he has an excellent wit.

*Sword.* Pish, its nothing but a *flash*.

*Dag.* I'm sure I can remember since he was a parliament man.

*Rap.* He a parliament-man! For what shire?

*Dag.* Nay, by o'r Lady, it was for the whole country.

*Sword.* I wonder they should choose him. Why he does everything *on the sudden*.

*Dag.* Oh, he *plots* shrewdly. If they had not looked to it, he had *undermined* the whole parliament-house.<sup>1</sup>

*Sword.* Aye, but he's nobody now a days; he's *blown up* long ago.

<sup>1</sup>UNDERMINED THE WHOLE PARLIAMENT-HOUSES.—Alluding to the Gunpowder Plot in 1605.

*Dag.* Well, if either you or anybody else should meet with Powder, yet it's a hundred to one if he meet not with his *match*.

*Rap.* Nay, you should let him alone, Dagger ; and you should see that Sword's as notable a bragger as Powder. He thinks he shall ne'er be matched too ; but he shall ; and over-matched too by Rapier, I warrant him. Come, Sword, after your long parley, dare you go into the fields ?

*Sword.* Dare I ? you shall soon see that. Go, and I'll follow you.

*Dag.* Well said, desperate Dick. Sword, you may be ashamed to offer it. You know you are two handed Sword, and Rapier has but one hand (unless I help him) to do any good withal : and yet you'd have him go into the fields with you. Come, there's neither of you shall go. Do not you know that duels are put down ? You'll be bound to the peace ever hereafter, if you strike but one stroke. Therefore, you had better let me decide your controversy for you.

*Sword.* Why, you are a *back*-friend to us both, Dagger.

*Dag.* Nay, you know I'm equally *allied* to you *both* ; and, therefore, shall prove an impartial judge. How say you, will you be ruled by me ?

*Rap.* Nay, let him choose : Rapier's at a *good point*, whether he will or no.

*Dag.* Why are you so long, Sword, before you speak ?

*Sword.* Are duels put down ? Then I am forced to be friends. Speak then.

*Dag.* Then, in brief, it shall be thus. Sword, you shall bear chief force i' th' camp, and be made general of the field, to bear sway every where. As for you, Rapier, since duels are put down, you shall live quietly and peaceable here i' th' Court, and go every day in *velvet*. You shall be friends with every one, and be on every one's *side*; that if occasion serve, and Sword be absent, so that matters are driven to a *push*, Rapier shall be the only man to perform a combat : and I myself will back you both, as occasion shall serve. How say ye, are ye content ?

*Rap.* We are.

*Dag.* Then go before to my house, to the Dagger in Cheap : and there we'll conclude all.

*Rap.* Along, Sword.

[*Exeunt Sword and Rapier.*]

*Dag.* Our weapons drawn, and yet no hurt ye find :  
Did Dagger then defend unto your mind ?  
He that defended others not long since,  
At last he dares not stand in's own defence.  
But this he hopes, with you it will suffice,  
To crave a pardon for a scholar's *prize*.

# *A MERRIE DIALOGUE*

Betweene

Band, Cuffe, and Ruffe,

Done by an excellent Wit, and lately acted in a  
Shew in the Famous Universitie of Cambridge.



London, printed by W. Stansby for Miles Partrich,  
and are to be sold at his shop neere Saint  
Dunstone's Church-yard, in  
Fleet Street.

1615.

*To the Readers of the Old Book Collector's  
Miscellany.*

The punning species of wit with which this and the preceding Dramatic Dialogues abound, is likely to have procured them many academical admirers. The particular occasion which introduced them does not appear; but as they are curious specimens of the taste of a former age in its scholastic entertainments, and by no means devoid of humour, we have reprinted them.

Fencing was introduced into England from France, and soon became popular. Fencing-schools were opened in various parts of the town, and from what we can glean from our early dramatic writers, they were by no means *Moral Schools*, or *Schools for Morals*; but as every gentleman was supposed to wear a sword, and some feeling inclined also to use one, "schools" became a necessity, and we can, therefore, easily imagine that such a smartly written and right "Merrie Dialogue between Sword, Rapier, and Dagger," would be likely to draw.

The "Merrie Dialogue between Band, Cuff, and Ruff," is of considerable value as an illustration of the history of the costume of the period. The band, as an article of ornament for the neck, was the common wear of gentlemen, though now exclusively retained by the clergy and lawyers; the cuff, as a fold at the end of a sleeve, or the part of the sleeve turned back from the hand, was made highly fantastical by means of ornamental "cut work;" the ruff, as a female neck ornament, made of plaited lawn, or other material, is well-known, but it was formerly used by both sexes. The effeminacy and coxcombry of a man's ruff, is well ridiculed by many of our dramatic writers.





# A MERRY DIALOGUE


BETWEEN

BAND, CUFF, AND RUFF.

---

*Actors: BAND, CUFF, RUFF.*

*Enter Band and Cuff.*

*Band.* uff, where art thou?

*Cuff.* Here at *hand*.

*Enter Ruff.*

*Ruff.* Where is this Cuff?

*Cuff.* Almost at your *elbow*.

*Ruff.* Oh, Band, art thou there? I thought thou hadst been *worn* out of *date* by this time, or *shrunk* in the *washing* at least.

*Band.* What, do you think I am afraid of your *greatness*? No, you shall know that there are men of *fashion* in place as well as yourself.

*Cuff.* Good Band, do not *fret* so.

*Band.* A scurvy shig-shag gentleman, new come out of the North ; a puisne, a very freshman, come up hither to learn fashions ; and seek to expel me?

*Cuff.* Nay, if you be so *broad* with him, Band ; we shall have a *fray* presently.

*Ruff.* Sir, I'll pull down your *collar* for you (*He jostles B. and C. stays him.*)

*Cuff.* It was time for me to *stay* you : for I am sure you were a *falling Band*.

*Ruff.* Well, Band, for all you are so *stiff*, I'll make you *limber* enough before I leave you.

*Band.* No, hog-yonker, its more than thou canst do.

*Cuff.* O let me come to him. Well, Band, let me catch you in another place, and I'll make *cut-work* of you.

*Band.* Cut-work of me ! No, there's ne'er a Spanish Ruff of you all can do it.

*Cuff.* S'foot, if these two should go together by the *ears*, Cuff would be in a fine plight ; would he not ?

*Ruff.* Well, Band, thou hadst need look to thyself : for if I meet thee, I will *lace* thee *roundly*.

*Band.* *Lace* me ? Thou wouldst be *laced* thyself ; for this is the very truth, Ruff, thou art but a *plain* knave.

*Cuff.* If they talk of *lacing*, I were best look about myself.

*Ruff.* Darest thou meet me in the field ?

*Band.* In the field ? Why thou art but an effeminate fellow, Ruff, for all thou art so well *set*. But at what weapon ?

*Ruff.* Nay, I will give thee that advantage. Bring thou what weapons thou wilt. I scorn to make anything of thee, Band, but *needle-work*.

*Band.* S'foot, thou shalt know, a gentleman and a soldier scorns thy proffer.

*Ruff.* A soldier.

*Cuff.* Did you not hear of the great *Bands* went over of late ?

*Ruff.* Where didst thou serve ? in the Low Countries ?

*Cuff.* It may be so : for he is a *Holland Band*.

*Band.* Where served, it is no matter ; but I am sure I have been often *pressed*.

*Cuff.* Truly, his *laundress* will witness thereof.

*Ruff.* Press me no pressings : for I'll make you know that Ruff is *steeled* to the back. If I had my *stick* here, you should feel it.

*Band.* Nay, bragger, it is not you great words can carry it away so. Give Band but a *hem*, and he will be for you at any time. Name, therefore, the place, the day, and the hour of our meeting.

*Ruff.* The place, the *papermills*: where I will tear thee into *rags*, before I have done with thee: the time, to-morrow about one. But do you hear? We will fight *single*: you shall not be *double*, Band.

*Cuff.* Now I perceive the Spaniard and the Hollander will to it roundly.

*Ruff.* But do you hear? Once more, do not say at our next meeting you forgot the time.

*Cuff.* No: I dare warrant you, there is no man more careful of the time than Band is: for I am sure he hath always a dozen *clocks*<sup>1</sup> about him.

*Ruff.* Farewell then.

*Band.* Then farewell.

*Cuff.* Nay, you shall not part so. You two will go into the fields to fight, and know not what fighting means. A couple of *white-livered* fellows! the laundress will make you both look as *white* as a *clout*, if she list. If you lack *beating*, she'll beat you I'll warrant you. She'll so *clap* your *sides* together, that she'll beat you all to pieces, in once or twice handling. Why, I have known her leave her *marks* behind her a whole week together. She'll quickly beat you *black* and *blue*; for I am sure she'll scarce *wash white* before she *starch*.

*Band.* Well, remember the time and place, *Ruff*.

<sup>1</sup>CLOCK.—A kind of ornamental work worn of various parts of dress, now applied exclusively to that on each side of a stocking.—Clock-work.

*Cuff.* Remember yourself, and Mistress *Stitchwell* ; one that you have been both beholden to in your days.

*Band.* Who? Mistress *Stitchwell*. I know her not.

*Cuff.* Nor thou neither.

*Ruff.* No :—I swear by all the *gum* and *blue starch* in Christendom.

*Cuff.* I thought so. Why its the *sempster*. One, that both you had been *undone*, had it not been for her. But what talk I of your *undoing*? I say Mistress *Stitchwell*, the sempstress, was the very *maker* of you : yet you regard her thus little. But it is the common *fashion* of you all. When you come to be so *great* as you are, you forget from what house you came.

*Ruff.* S'foot! Ruff careth not a *pin* for her.

*Band.* Nor Band a *button*.

*Cuff.* Well, well Band and Ruff, you had best take heed of her, you know she set you both in the *stocks* once before ; and if she catch you again, it is a hundred to one, if she *hang* you not both up ; for she hath got strings already.

*Ruff.* Well, meet me if thou darst.

*Band.* The place, the paper-mills, the hour, to-morrow at one.

*Cuff.* If you go, go. But look well about you, do you hear me? As little a fellow as I am, I will come

and *cuff* you both out of the field. If I do not, say Cuff is no man of his *hands*.

*Ruff*. Alas ! poor shrimp, thou art nothing in my hands.

*Cuff*. If you go, you shall never say Cuff came of a *sleeveless* errand. I'll *bind* your *hands*, I warrant you, for striking.

*Band*. Say, and hold, Ruff, remember the paper-mills.

*Cuff*. And if ye be so choleric, I'll even pin you both in, as soon as I come home. Can you not decide the quarrel between yourselves, without a field ? I thought, Ruff, you had been a little more mild, Ruff. You were a horrible puritan the other day, a very *precise* Ruff.

*Ruff*. Hang him, base rascal ! Would he not make any man mad, to see such a poor snake ? I durst not scarce peep out of doors, before *Collar* came to town, and now to swagger thus.

*Cuff*. Come, you shall be friends, Band.

*Band*. Friends with him ? such a base rascal as he is ! a *thread-bare* fellow as he is ! I scorn, but my man Collar should go better every day in the week than he, and be friends with him.

*Ruff*. Thy man, Collar ? Thy master, thou would'st have said. I am sure he is thy *upholder*.

*Cuff*. Nay, surely, he is his master ; at least his maker. For Bands make rags, rags make paper,

paper makes pasteboard, and pasteboard makes *Collar* : and is not this a *stiff* argument, that he is his maker, and therefore master ?

*Ruff*. Well, be he what he will, if I catch his collar I'll cut him in *jags*. Let me but clasp him, and I'll make him for stirring.

*Cuff*. But ye shall not fight. Have ye not friends and neighbours enough to end this controversy, but you must go into the fields, and there cut the *thread* of your lives ? No, we'll have no such doing. Come, choose you an umpire, Band, for it shall be so.

*Band*. Since you will force me to it ; if Ruff be content, I am willing.

*Cuff*. Ruff, you shall be content.

*Ruff*. If I shall, then I must : let me name him.

*Band*. If I may choose, I'll have Master Handkerchief.

*Cuff*. Nay, stay there : he is a mutable *snivelling* fellow, and a notable lawyer. He will *wipe* your nose of all, if you put the *case* to him. But what say you to *Shirt* ?

*Ruff*. *Hang* him, a *rope* on him. He is a filthy *shifting* knave ; and one to whom Band a little before hath been much beholden. They were *joined* a long time together in friendship.

*Cuff*. Why, then go to Master Cap the *head-man* of the town.

*Band.* No ; I deem that he is a very bad justice. You may have him *wrought* on any *side* for money.

*Ruff.* I'll tell you what : then we will go to my Lord *Corpus* himself.

*Band.* He is not in town.

*Ruff.* He is : for to-day I saw *Sock*, his chief *foot*-man in town.

*Cuff.* Here's ado with you and my Lord *Corpus*. Indeed, I would you were both hanged about his *neck* for me ; for then I think you would be both *even*. But I see, this strife will never be ended, till I be arbitrator myself. You know I am equally allied to you both : shall I be moderator between you ?

*Band* and *Ruff.* Content.

*Cuff.* Well then, *Ruff* shall be most accounted of amongst the clergy, for he is the graver fellow : although I know the puritans will not greatly care for him ; he hath such a deal of *sitting*, and they love *standing* better. As for you, *Band*, you shall be made most of amongst the young *gallants* : although sometimes they shall use *Ruff* for a *fashion*, but not otherwise. However, you need not regard the giddy-headed multitude. Let them do as they list ; sometimes respecting one, sometimes the other. But when you come to the counsellors and men of law, which know right from wrong, judging your worths to be equal, they shall prefer neither, but use



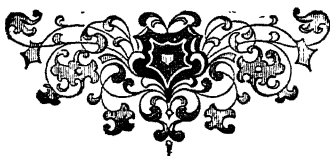
the kindness of both. How say you : are you both pleased ?

*Band* and *Ruff*. We are.

*Cuff*. Then go before me to the next town, and I'll follow after with a *band* of your friendship drawn, which I hope these gentleman will *seal* with their *hands*.

[*Exeunt Band and Ruff*.

*Cuff*. Claw me, and I'll claw thee,—the proverb goes:  
Let it be true, in this that freshman shows.  
Cuff graceth hand, Cuff's debtors hand remain ;  
Let *hands* clap me, and I'll *cuff* them again.



# Notes and Observations

ON

WORK FOR CUTLERS,

AND

A MERRY DIALOGUE BETWEEN  
BAND, CUFF, AND RUFF.

*By* \_\_\_\_\_

*of* \_\_\_\_\_

*in the County of* \_\_\_\_\_

18 \_\_\_\_\_

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# THE COLD YEARE, 1614.

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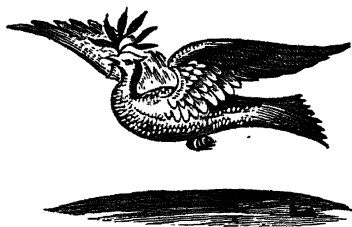
## A Deepe Snow :

*In which Men and Cattell have perished,*

To the generall losse of Farmers, Grasiers, Husbandmen, and all sorts of People in the Countrie ; and no lesse hurtfull to Citizens.

Written Dialogue-wise, in a plaine Familiar Talke betweene a London Shopkeeper, and a North-Country-Man.

*In which, the Reader shall find many thinges for his profit.*



Imprinted at London for Thomas Langley in Iuie Lane, where they are to be sold.

1615.

### TO THE READER.

Stowe refers to the severity of the winter of 1613-14, in his annals, thus:—"The 17th of January began a great Frost, with extreame Snow which continued untill the 14th of February, and albeit the Violence of the Frost and Snow some dayes abated, yet it continued freezing and snowing much or little untill the 7th of March."



# THE GREAT SNOW.

## A DIALOGUE.

*The Speakers :*

A CITIZEN.

A NORTH COUNTRYMAN.

*North Countryman—*

**G**OD save you sir : here's a letter directs me to such a sign as that hanging over your door ; (and if I be not deceived) this is the shop : is not your name Master *N. B.* ?

*Citizen.—N. B.* is my name (Father :) What is your business :

*Nor.* I have letters to you out of the *North.*

*Cit.* From whom, I pray ?

*Nor.* From one Master *G. M.* of *Y.*

*Cit.* I know him very well ; and if I may hear by you that he is in health, I shall think you a bringer of good and happy news.

*Nor.* Good and happy news do I bring you then ; (for thanks be to God) health and he have not parted this many a year.

*Cit.* Trust me, your tidings warms my heart, as cold as the weather is.

*Nor.* A cup of mulled sack (I think) would do you more good. But to put a better heat into you, I have from your friend and mine, brought you two bags full of comfort, each of them weighing a hundred pounds of current English money.

*Cit.* Bir o'r Lady sir, the sack you spoke of, would not go down half so merrily, as this news : for money was never so welcome to Londoners (especially tradesmen) as it is now.

*Nor.* Why : Is it as scanty here, as with us : I thought if the silver age had been any where, your city had challenged it. Methinks our northern climate, should only be without silver mines, because the sun (the sovereign breeder of rich metals) is not so prodigal of his beams to us. Why, I have been told, that all the angels of the kingdom fly up and down *London* : Nay, I have heard, that one of our ruffling gallants in these days, wears more riches on his back, in hat, garters, and shoe-strings, than would maintain a good pretty farm in our country, and keep a plough-land for a whole year.

*Cit.* We care not how brave our gallants go, so their names stand not in our books : for when a

citizen crosses a gentleman, he holds it one of the *I believe it.* chiefest Cheapside-blessings.

*Nor.* I understand you sir : you care not what colours they wear, so you keep them not in black and white.

*Cit.* You measure us rightly : for the keeping of some so (that carry their heads full high) makes many a good shopkeeper oftentimes to hide his head. So that albeit you that dwell far off, and know not what *London* means, think (as you say) that all the angels of the kingdom, fly up and down here. We, whose wares lie dead upon our hands for want of quick customers, see no such matter : but if any angels do fly, they have either their wings broken and fly not far ; or else are caught like partridges, a few in a covey. Albeit sir, I have all this while held talk with you, yet mine eye hath run over these letters, and acknowledge myself your debtor, in respect an age so reverend (as your head warrants you are) hath been the messenger. But I hope Sir, some greater especial business of your own besides, drew you to so troublesome a journey.

*Nor.* Troth sir, no extraordinary business : the countryman's hands are now held as well in his pocket, as the shopkeepers. That drew me to *London*, which draws you citizens out of your houses ; or to speak more truly, drives you rather into your houses.

*Cit.* How mean you sir, the weather :

*Nor.* The very same. I have been an old briar, and stood many a northerly storm ; the winds have often blown bitterly in my face. Frosts have  
'd man. nipped my blood, icicles (you see) hang at my beard, and a hill of snow covers my head. I am the son of winter, and so like the father, that as he does, I love to be seen in all places. I had as leave walk up to the knees in snow, as to tread upon Turkey carpets : and therefore my journey to see *London* once more ere I die, is as merry to me,  
it lies in, all vite. as if I were a woman and went a gossiping ; for the earth shows now, as if she lay in, (all in white.)

*Cit.* Belike then you have heard she hath been delivered of some strange prodigious births, that you came thus far, to see her child-bed ?

*Nor.* I have from my childhood spent my best days in travel, and have seen the wonders of other countries, but am most in love with this of mine own.

*Cit.* Where, if any be born never so well proportioned, within a day or two it grows to be a monster.

*Nor.* You say true, and jump with me in that : for I have but two ears ; yet these two ears bring me home a thousand tales in less than seven days : some I hearken to, some shake my head at, some I smile at, some I think true, some I know false,



But because this world is like our millers in the country, knavish and hard to be trusted; though mine ears be mine own, and good, yet I had rather give credit to mine eyes, although they see but badly, yet I know they will not cozen me: these four score years they have not; and that is the reason I have them my guides now in this journey, and shall be my witnesses (when I get home again, and sit, as I hope I shall, turning a crab<sup>1</sup> by the fire) of what wonders I have seen.

*Cit.* In good sadness father, I am proud that such a heap of years (lying on your back) you stoop no lower for them: I come short of you by almost forty at the least, and methinks I am both more un lusty, and (but for the head and beard) look as aged.

*Nor.* Oh sir! riots, riots, surfeits overnights, and early potting it next morning, stick white hairs upon young men's chins, when sparing diets holds colour: your crammed capons feed you fat here in *London*; but our beef and bacon feeds us strong in the country; long sleeps and past-midnights-watchings, dry up your bloods and wither your cheeks: we go to bed with the lamb, and rise with the lark, which makes us healthful as the spring. You are still sending to the apothecaries, and still crying out,

*Surfeits kill  
more than the  
Sword.*

*The country life  
and city life  
compare!.*

<sup>1</sup>A CRAB.—Apple.

*Fetch Master Doctor to me :* but our apothecary's shop, is our garden full of pot-herbs ; and our doctor is a clove of garlick : besides, you fall to wenching, and marry here in *London*, when a stranger may <sup>brideals,</sup> think you are all girls in breeches, (your chins are <sup>early</sup> so smooth,) and like cock sparrows, are treading so soon as you creep out of the shell, which makes your lives short as theirs is : but in our country, we hold it as dangerous to venture upon a wife, as into a set battle : it was 36 ere I was pressed to that service ; and am now as lusty and sound at heart (I praise my God) as my yoke of bullocks, that are the servants to my plough.

*Cit.* Yet I wonder, that having no more sand in the glass of your life, how you durst set forth, and how you could come thus far ?

*Nor.* How I durst set forth ? If it were 88 again, and all the *Spanish* fireworks at sea,<sup>1</sup> I would thrust this old battered breastplate into the thickest of them. We have trees in our town that bear fruit in winter ; I am one of those winter-plums : and though I taste a little sour, yet I have an oak in my belly, and shall not rot yet (I hope) for all this blustering weather.

*Cit.* It were pity you should yet be felled down, you may stand (no doubt) and grow many a fair year.

*Nor.* Yes sir, my growing must now be downward, like an ear of corn when it is ripe. But I beseech you tell me, are all those news current, which we hear in the country :

*Cit.* What are they pray ?

*Nor.* Marry sir, that your goodly river of *The Thames a nurse to London* Thames, (I call it yours, because you are a citizen ; and because it is the nurse that gives you milk and honey) is that (as 'tis reported) all frozen over again, that coaches run upon it ?

*Cit.* No such matter.

*Nor.* When I heard it I prayed to God to help the fishes ; it would be hard world with them, if their houses were taken over their heads. Nay sir, I heard it constantly affirmed, that all the youth of the city, did muster upon it in battle array, one half against the other : and by my troth, I would have ambled on bare ten-toes a brace of hundred miles, to have seen such a triumph.

*Cit.* In sadness (I think) so would thousand besides yourself : but neither hath the river been this year (for all the vehement cold) so hard-hearted as to have such a glassy crusted floor ; neither have our youth been up in arms in so dangerous a field : yet true it is, that the *Thames* began to play a few cold Christmas gambols ; and that very children (in good array) great numbers, and with war-like *Children turned Soldiers.* furniture of drums, colours, pikes, and guns, (fit to

their handling) have sundry times met army against army, in most of the fields about the city; to the great rejoicing of their parents, and numbers of beholders.

*Nor.* In good sooth I am sorry, I was not one of those standers by: I have been brought up as a scholar myself; and when I was young, our wars were wrangling disputations; but now it seems, that learning surfeits, having too many scholars; and that we shall need soldiers, when such young cockerels address to a battle: It shows like the *Epitome* of war; and it is a wonder for men to read it. Our painters in former ages have not drawn such pictures. But you cut me off from what I was about else to know.

*Cit.* What is that, father?

*Nor.* A bird came flying from the *North*, and chattered, that snow fell in such abundance within and round about the city of *London*, that none without could enter; nor any within, pass forth.

*Cit.* Fables, fables: a man may by the shadow have some guess how great the substance is: your own eye (upon your now being in *London*) can witness that your *Northern* song went to a wrong tune.

*Nor.* And yet by your favour, I think you have not seen your city so whited this forty years.

*Cit.* Indeed our Chronicles speak of one deep snow only, memorable to our time; and that was about 34 or 36 years ago. The great snow 36 years ago.

*Nor.* Nay, not so much, but of your white bears, bulls, lions, &c., we had the description as fully as if with snow-balls in our hands, your apprentices and we silly country clowns had been at their baiting. I remember when I travelled into *Russia*, I have there seen white bears and white foxes: but some credulous fools would needs swear us down, that your city was full of such monsters; and that they ran alive in the streets, and devoured people: Monsters fashioned of the snow in our streets. but I see your giants, and terrible herds of beasts, have done your city good service; for instead of grass, they have had cold provender, and helped to rid away the greater part of your snow.

*Cit.* They have indeed: and yet albeit an arm from heaven hath for several years, one after another, shaken whips over our land, sometimes scourging us with strange inundations of floods; then with merciless fires, destroying whole towns; then with intolerable and killing frosts, nipping the fruits of the earth: also for a long season, with scarcity of victuals, or in great plenty, sold exceedingly dear; and now last of all, with deep and most dangerous snows. Yet (as all the former laches), the prints being worn out, are forgotten; so of this, we make but a May-game, fashioning ridiculous Divers warnings; but no amendment.

*God strikes, and  
we laugh, as if  
he did but jest.*

monsters of that, which God in vengeance pours on our heads; when in doing so, we mock our own selves, that are more monstrous and ugly in all the shapes of sin.

*A good distilla-  
tion.*

*Cor.* You melt (Sir) out of a heap of snow, very profitable and wholesome instructions. But I suppose you have heard of some misfortunes, lately happening unto certain graziers :

*Cit.* No indeed, sir.

*A tale of graziers*

*Nor.* Then take it for truth and on my credit, that a good company of them coming up together to *London* with great store both of sheep and bullocks, they lost, by reason of the snows and deep waves, so many of either (especially of sheep) that perished in great numbers, even on the way, and before their faces, that if they had been sold to their value, it had been a sufficient estate to have maintained a very good man, and have kept him rich all his life time.

*An old man is a  
new Almanac.*

*Cit.* I believe you : but I pray sir, what is your opinion of this strange winter : give me your judgment I beseech you, of these frosts and snows ; and what (in the school of your experience) you have read, or can remember, may be the effects, which they may produce, or which of consequence are likely now to follow.

*Nor.* I shall do my best to satisfy you. When these great hills of snow, and these great mountains

of ice be digged down, and be made level with the waters; when these hard rocks shall melt into rivers, and these white feathers of heaven stick upon the backs of floods; and that sudden thaws shall show, that the anger of these winter storms are mollified; then it is to be feared, that the swift, violent, and irresistible land-currents (or rather torrents) will bear down bridges, beat down buildings, overflow our corn-fields, overrun the pastures, drown our cattle, and endanger the lives both of man and beast, travelling on their way; and, unless God's hand of plenty be held open, a dearth, to strike the land in the following summer.

*What is i  
happen u  
great sno*

*Cit.* You say right. This prognostication which your judgment thus looks into, did always fall out to be true.

*Nor.* These extraordinary fevers (shaking a whole kingdom) have always other mortal diseases waiting upon them.

*Cit.* We are best to fear it; and by fearing, provide against them.

*Nor.* I pray God (at whose command the sun sends forth his heat, and the winds bitter storms to deface the fruits of it), that in this last affliction sent down in flakes from the angry element, all other miseries may be hidden, swallowed, and confounded.

*Cit.* I gladly, and from my heart, play the clerk, crying, *Amen.*

*Nor.* But I pray sir, you may have melted a great part of our North Country snow out of me, how hath your city here (with all their castles, and *St. George* a horseback to help it), borne off the storm :

*Cit.* Marry, I will tell you how, sir : just as our *London* fencers oftentimes do in their challenges : she has taken it full upon the head.

*Nor.* Methinks, and I see it with mine eyes, it cannot hurt you much ; for your streets are fuller of people than ever they were.

*The hurt the  
city takes by this  
snow.*

*Cit.* True sir : but full streets, make shops empty : it's a sign that tradesmen and handicrafts have either little to do, or else can do little, by reason of the weather, when they throw by their tools, and fall to flinging of snow-balls. I assure you father, the tyranny of this season, kills all trading (unless in villany, which shrinks for no weather) so that all commerce lies dead. Besides, it lessens our markets for provision, so that all sort of food was never more dear : it eats up firing, and almost starves the poor, who are not able to buy coal or wood, the rates upon every frosty morning being lifted up and raised at the pleasure of every paltry chandler. Men of occupations, for the most part lie still ; as carpenters, bricklayers, plasterers, and such like : not one of these, nor of many other, turns alchemist, for (unless they be shoe-



makers) none can extract or melt a penny of silver out of all these heaps of snow.

*Nor.* You have now given me a large satisfaction.

*Cit.* Nay, if you should walk but along one street only in *London*; and that is *Thames* street, The dwellers  
Thames street and to see their cellars and warehouses full of rich merchandise, drowned, and utterly spoiled, you would both wonder at the loss, which cannot be set down; and lament it, albeit you know it to be none of your own.

*Nor.* I do already (by your report, to which I give much credit) lament it in others, as if it were mine own. I love not these tragical passions, I suffer for them upon the reporting. But putting them by, I pray sir, seeing I have unladen myself to you here in your shop, send not you me home like a collier's horse, only with an empty sack on my back: let me have some good news to carry with me.

*Cit.* The best, and most noble, that I have at this time, to bestow upon you, is to request you to The parish  
Smithfield. step into *Smithfield*, where you shall see by the careful providence, care, and industry, of our honourable senators (the fathers of our city) much money buried under that dirty field, by the hiring of hundreds of labourers to reduce it (as it is re-

ported), to the fairest and most famous market-place, that is in the whole kingdom.

*Smithfield made  
a market place.*

*Nor.* A market-place ! now trust me, it stands fit for so noble a purpose, and will be a memorable monument to after ages, of the royalty, diligence, wisdom and bravery of this. But where shall your *Cheapside* market be then kept, this must either hinder that, or that this :

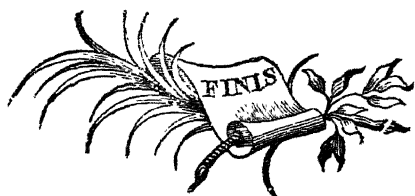
*Cit.* *Cheapside* shall by this means, have her streets freed from that trouble, by sending it hither, if (as it is reported) it prove a market place. It will add that beauty to that spacious place, which in former times hath by horses and panniers, and butter-wives, been taken from it : Nay, the very street itself, by this means, will show like a large new *Exchange* or *Rialto* ; such a commerce of gentlemen and citizens will be seen there daily by walking upon it.

*Nor.* I thank you for this news ; this goes with me into the *North* : And when I hear that the work is finished, I'll take off one ten years of mine, because I'll come up lustily to *London* once again, to see such an honour to your city.

*Cit.* And when you do, you shall find (as report already gives it out) besides the market, two goodly receptacles for water fairly built, to add unto it the greater glory and beauty.

*Nor.* Your city is full of honourable deeds ; and ever may it be so. I have troubled you long ; your money will I bring to you to-morrow morning ; in the meantime, because (as dirty as your streets are) I must trot up and down, to dispatch many businesses. I will for this time, take my leave of you ; and the rather, for that (you see) it hath now left snowing.

*Cit.* Sir, you are most heartily welcome.





# Notes and Observations

ON

## THE GREAT SNOW STORM.

By \_\_\_\_\_

of \_\_\_\_\_

in the County of \_\_\_\_\_

18 \_\_\_\_\_

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THE  
PENNYLES  
PILGRIMAGE,

OR  
The Money-lesse perambulation,  
of IOHN TAYLOR, *Alias*  
the Kings Majesties  
*Water-Poet.*

HOW HE TRAVAILED ON FOOT  
from *London* to *Edenborough* in *Scotland*, not carrying  
any Money to or fro, neither Begging, Borrow-  
ing, or Asking Meate, drinke or  
Lodging.

*With his Description of his Entertainment*  
in all places of his Iourney, and a true Report  
of the vnmatchable Hunting in the *Brea*  
of *Marre* and *Badenoch* in  
*Scotland.*

With other Obseruations, some ferious and  
worthy of Memory, and some merry  
and not hurtfull to be Remembred.

*Lastly that (which is Rare in a Trauailer)*  
*all is true.*

LONDON

Printed by *Edw. Alde*, at the charges of the  
Author. 1618

TO THE TRULY  
NOBLE AND RIGHT

HONORABLE LORD GEORGE MAR-  
quis of Buckingham, Viscount Villiers, Baron of  
Whaddon, Justice in Eyre of all his Majesty's  
Forests, Parks, and Chases beyond Trent, Master  
of the Horse to his Majesty, and one of the Gentle-  
men of his Highness Royal Bed-Chamber, Knight  
of the most Noble Order of the Garter, and  
one of his Majesty's most Honorable  
Privy Council of both the  
Kingdoms of England  
and Scotland.

**B**RIGHT Honorable, and worthy honoured  
Lord, as in my Travels, I was enter-  
tained, welcomed, and relieved by many  
Honourable Lords, Worshipful Knights, Esquires,  
Gentlemen, and others both in England and Scot-  
land. So now your Lordship's inclination hath  
incited, or invited my poor muse to shelter her-  
self under the shadow of your honorable  
patronage, not that there is any worth at all in my  
sterile invention, but in all humility I acknowledge  
that it is only your Lordship's acceptance, that  
is able to make this nothing, something, and withal  
engage me ever.

Your Honors,

In all observance,

JOHN TAYLOR,





TO ALL MY LOVING ADVENTURERS,  
BY WHAT NAME OR TITLE SOEVER,  
MY GENERAL SALUTATION.

**B**EADER, these Travels of mine into Scotland, were not undertaken, neither in imitation, or emulation of any man, but only devised by myself, on purpose to make trial of my friends both in this Kingdom of England, and that of Scotland, and because I would be an eye-witness of divers things which I had heard of that Country; and whereas many shallow-brained Critics, do lay an aspersion on me, that I was set on by others, or that I did undergo this project, either in malice, or mockage of Master Benjamin Jonson, I vow by the faith of a Christian, that their imaginations are all wide, for he is a gentleman, to whom I am so much obliged for many undeserved courtesies that I have received from him, and from others by his favour, that I durst never to be so impudent or ungrateful, as either to suffer any man's persuasions, or mine own instigation, to incite me, to make so bad a requital, for so

*much goodness formerly received ; so much for that,  
and now Reader, if you expect*

That I should write of cities' situations,  
Or that of countries I should make relations :  
Of brooks, crooks, nooks ; of rivers, bournes and  
rills,  
Of mountains, fountains, castles, towers and hills,  
Of shires, and piers, and memorable things,  
Of lives and deaths of great commanding kings,  
I touch not those, they not belong to me ;  
But if such things as these you long to see,  
Lay down my book, and but vouchsafe to read  
The learned *Camden*, or laborious *Speed*.

*And so God speed you and me, whilst I rest  
Yours in all thankfulness :*

JOHN TAYLOR.





## TAYLOR'S PENNILESS PILGRIMAGE.

**L**IST Lordlings, list (if you have lust to list)  
I write not here a tale of had I wist :  
But you shall hear of travels, and relations,  
Descriptions of strange (yet English) fashions.

And he that not believes what here is writ,  
Let him (as I have done) make proof of it.  
The year of grace, accounted (as I ween)  
One thousand twice three hundred and eighteen,  
And to relate all things in order duly,  
'Twas Tuesday last, the fourteenth day of July,  
Saint *Revels* day, the almanack will tell ye  
The sign in *Virgo* was, or near the belly :  
The moon full three days old, the wind full south ;  
At these times I began this trick of youth.  
I speak not of the tide, for understand,  
My legs I made my oars, and rowed by land,

Though in the morning I began to go  
 Good fellows trooping, flocked me so,  
 That make what haste I could, the sun was set,  
 E're from the gates of *London* I could get.  
 At last I took my latest leave thus late,  
 At the Bell Inn, that's *extra Aldersgate*.  
 There stood a horse that my provant<sup>1</sup> should carry,  
 From that place to the end of my fegary,<sup>2</sup>  
 My horse no horse, or mare, but gelded nag,  
 That with good understanding bore my bag :  
 And of good carriage he himself did show,  
 These things are excellent in a beast you know.  
 There in my knapsack, (to pay hunger's fees)  
 I had good bacon, biscuit, neat's-tongue, cheese  
 With roses, barberries, of each conserves,  
 And mithridate, that vigorous health perserves :  
 And I entreat you take these words for no-lies,  
 I had good *Aqua vitæ*, *Rosa* so-lies :  
 With sweet *Ambrosia*, (the gods' own drink)  
 Most excellent gear for mortals, as I think,  
 Besides, I had both vinegar and oil,  
 That could a daring saucy stomach foil.  
 This foresaid Tuesday night 'twixt eight and nine,  
 Well rigged and ballasted, both with beer and wine,  
 I stumbling forward, thus my jaunt begun,  
 And went that night as far as *Islington*.  
 There did I find (I dare affirm it bold)

<sup>1</sup>PROVANT.—Provender ; provision.

<sup>2</sup>FEGARY.—A vagary.

A Maidenhead of twenty-five years old,  
But surely it was painted, like a whore,  
And for a sign, or wonder, hanged at door,  
Which shows a Maidenhead, that's kept so long,  
May he hanged up, and yet sustain no wrong.  
There did my loving friendly host begin  
To entertain me freely to his inn :  
And there my friends, and good associates,  
Each one to mirth himself accommodates.  
*At Well-head* both for welcome, and for cheer,  
Having a good *New ton*, of good stale beer :  
There did we *Trundle*\* down health, after health,  
(Which oftentimes impairs both health and wealth.)  
Till everyone had filled his mortal trunk,  
And only *No-body*\* was three parts drunk.  
The morrow next, Wednesday Saint *Swithin's* day,  
From ancient *Islington* I took my way.  
At *Holywell* I was enforced carouse,  
Ale high, and mighty, at the Blindman's House.  
But there's a help to make amends for all,  
That though the ale be great, the pots be small.  
At *Highgate* Hill to a strange house I went,  
And saw the people were to eating bent,  
In either borrowed, craved, asked, begged, or bought,  
But most laborious with my teeth I wrought.  
I did not this, 'cause meat or drink was scant,  
But I did practise thus before my want ;  
Like to a Tilter that would win the prize,

\*TRUNDLE.—i.e., John Trundle of the sign of *No-body* (see note page 6).

Before the day he'll often exercise.  
 So I began to put in use, at first  
 These principles 'gainst hunger, 'gainst thirst.  
 Close to the Gate,<sup>1</sup> there dwelt a worthy man,  
 That well could take his whiff, and quaff his can,  
 Right Robin Good-fellow, but humours evil,  
 Do call him *Robin Pluto*, or the devil.  
 But finding him a devil, freely hearted,  
 With friendly farewells I took leave and parted,  
 And as alongst I did my journey take,  
 I drank at *Broom's well*, for pure fashion's sake,  
 Two miles I travelled then without a bait,  
 The Saracen's Head at *Whetstone* entering straight,  
 I found an host, that might lead an host of men,  
 Exceeding fat, yet named *Lean*, and *Fen*.<sup>2</sup>  
 And though we make small reckoning of him here,  
 He's known to be a very great man there.  
 There I took leave of all my company,  
 Bade all farewell, yet spake to *No-body*.  
 Good reader think not strange, what I compile,  
 For *No-body* was with me all this while.  
 And *No-body* did drink, and, wink, and scink,  
 And on occasion freely spent his chink.  
 If anyone desire to know the man,  
 Walk, stumble, *Trundle*, but in *Barbican*.

It is reasonable to conjecture that at this date the custom of "Swearing-in at Highgate was not in vogue—or, *No-body* would have taken the oath.

\*NAMED LEAN AND FEN.—Some jest is intended here on the Host's name.—Qy., *Leanfen*, or, the anagram of A. FENNEL.

There's as good beer and ale as ever twang'd,  
 And in that street kind *No-body*<sup>1</sup> is hanged.  
 But leaving him unto his matchless fame,  
 I to St. *Albans* in the evening came,  
 Where Master *Taylor*, at the Saracen's Head,  
 Unasked (unpaid for) me both lodged and fed.

<sup>1</sup>NO-BODY was the singular sign of John Trundle, a ballad-printer in Barbican in the seventeenth century [and who seems to have accompanied our author as far as *Whetstone* on his "Penniless Pilgrimage"—and, certainly up to this point a very "wet" one!] In one of Ben Jonson's plays Nobody is introduced, "attyred in a payre of Breeches, which were made to come up to his neck, with his armes out at his pockets and cap drowning his face." This comedy was "printed for John Trundle and are to be sold at his shop in Barbican at the sygne of No-Body." A unique ballad, preserved in the Miller Collection at Britwell House, entitled "The Well-spoken No-body," is accompanied by a woodcut representing a ragged barefooted fool on pattens, with a torn money-bag under his arm, walking through a chaos of broken pots, pans, bellows, candlesticks, tongs, tools, windows, &c. Above him is a scroll in black-letter :—

**"Nobody . is . my . Name . that . Beryeth . Every . Bodyes .  
 Blame."**

The ballad commences as follows :—

"Many speke of Robin Hoode that never shott in his Bowe,  
 So many have layed faultes to me, which I did never knowe;  
 But nowe, beholde, here I am,  
 Whom all the worlde doeth diffame;  
 Long have they also scorned me,  
 And locked my mouthe for speking free.  
 As many a Godly man they have so served  
 Which unto them God's truth hath shewed;  
 Of such they have burned and hanged some.  
 That unto their ydolatrie wold not come:  
 The Ladye Truthe they have locked in cage,  
 Saying of her Nobodye had knowledge.  
 For as much nowe as they name Nobodye  
 I thinke verilye they speke of me:  
 Whereffore to answer I nowe beginne—  
 The locke of my mouthe is opened with ginne,  
 Wrought by no man, but by God's grace,  
 Unto whom he prayse in every place," &c.

Larwood and Hotten's *History of Signboards*.

The tapsters, hostlers, chamberlains, and all,  
Saved me a labour, that I need not call,  
The jugs were filled and filled, the cups went round  
And in a word great kindness there I found,  
For which both to my cousin, and his men,  
I'll still be thankful in word, deed, and pen.  
Till Thursday morning there I made my stay,  
And then I went plain *Dunstable* highway.  
My very heart with drouht methought did shrink,  
I went twelve miles, and no one bade me drink.  
Which made me call to mind, that instant time,  
That drunkenness was a most sinful crime.  
When *Puddle-hill* I footed down, and past  
A mile from thence, I found a hedge at last.  
There stroke we sail, our bacon, cheese, and bread,  
We drew like fiddlers, and like farmers fed.  
And whilst two hours we there did take our ease,  
My nag made shift to mump green pulse<sup>1</sup> and peas.  
Thus we our hungry stomachs did supply,  
And drank the water of a brook hard by.  
Away toward *Hockley* in the Hole, we make,  
When straight a horseman did me overtake,  
Who knew me, and would fain have given me coin,  
I said, my bonds did me from coin enjoin,  
I thanked and prayed him to put up his chink,  
And willingly I wished it drowned in drink.  
Away rode he, but like an honest man,  
I found at *Hockley* standing at the Swan,

<sup>1</sup>PULSE.—All sorts of leguminous seeds.



A formal tapster, with a jug and glass,  
Who did arrest me : I most willing was  
To try the action, and straight put in bail,  
My fees were paid before, with sixpence ale,  
To quit this kindness, I most willing am,  
The man that paid for all, his name is *Dam*,  
At the Green Dragon, against *Grays-Inn* gate,  
He lives in good repute, and honest state.  
I forward went in this my roving race,  
To *Stony Stratford* I toward night did pace,  
My mind was fixed through the town to pass,  
To find some lodging in the hay or grass,  
But at the *Queen's Arms*, from the window there,  
A comfortable voice I chanced to hear,  
Call *Taylor, Taylor*, and be hanged come hither,  
I looked for small entreaty and went thither,  
There were some friends, which I was glad to see,  
Who knew my journey ; lodged, and boarded me.  
On Friday morn, as I would take my way,  
My friendly host entreated me to stay,  
Because it rained, he told me I should have  
Meat, drink, and horse-meat and not pay or crave.  
I thanked him, and for his love remain his debtor,  
But if I live, I will requite him better.  
(From *Stony Stratford*) the way hard with stones,  
Did founder me, and vex me to the bones.  
In blustering weather, both for wind and rain,  
Through *Towcester* I trotted with much pain,

Two miles from thence, we sat us down and dined,  
Well bulwarked by a hedge, from rain and wind.  
We having fed, away incontinent,  
With weary pace toward *Daventry* we went.  
Four miles short of it, one o'ertook me there,  
And told me he would leave a jug of beer,  
At *Daventry* at the Horse-shoe for my use.  
I thought it no good manners to refuse,  
But thanked him, for his kind unasked gift,  
Whilst I was lame as scarce a leg could lift,  
Came limping after to that stony town,  
Whose hard streets made me almost halt right  
down.

There had my friend performed the words he said,  
And at the door a jug of liquor staid,  
The folks were all informed, before I came,  
How, and wherefore my journey I did frame,  
Which caused mine hostess from her door come  
out,

(Having a great wart rampant on her snout.)  
The tapsters, hostlers, one another call,  
The chamberlains with admiration all,  
Were filled with wonder, more than wonderful,  
As if some monster sent from the *Mogul*,  
Some elephant from *Africa*, I had been,  
Or some strange beast from the *Amazonian* Queen.  
As buzzards, widgeons, woodcocks, and such fowl,  
Do gaze and wonder at the broad-faced owl,

So did these brainless asses, all amazed,  
With admirable *Nonsense* talked and gazed,  
They knew my state (although not told by me)  
That I could scarcely go, they all could see,  
They drank of my beer, that to me was given,  
But gave me not a drop to make all even,  
And that which in my mind was most amiss,  
My hostess she stood by and saw all this,  
Had she but said, come near the house my friend,  
For this day here shall be your journey's end.  
Then had she done the thing which [she] did not,  
And I in kinder words had paid the shot.  
I do entreat my friends, (as I have some)  
If they to *Daventry* do chance to come,  
That they will baulk that inn ; or if by chance,  
Or accident into that house they glance,  
Kind gentlemen, as they by you reap profit,  
My hostess care of me, pray tell her of it,\*  
Yet do not neither ; lodge there when you will,  
You for your money shall be welcome still.  
From thence that night, although my bones were  
sore,  
I made a shift to hobble seven miles more :  
The way to *Dunchurch*, foul with dirt and mire,  
Able, I think, both man and horse to tire.  
On *Dunsmoor* Heath, a hedge doth there enclose  
Grounds, on the right hand, there I did repose.

\*See Dedication to *The Scourge of Baseness*.

Wit's whetstone, Want, there made us quickly learn,  
With knives to cut down rushes, and green fern,  
Of which we made a field-bed in the field,  
Which sleep, and rest, and much content did yield.  
There with my mother earth, I thought it fit  
To lodge, and yet no incest did commit :  
My bed was curtained with good wholesome airs,  
And being weary, I went up no stairs :  
The sky my canopy, bright *Phœbe* shined  
Sweet bawling *Zephyrus* breathed gentle wind,  
In heaven's star-chamber I did lodge that night,  
Ten thousand stars, me to my bed did light ;  
There barricadoed with a bank lay we  
Below the lofty branches of a tree,  
There my bed-fellows and companions were,  
My man, my horse, a bull, four cows, two steer :  
But yet for all this most confused rout,  
We had no bed-staves, yet we fell not out.  
Thus nature, like an ancient free upholster,  
Did furnish us with bedstead, bed, and bolster ;  
And the kind skies, (for which high heaven be  
                  thanked,)  
Allowed us a large covering and a blanket ;  
*Auroras* face 'gan light our lodging dark,  
We arose and mounted, with the mounting lark,  
Through splashes, puddles, thick, thin, wet and dry,  
I travelled to the city *Coventry*.

There Master Doctor *Holland*<sup>1</sup> caused me stay  
The day of *Saturn* and the Sabbath day.  
Most friendly welcome, he me did afford,  
I was so entertained at bed and board,  
Which as I dare not brag how much it was,  
I dare not be ingrate and let it pass,  
But with thanks many I remember it,  
(Instead of his good deeds) in words and writ,  
He used me like his son, more than a friend,  
And he on Monday his commends did send  
To *Newhall*, where a gentleman did dwell,  
Who by his name is hight *Sacheverell*.  
The Tuesday *July's* one and twentieth day,  
I to the city *Lichfield* took my way,  
At *Sutton Coldfield* with some friends I met,  
And much ado I had from thence to get,  
There I was almost put unto my trumps,  
My horse's shoes were worn as thin as pumps;  
But noble *Vulcan*, a mad smuggy smith,  
All reparations me did furnish with.  
The shoes were well removed, my palfrey shod,  
And he referred the payment unto God.

<sup>1</sup>MASTER DOCTOR HOLLAND.—The once well-known Philemon Holland, Physician, and "Translator-General of his Age," published translations of Livy, 1600; Pliny's "Natural History," 1601; Camden's "Britannica," &c. He is said to have used in translation more paper and fewer pens than any other writer before or since, and who "would not let Suetonius be Tranquillus." Born at Chelmsford, 1551; died 1636.

I found a friend, when I to *Lichfield* came,  
A joiner, and *John Piddock* is his name.  
He made me welcome, for he knew my jaunt,  
And he did furnish me with good provant :  
He offered me some money, I refused it,  
And so I took my leave, with thanks excused it,  
That Wednesday, I a weary way did pass,  
Rain, wind, stones, dirt, and dabbling dewy grass,  
With here and there a pelting scattered village,  
Which yielded me no charity, or pillage :  
For all the day, nor yet the night that followed.  
One drop of drink I'm sure my gullet swallowed.  
At night I came to a stony town called *Stone*.  
Where I knew none, nor was I known of none :  
I therefore through the streets held on my pace,  
Some two miles farther to some resting place :  
At last I spied a meadow newly mowed,  
The hay was rotten, the ground half o'erflowed :  
We made a breach, and entered horse and man,  
There our pavilion, we to pitch began,  
Which we erected with green broom and hay,  
To expel the cold, and keep the rain away ;  
The sky all muffled in a cloud 'gan lower,  
And presently there fell a mighty shower,  
Which without intermission down did pour,  
From ten a night, until the morning's four.  
We all that time close in our couch did lie,  
Which being well compacted kept us dry.

The worst was, we did neither sup nor sleep,  
And so a temperate diet we did keep.  
The morning all enrobed in drifting fogs,  
We being as ready as we had been dogs :  
We need not stand upon long ready making,  
But gaping, stretching, and our ears well shaking :  
And for I found my host and hostess kind,  
I like a true man left my sheets behind.  
That Thursday morn, my weary course I framed,  
Unto a town that is *Newcastle* named.  
(Not that *Newcastle* standing upon *Tyne*)  
But this town situation doth confine  
Near *Cheshire*, in the famous county *Stafford*,  
And for their love, I owe them not a straw for't ;  
But now my versing muse craves some repose,  
And whilst she sleeps I'll spout a little prose.

In this town of *Newcastle*, I overtook an  
hostler, and I asked him what the next town was  
called, that was in my way toward *Lancaster*, he  
holding the end of a riding rod in his mouth, as if  
it had been a flute, piped me this answer, and said,  
*Talk-on-the-Hill* ; I asked him again what he said  
*Talk-on-the-Hill* : I demanded the third time, and the  
third time he answered me as he did before, *Talk-on-*  
*the-Hill*. I began to grow cholerick, and asked him  
why he could not talk, or tell me my way as well  
there as on the hill ; at last I was resolved, that the  
next town was four miles off me, and that the

name of it was, *Talk-on-the-Hill* : I had not travelled above two miles farther : but my last night's supper (which was as much as nothing) my mind being informed of it by my stomach. I made a virtue of necessity, and went to breakfast in the Sun : I have fared better at three Suns many times before now, in *Aldersgate Street*, *Cripplegate*, and new *Fish Street* ; but here is the odds, at those Suns they will come upon a man with a tavern bill as sharp cutting as a tailor's bill of items : a watchman's-bill, or a welsh-hook falls not half so heavy upon a man ; besides, most of the vintners have the law in their own hands, and have all their actions, cases, bills of debt, and such reckonings tried at their own bars ; from whence there is no appeal. But leaving these impertinences, in the material Sunshine, we eat a substantial dinner, and like miserable guests we did budget up the reversions.

And now with sleep my muse hath eased her brain  
I'll turn my style from prose, to verse again.

That which we could not have, we freely spared,  
And wanting drink, most soberly we fared.

We had great store of fowl (but 'twas foul way)

And kindly every step entreats me stay,

The clammy clay sometimes my heels would trip,

One foot went forward, the other back would slip,

This weary day, when I had almost past,

I came unto Sir *Urian Leigh's* at last,



At *Adlington*, near *Macclesfield* he doth dwell,  
Beloved, respected, and reputed well.  
Through his great love, my stay with him was fixed,  
From Thursday night, till noon on Monday next,  
At his own table I did daily eat,  
Whereat may be supposed, did want no meat,  
He would have given me gold or silver either,  
But I, with many thanks, received neither.  
And thus much without flattery I dare swear,  
He is a knight beloved far and near,  
First he's beloved of his God above,  
(Which love he loves to keep, beyond all love)  
Next with a wife and children he is blest,  
Each having God's fear planted in their breast.  
With fair demaines, revenue of good lands,  
He's fairly blessed by the Almighty's hands.  
And as he's happy in these outward things,  
So from his inward mind continual springs  
Fruits of devotion, deeds of piety,  
Good hospitable works of charity,  
Just in his actions, constant in his word,  
And one that won his honour with the sword,  
He's no carranto, cap'ring, carpet knight,  
But he knows when, and how to speak or fight,  
I cannot flatter him, say what I can,  
He's every way a complete gentleman.  
I write not this, for what he did to me,  
But what mine ears, and eyes did hear and see,

Nor do I pen this to enlarge his fame.  
But to make others imitate the same,  
For like a trumpet were I pleased to blow,  
I would his worthy worth more amply show,  
But I already fear have been too bold,  
And crave his pardon, me excused to hold.  
Thanks to his sons and servants every one,  
Both males and females all, excepting none.  
To bear a letter he did me require,  
Near *Manchester*, unto a good Esquire :  
His kinsman *Edmund Prestwitch*, he ordained,  
That I was at *Manchester* entertained  
Two nights, and one day, ere we thence could pass,  
For men and horse, roast, boiled, and oats, and  
grass ;  
This gentleman not only gave harbour,  
But in the morning sent me to his barber,  
Who laved, and shaved me, still I spared my purse,  
Yet sure he left me many a hair the worse.  
But in conclusion, when his work was ended,  
His glass informed, my face was much amended.  
And for the kindness he to me did show,  
God grant his customers beards faster grow,  
That though the time of year be dear or cheap,  
From fruitful faces he may mow and reap.  
Then came a smith, with shoes, and tooth and nail,  
He searched my horse's hoofs, mending what did  
fail,

Yet this I note, my nag, through stones and dirt,  
Did shift shoes twice, ere I did shift one shirt :  
Can these kind things be in oblivion hid ?  
No, Master *Prestwitch*, this and much more did,  
His friendship did command and freely gave  
All before writ, and more than I durst crave.  
But leaving him a little, I must tell,  
How men of *Manchester* did use me well,  
Their loves they on the tenter-hooks did rack,  
Roast, boiled, baked, too—too—much, white, claret,  
sack,  
Nothing they thought too heavy or too hot,  
Can followed can, and pot succeeded pot,  
That what they could do, all they thought too little,  
Striving in love the traveller to whittle.  
We went into the house of one *John Pinnars*,  
A man that lives amongst a crew of sinners)  
And there eight several sorts of ale we had,  
All able to make one stark drunk or mad.  
But I with courage bravely flinched not,  
And gave the town leave to discharge the shot.  
We had at one time set upon the table,  
Good ale of hyssop, 'twas no *Æsop*-fable :  
Then had we ale of sage, and ale of malt,  
And ale of wormwood, that could make one halt,  
With ale of rosemary, and betony,  
And two ales more, or else I needs must lie.  
But to conclude this drinking aley-tale,

We had a sort of ale, called scurvy ale.  
Thus all these men, at their own charge and cost,  
Did strive whose love should be expressed most,  
And farther to declare their boundless loves,  
They saw I wanted, and they gave me gloves,  
In deed, and very deed, their loves were such,  
That in their praise I cannot write too much ;  
They merit more than I have here compiled,  
I lodged at the Eagle and the Child,  
Whereas my hostess, (a good ancient woman)  
Did entertain me with respect, not common.  
She caused my linen, shirts, and bands be washed,  
And on my way she caused me be refreshed,  
She gave me twelve silk points, she gave me bacon,  
Which by me much refused, at last was taken,  
In troth she proved a mother unto me,  
For which, I evermore will thankful be.  
But when to mind these kindnesses I call,  
Kind Master *Prestwitch* author is of all,  
And yet Sir *Urian Leigh's* good commendation,  
Was the main ground of this my recreation.  
From both of them, there what I had, I had,  
Or else my entertainment had been bad.  
O all you worthy men of *Manchester*,  
(True bred bloods of the County *Lancaster*)  
When I forget what you to me have done,  
Then let me headlong to confusion run.  
To noble Master *Prestwitch* I must give

Thanks, upon thanks, as long as I do live,  
His love was such, I ne'er can pay the score,  
He far surpassed all that went before,  
A horse and man he sent, with boundless bounty,  
To bring me quite through *Lancaster's* large county,  
Which I well know is fifty miles at large,  
And he defrayed all the cost and charge.  
This unlooked pleasure, was to me such pleasure,  
That I can ne'er express my thanks with measure.  
So Mistress *Saracoal*, hostess kind,  
And *Manchester* with thanks I left behind.  
The Wednesday being *July's* twenty nine,  
My journey I to *Preston* did confine,  
All the day long it rained but one shower,  
Which from the morning to the evening did pour,  
And I, before to *Preston* I could get,  
Was soused, and pickled both with rain and sweat,  
But there I was supplied with fire and food,  
And anything I wanted sweet and good.  
There, at the Hind, kind Master *Hind* mine host,  
Kept a good table, baked and boiled, and roast,  
There Wednesday, Thursday, Friday I did stay,  
And hardly got from thence on Saturday.  
Unto my lodging often did repair,  
Kind Master *Thomas Banister*, the Mayor,  
Who is of worship, and of good respect,  
And in his charge discreet and circumspect.

For I protest to God I never saw,  
A town more wisely governed by the law.  
They told me when my Sovereign there was last,  
That one man's rashness seemed to give distaste.  
It grieved them all, but when at last they found,  
His Majesty was pleased, their joys were crowned.  
He knew, the fairest garden hath some weeds,  
He did accept their kind intents, for deeds :  
One man there was, that with his zeal too hot,  
And furious haste, himself much overshot.  
But what man is so foolish, that desires  
To get good fruit from thistles, thorns and briars ?  
Thus much I thought good to demonstrate here,  
Because I saw how much they grieved were ;  
That any way, the least part of offence,  
Should make them seem offensive to their Prince.  
Thus three nights was I staid and lodged in *Preston*,  
And saw nothing ridiculous to jest on,  
Much cost and charge the Mayor upon me spent,  
And on my way two miles, with me he went,  
There (by good chance) I did more friendship get,  
The under Sheriff of *Lancashire* we met,  
A gentleman that loved, and knew me well,  
And one whose bounteous mind doth bear the bell.  
There, as if I had been a noted thief,  
The Mayor delivered me unto the Sheriff.  
The Sheriff's authority did much prevail,  
He sent me unto one that kept the jail.

Thus I perambuling, poor *John Taylor*,  
Was given from Mayor to Sheriff, from Sheriff to Jailor.  
The Jailor kept an inn, good beds, good cheer,  
Where paying nothing, I found nothing dear,  
For the under-Sheriff kind Master *Covill* named,  
(A man for house-keeping renowned and famed)  
Did cause the town of *Lancashire* afford  
Me welcome, as if I had been a lord.  
And 'tis reported, that for daily bounty,  
His mate can scarce be found in all that county.  
The extremes of miser, or of prodigal,  
He shuns, and lives discreet and liberal,  
His wife's mind, and his own are one, so fixed,  
That *Argus* eyes could see no odds betwixt,  
And sure the difference, (if there difference be)  
Is who shall do most good, or he, or she.  
Poor folks report, that for relieving them,  
He and his wife, are each of them a gem ;  
At the inn, and at his house two nights I staid,  
And what was to be paid, I know he paid :  
If nothing of their kindness I had wrote,  
Ungrateful me the world might justly note :  
Had I declared all I did hear, and see,  
For a great flatterer then I deemed should be,  
Him and his wife, and modest daughter *Bess*,  
With earth, and heaven's felicity, God bless.  
Two days a man of his, at his command,  
Did guide me to the midst of *Westmoreland*,

And my conductor with a liberal fist,  
 To keep me moist, scarce any alehouse missed.  
 The fourth of August (weary, halt, and lame)  
 We in the dark, to a town called *Sedbergh* came,  
 There Master *Borrowed*, my kind honest host,  
 Upon me did bestowed unasked cost.  
 The next day I held on my journey still,  
 Six miles unto a place called *Carling* hill,  
 Where Master *Edmund Branthwaite*\* doth reside,  
 Who made me welcome, with my man and guide.  
 Our entertainment, and our fare were such,  
 It might have satisfied our betters much ;  
 Yet all too little was, his kind heart thought,  
 And five miles on my way himself me brought,  
 At *Orton* he, I, and my man did dine,  
 With Master *Corney* a good true Divine,  
 And surely Master *Branthwaite*'s well beloved,  
 His firm integrity is much approved :  
 His good effects, do make him still affected  
 Of God and good men, (with regard) respected.  
 He sent his man with me, o'er dale and down,

\*EDMUND BRANTHWAITE.—Robert Branthwaite, William Branthwaite *Cant.*, and "Thy assured friend" R. B., have each written Commendatory Verses to ALL THE WORKS OF JOHN TAYLOR. London 1630. And Southey in his "Lives and Works of Uneducated Poets," has the following :—  
 "One might have hoped in these parts for a happy meeting between John Taylor and Barnabee, of immortal memory ; indeed it is likely that the Water-Poet and the Anti-Water-Poet were acquainted, and that the latter may have introduced him to his connections hereabout, Branthwaite being the same name as Brathwait, and Barnabee's brother having married a daughter of this Sir John Dalston."



Who lodged, and boarded me at *Penrith* town,  
 And such good cheer, and bedding there I had,  
 That nothing, (but my weary self) was bad;  
 There a fresh man, (I know not for whose sake)  
 With me a journey would to *Carlisle* make :  
 But from that city, about two miles wide,  
 Good Sir *John Dalston* lodged me and my guide.  
 Of all the gentlemen in *England's* bounds  
 His house is nearest to the Scottish grounds,  
 And fame proclaims him, far and near, aloud,  
 He's free from being covetous, or proud ;  
 His son, Sir *George*, most affable, and kind,  
 His father's image, both in form and mind,  
 On Saturday to *Carlisle* both did ride,  
 Where (by their loves and leaves) I did abide,  
 Where of good entertainment I found store,  
 From one that was the mayor the year before,  
 His name is Master *Adam Robinson*,  
 I the last English friendship with him won.  
 He (*gratis*) found a guide to bring me through,  
 From *Carlisle* to the city *Edinburgh* :  
 This was a help, that was a help alone,  
 Of all my helps inferior unto none.  
 Eight miles from *Carlisle* runs a little river,  
 Which *England's* bounds, from *Scotland's* grounds  
     doth sever.  
 Without horse, bridge, or boat, I o'er did get  
 On foot, I went, yet scarce my shoes did wet.

*My thanks  
 to Sir John  
 and Sir Geo.  
 Dalston, with  
 Sir Henry  
 Curwin.*

*Over Esk I  
 waded.*

I being come to this long-looked-for land,  
 Did mark, remark, note, renote, viewed, and scanned;  
 And I saw nothing that could change my will,  
 But that I thought myself in *England* still.  
 The kingdoms are so nearly joined and fixed,  
 There scarcely went a pair of shears betwixt;  
 There I saw sky above, and earth below,  
 And as in *England*, there the sun did show;  
 The hills with sheep replete, with corn the dale,  
 And many a cottage yielded good Scottish ale;  
 This county (*Avondale*) in former times,  
 Was the cursed climate of rebellious crimes:  
 For *Cumberland* and it, both kingdoms borders,  
 Were ever ordered, by their own disorders,  
 Some sharking, shifting, cutting throats, and thieving,  
 Each taking pleasure in the other's grieving;  
 And many times he that had wealth to-night,  
 Was by the morrow morning beggared quite:  
 Too many years this pell-mell fury lasted,  
 That all these borders were quite spoiled and wasted,  
 Confusion, hurly-burly reigned and revelled,  
 The churches with the lowly ground were levelled;  
 All memorable monuments defaced,  
 All places of defence o'erthrown and razed.  
 That whoso then did in the borders dwell,  
 Lived little happier than those in hell.  
 But since the all-disposing God of heaven,  
 Hath these two kingdoms to one monarch given,

*The afore-  
 named knights  
 had given mo-  
 ney to my  
 guide, of which  
 he left some  
 part at every  
 ale-house.*

Blest peace, and plenty on them both have showered,  
Exile, and hanging hath the thieves devoured,  
That now each subject may securely sleep,  
His sheep and neat, the black the white doth keep,  
For now those crowns are both in one combined,  
Those former borders, that each one confine,  
Appears to me (as I do understand)  
To be almost the centre of the land,  
This was a blessed heaven expounded riddle,  
To thrust great kingdoms skirts into the middle.  
Long may the instrumental cause survive.  
From him and his, succession still derive  
True heirs unto his virtues, and his throne,  
That these two kingdoms ever may be one ;  
This county of all *Scotland* is most poor,  
By reason of the outrages before,  
Yet mighty store of corn I saw there grow,  
And as good grass as ever man did mow :  
And as that day I twenty miles did pass,  
I saw eleven hundred neat at grass,  
By which may be conjectured at the least,  
That there was sustenance for man and beast.  
And in the kingdom I have truly scanned,  
There's many worser parts, are better manned,  
For in the time that thieving was in ure,  
The gentles fled to places more secure.  
And left the poorer sort, to abide the pain,  
Whilst they could ne'er find time to turn again.

The shire of gentlemen is scarce and dainty,  
Yet there's relief in great abundance plenty,  
Twixt it and England, little odds I see,  
They eat, and live, and strong and able be,  
So much in verse, and now I'll change my style,  
And seriously I'll write in prose awhile.

To the purpose then: my first night's lodging in *Scotland* was at a place called *Moffat*, which they say, is thirty miles from *Carlisle*, but I suppose them to be longer than forty of such miles as are betwixt *London* and Saint *Albans*, (but indeed the Scots do allow almost as large measure of their miles, as they do of their drink, for an English gallon either of ale or wine, is but their quart, and one Scottish mile (now and then, may well stand for a mile and a half or two English) but howsoever short or long, I found that day's journey the weariest that ever I footed; and at night, being come to the town, I found good ordinary country entertainment: my fare and my lodging was sweet and good, and might have served a far better man than myself, although myself have had many times better: but this is to be noted, that though it rained not all the day, yet it was my fortune to be well wet twice, for I waded over a great river called *Eske* in the morning, somewhat more than four miles distance from *Carlisle* in *England*, and at night within two miles of my

lodging, I was fain to wade over the river of *Annan* in *Scotland*, from which river the county of *Annan-dale*, hath its name. And whilst I waded on foot, my man was mounted on horseback, like the *George* without the Dragon. But the next morning, I arose and left *Moffat* behind me, and that day I travelled twenty-one miles to a sorry village called *Blythe*, but I was blithe myself to come to any place of harbour or succour, for since I was born, I never was so weary, or so near being dead with extreme travel: I was foundered and refoundered of all four, and for my better comfort, I came so late, that I must lodge without doors all night, or else in a poor house where the good wife lay in child-bed, her husband being from home, her own servant maid being her nurse. A creature naturally compacted, and artificially adorned with an incomparable homeliness: but as things were I must either take or leave, and necessity made me enter, where we got eggs and ale by measure and by tail. At last to bed I went, my man lying on the floor by me, where in the night there were pigeons did very bountifully mute in his face: the day being no sooner come, and having but fifteen miles to *Edinburgh*, mounted upon my ten toes, and began first to hobble, and after to amble, and so being warm, I fell to pace by degrees; all the way passing through a fertile country for corn and cattle: and about two of the clock in the

afternoon that Wednesday, being the thirteenth of August, and the day of *Clare* the Virgin (the sign being in *Virgo*) the moon four days old, the wind at west, I came to take rest, at the wished, long expected, ancient famous city of *Edinburgh*, which I entered like Pierce Penniless,<sup>1</sup> altogether moneyless, but I thank God, not friendless ; for being there, for the time of my stay, I might borrow, (if any man would lend) spend if I could get, beg if I had the impudence, and steal, if I durst adventure the price of a hanging, but my purpose was to house my horse, and to suffer him and my apparel to lie in durance, or lavender instead of litter, till such time as I could meet with some valiant friend, that would desperately disburse.

Walking thus down the street, (my body being tired with travel, and my mind attired with moody, muddy, Moor-ditch melancholy) my contemplation did devoutly pray, that I might meet one or other to prey upon, being willing to take any slender acquaintance of any map whatsoever, viewing, and circumviewing every man's face I met, as if I meant to draw his picture, but all my acquaintance was *Non est inventus*, (pardon me, reader, that Latin is none of my own, I swear by *Priscian's Pericranium*, an oath which I have ignorantly broken many times.)

<sup>1</sup>PIERCE PENNILESS, by Thomas Nash. London, 1592.

At last I resolved, that the next gentleman that I meet withal, should be acquaintance whether he would or no : and presently fixing mine eyes upon a gentleman-like object, I looked on him, as if I would survey something through him, and make him my perspective : and he much musing at my gazing, and I much gazing at his musing, at last he crossed the way and made toward me, and then I made down the street from him, leaving to encounter with any man, who came after me leading my horse, whom he thus accosted. My friend (quoth he) doth yonder gentleman, (meaning me) know me, that he looks so wistly on me ? Truly sir, said my man, I think not, but my master is a stranger come from *London*, and would gladly meet some acquaintance to direct him where he may have lodging and horse-meat. Presently the gentleman, (being of a generous disposition) overtook me with unexpected and undeserved courtesy, brought me to a lodging, and caused my horse to be put into his own stable, whilst we discoursing over a pint of Spanish, I relate as much English to him, as made him lend me ten shillings, (his name was Master *John Maxwell*) which money I am sure was the first that I handled after I came from out the walls of *London* : but having rested two hours and refreshed myself, the gentleman and I walked to see the City and

the Castle, which as my poor unable and unworthy pen can, I will truly describe.

The Castle on a lofty rock is so strongly grounded, bounded, and founded, that by force of man it can never be confounded; the foundation and walls are unpenetrable, the rampiers impregnable, the bulwarks invincible, no way but one it is or can be possible to be made passable. In a word, I have seen many straits and fortresses, in *Germany*, the *Netherlands*, *Spain* and *England*, but they must all give place to this unconquered Castle, both for strength and situation.

Amongst the many memorable things which I was shewed there, I noted especially a great piece of ordnance of iron, it is not for battery, but it will serve to defend a breach, or to toss balls of wild-fire against any that should assail or assault the Castle; it lies now dismounted.<sup>1</sup> And it is so great within, that it was told me that a child was once gotten there: but I, to make trial crept into it, lying on my back, and I am sure there was room enough and spare for a greater than myself.

So leaving the Castle, as it is both defensive against my opposition, and magnific for lodging and receite,<sup>2</sup> I descended lower to the City, wherein I observed the fairest and goodliest street that ever

<sup>1</sup>This "ordnance of iron" still exists there, and is historically known as "Mons Meg" and popularly as "Long Meg."

<sup>2</sup>RECEITE.—A receptacle.



mine eyes beheld, for I did never see or hear of a street of that length, (which is half an English mile from the Castle to a fair port which they call the *Nether-Bow*) and from that port, the street which they call the *Kenny-gate* is one quarter of a mile more, down to the King's Palace, called *Holy-rood-House*, the buildings on each side of the way being all of squared stone, five, six, and seven stories high, and many bye-lanes and closes on each side of the way, wherein are gentlemen's houses, much fairer than the buildings in the High Street, for in the High Street the merchants and tradesmen do dwell, but the gentlemen's mansions and goodliest houses are obscurely founded in the aforesaid lanes : the walls are eight or ten foot thick, exceeding strong, not built for a day, a week, or a month, or a year ; but from antiquity to posterity, for many ages ; there I found entertainment beyond my expectation or merit, and there is fish, flesh, bread and fruit, in such variety, that I think I may offenceless call it superfluity, or satiety. The worst was, that wine and ale was so scarce, and the people there such misers of it, that every night before I went to bed, if any man had asked me a civil question, all the wit in my head could not have made him a sober answer.

I was at his Majesty's Palace, a stately and princely seat, wherein I saw a sumptuous chapel, most richly adorned with all appurtenances belong-

ing to so sacred a place, or so royal an owner. In the inner court I saw the King's arms cunningly carved in stone, and fixed over a door aloft on the wall, the red lion being in the crest, over which was written this inscription in Latin,

*Nobis hæc invicta miserunt, 106 proavi.*

I enquired what the English of it was? it was told me as followeth, which I thought worthy to be recorded.

*106, forefathers have left this to us unconquered.*

This is a worthy and memorable motto, and I think few kingdoms or none in the world can truly write the like, that notwithstanding so many inroads, incursions, attempts, assaults, civil wars, and foreign hostilities, bloody battles, and mighty foughten fields, that maugre the strength and policy of enemies, that royal crown and sceptre hath from one hundred and seven descents, kept still unconquered, and by the power of the King of Kings (through the grace of the Prince of Peace) is now left peacefully to our peaceful king, whom long in blessed peace, the God of peace defend and govern.

But once more, a word or two of *Edinburgh*, although I have scarcely given it that due which belongs unto it, for their lofty and stately buildings, and for their fair and spacious street, yet my mind persuades me that they in former ages that first founded that city did not so well in that they built it

in so discommodious a place ; for the sea, and all navigable rivers being the chief means for the enriching of towns and cities, by the reason of traffic with foreign nations, with exportation, transportation, and receite of variety of merchandizing ; so this city had it been built but one mile lower on the seaside, I doubt not but it had long before this been comparable to many a one of our greatest towns and cities in *Europe*, both for spaciousness of bounds, port, state, and riches. It is said, that King *James* the fifth (of famous memory) did graciously offer to purchase for them, and to bestow upon them freely, certain low and pleasant grounds a mile from them on the seashore, with these conditions, that they should pull down their city, and build it in that more commodious place, but the citizens refused it ; and so now it is like (for me), to stand where it doth, for I doubt such another proffer of removal will not be presented to them, till two days after the fair.

Now have with you for *Leith*, whereto I no sooner came, but I was well entertained by Master *Barnard Lindsay*, one of the grooms of his Majesties bed-chamber, he knew my estate was not guilty, because I brought guilt with me (more than my sins, and they would not pass for current there) he therefore did replenish the vaustity \* of my empty

\* VAUSTITY,—Emptiness.

purse, and discharged a piece at me with two bullets of gold, each being in value worth eleven shillings white money; and I was creditably informed, that within the compass of one year, there was shipped away from that only port of *Leith*, fourscore thousand boles of wheat, oats, and barley into *Spain*, *France*, and other foreign parts, and every bole contains the measure of four English bushels, so that from *Leith* only hath been transported three hundred and twenty thousand bushels of corn; besides some hath been shipped away from Saint *Andrews*, from *Dundee*, *Aberdeen*, *Dysart*, *Kirkaldy*, *Kinghorn*, *Burntisland*, *Dunbar*, and other portable towns, which makes me to wonder that a kingdom so populous as it is, should nevertheless sell so much bread-corn beyond the seas, and yet to have more than sufficient for themselves.

So I having viewed the haven and town of *Leith*, took a passage boat to see the new wondrous Well,\* to which many a one that is not well, comes far and near in hope to be made well: indeed I did hear that it had done much good, and that it hath a rare operation to expel or kill divers maladies; as to provoke appetite, to help much for the avoiding of the gravel in the bladder, to cure sore eyes, and old ulcers, with many other virtues which it hath, but I (through the mercy of God, having no

\*See Anderson's *The Cold Spring of Kinghorn Craig*, Edinb. 1618.

need of it, did make no great inquisition what it had done, but for novelty I drank of it, and I found the taste to be more pleasant than any other water, sweet almost as milk, yet as clear as crystal, and I did observe that though a man did drink a quart, a pottle, or as much as his belly could contain, yet it never offended or lay heavy upon the stomach, no more than if one had drank but a pint or a small quantity.

I went two miles from it to a town called *Burntisland*, where I found many of my especial good friends, as Master *Robert Hay*, one of the Grooms of his Majesty's Bed-chamber, Master *David Drummond*, one of his Gentlemens-Pensioners, Master *James Acmoote*, one of the Grooms of the Privy Chamber, Captain *Murray*, Sir *Henry Witherington* Knight, Captain *Tyrie*, and divers others : and there Master *Hay*, Master *Drummond*, and the good old Captain *Murray* did very bountifully furnish me with gold for my expenses, but I being at dinner with those aforesaid gentlemen, as we were discoursing, there befel a strange accident, which I think worth the relating.

I know not upon what occasion they began to talk of being at sea in former times, and I (amongst the rest) said, I was at the taking of *Cadiz* ; whereto an English gentleman replied, that he was the next good voyage after at the Islands ; I answered him

that I was there also. He demanded in what ship I was ? I told him in the Rainbow of the Queens : why (quoth he) do you not know me ? I was in the same ship, and my name is *Witherington*.

Sir, said I, I do remember the name well, but by reason that it is near two and twenty years since I saw you, I may well forget the knowledge of you. Well said he, if you were in that ship, I pray you tell me some remarkable token that happened in the voyage, whereupon I told him two or three tokens ; which he did know to be true. Nay then, said I, I will tell you another which (perhaps) you have not forgotton ; as our ship and the rest of the fleet did ride at anchor at the Isle of *Flores* (one of the Isles of the *Azores*) there were some fourteen men and boys of our ship, that for novelty would go ashore, and see what fruit the island did bear, and what entertainment it would yield us ; so being landed, we went up and down and could find nothing but stones, heath and moss, and we expected oranges, lemons, figs, muskmellions, and potatoes ; in the mean space the wind did blow so stiff, and the sea was so extreme rough, that our ship-boat could not come to the land to fetch us, for fear she should be beaten in pieces against the rocks ; this continued five days, so that we were almost famished for want of food : but at last (I squandering up and down) by the providence

of God I happened into a cave or poor habitation, where I found fifteen loaves of bread, each of the quantity of a penny loaf in *England*, I having a valiant stomach of the age of almost of a hundred and twenty hours breeding, fell to, and ate two loaves and never said grace : and as I was about to make a horse-loaf of the third loaf, I did put twelve of them into my breeches, and my sleeves, and so went mumbling out of the cave, leaning my back against a tree, when upon the sudden a gentleman came to me, and said, "Friend, what are you eating? Bread, (quoth I,) For God's sake, said he, give me some. With that, I put my hand into my breech, (being my best pantry) and I gave him a loaf, which he received with many thanks, and said, that if ever he could requit it, he would.

I had no sooner told this tale, but Sir *Henry Witherington* did acknowledge himself to be the man that I had given the loaf unto two and twenty years before, where I found the proverb true, that men have more privilege than mountains in meeting.

In what great measure he did requite so small a courtesy, I will relate in this following discourse in my return through *Northumberland*: so leaving my man at the town of *Burntisland*, I told him, I would but go to *Stirling*, and see the Castle there, and withal to see my honourable friends the Earl of

*Mar*, and Sir *William Murray* Knight, Lord of *Abercairney*, and that I would return within two days at the most : but it fell out quite contrary ; for it was and five and thirty days before I could get back again out of these noble men's company. The whole progress of my travel with them, and the cause of my stay I cannot with gratefulness omit ; and thus it was.

A worthy gentleman named Master *John Fenton*, did bring me on my way six miles to *Dunfermline*, where I was well entertained, and lodged at Master *John Gibb* his house, one of the Grooms of his Majesty's Bed-chamber, and I think the oldest servant the King hath : withal, I was well entertained there by Master *Crichton* at his own house, who went with me, and shewed me the Queens Palace ; (a delicate and Princely Mansion) withal I saw the ruins of an ancient and stately built Abbey, with fair gardens, orchards, meadows belonging to the Palace : all which with fair and goodly revenues by the suppression of the Abbey, were annexed to the crown. There also I saw a very fair church, which though it be now very large and spacious, yet it hath in former times been much larger. But I taking my leave of *Dunfermline*, would needs go and see the truly noble Knight Sir *George Bruce*, at a town called the *Culross* : there he made me right welcome, both with variety of fare, and after



all, he commanded three of his men to direct me to see his most admirable coal mines ; which (if man can or could work wonders) is a wonder ; for myself neither in any travels that I have been in, nor any history that I have read, or any discourse that I have heard, did never see, read, or hear of any work of man that might parallel or be equivalent with this unfellowed and unmatched work : and though all I can say of it, cannot describe it according to the worthiness of his vigilant industry, that was both the occasion, inventor, and maintainer of it : yet rather than the memory of so rare an enterprise, and so accomplished a profit to the commonwealth shall be raked and smothered in the dust of oblivion, I will give a little touch at the description of it, although I amongst writers, am like he that worse may hold the candle.

The mine hath two ways into it, the one by sea and the other by land ; but a man may go into it by land, and return the same way if he please, and so he may enter into it by sea, and by sea he may come forth of it : but I for variety's sake went in by sea, and out by land. Now men may object, how can a man go into a mine, the entrance of it being into the sea, but that the sea will follow him, and so drown the mine ? To which objection thus I answer, that at low water mark, the sea being ebbd away, and a great part of the sand bare ; upon this

same sand (being mixed with rocks and crags) did the master of this great work build a round circular frame of stone, very thick, strong, and joined together with glutinous or bituminous matter, so high withal that the sea at the highest flood, or the greatest rage of storm or tempest, can neither dissolve the stones so well compacted in the building or yet overflow the height of it. Within this round frame, (at all adventures) he did set workmen to dig with mattocks, pickaxes, and other instruments fit for such purposes. They did dig forty feet down right into and through a rock. At last they found that which they expected, which was sea coal, they following the vein of the mine, did dig forward still : so that in the space of eight and twenty, or nine and twenty years, they have digged more than an English mile under the sea, so that when men are at work below, an hundred of the greatest ships in *Britain* man sail over their heads. Besides, the mine is most artificially cut like an arch or a vault, all that great length, with many nooks and bye-ways : and it is so made, that a man may walk upright in the most places, both in and out. Many poor people are there set on work, which otherwise through the want of employment would perish. But when I had seen the mine, and was come forth of it again ; after my thanks given to Sir *George Bruce*, I told him, that if the plotters of the

Powder Treason in England had seen this mine,  
 that they (perhaps) would have attempted to have left  
 the Parliament House, and have undermined the  
 Thames, and so to have blown up the barges and  
 wherries, wherein the King, and all the estates of  
 our kingdom were. Moreover, I said, that I could  
 afford to turn tapster at *London*, so that I had but  
 one quarter of a mile of his mine to make me  
 a cellar, to keep beer and bottled ale  
 in. But leaving these jests in  
 prose, I will relate a few  
 verses that I made  
 merrily of this  
 mine.



THAT have wasted, months, weeks, days,  
 and hours  
 In viewing kingdoms, countries, towns,  
 and towers,

Without all measure, measuring many paces,  
 And with my pen describing many places,  
 With few additions of mine own devising,  
 (Because I have a smack of *Coryatizing*<sup>1</sup>)

<sup>1</sup>CORYATIZING.—Thomas Coryate, an English traveller, who called himself the “Odcombian leg-stretcher.” He was the son of the rector of Odcombe, and in 1611 published an account of his travels on the Continent with the singular title of “Coryates Crudities. Hastily gobbled up in five Moneths travells in France, Savoy, Italy, Rhetia, commonly called the Grisons country. Helvetia, alias Switzerland, some parts of high Germany, and the

Our *Mandeville*, *Primaleon*, *Don Quixote*,  
 Great *Amadis*, or *Huon*, travelled not  
 As I have done, or been where I have been,  
 Or heard and seen, what I have heard and seen ;  
 Nor Britain's *Odcombe* (*Zany* brave *Ulysses*)  
 In all his ambling, saw the like as this is.  
 I was in (would I could describe it well)  
 A dark, light, pleasant, profitable hell,  
 And as by water I was wafted in,  
 I thought that I in *Charon's* boat had been,  
 But being at the entrance landed thus,  
 Three men there (instead of *Cerberus*)  
 Convey'd me in, in each one hand a light  
 To guide us in that vault of endless night,  
 There young and old with glim'ring candles burning  
 Dig, delve, and labour, turning and returning,  
 Some in a hole with baskets and with bags,  
 Resembling furies, or infernal hags :  
 There one like *Tantalus* feeding, and there one,  
 Like *Sisyphus* he rolls the restless stone.  
 Yet all I saw was pleasure mixed with profit,  
 Which proved it to be no tormenting Tophet<sup>2</sup> :\*

Netherlands ; Newly digested in the hungary aire of Odcombe in the county of Somerset, and now dispersed to the nourishment of the travelling members of this Kingdome, &c. London, printed by W. S., Anno Domini 1611." Taylor had an especial grudge against Coryat, for having had influence enough to procure his "Laugh and be Fat"—directed against the traveller—to be burned ; and that he never failed to "feed fat the ancient grudge," may be seen in the many pieces of ridicule levelled at the author of the "Crudities," even after his death.

\*TOPHET.—The Hebrew name for *Hell*.

For in this honest, worthy, harmless hell,  
There ne'er did any damned Devil dwell ;  
And th' owner of it gains by 't more true glory,  
Than *Rome* doth by fantastic Purgatory.  
A long mile thus I passed, down, down, steep, steep,  
In deepness far more deep, than *Neptunes* deep,  
Whilst o'er my head (in fourfold stories high)  
Was earth, and sea, and air, and sun, and sky :  
That had I died in that *Cimmerian*<sup>1</sup> room,  
Four elements had covered o'er my tomb :  
Thus farther than the bottom did I go,  
(And many Englishmen have not done so ;)   
Where mounting porpoises, and mountain whales,  
And regiments of fish with fins and scales,  
'Twixt me and heaven did freely glide and slide,  
And where great ships may at an anchor ride :  
Thus in by sea, and out by land I past,  
And took my leave of good Sir *George* at last.

The sea at certain places doth leak, or soak  
into the mine, which by the industry of Sir *George Bruce*, is all conveyed to one well near the land ;  
where he hath a device like a horse-mill, that with  
three horses and a great chain of iron, going downward many fathoms, with thirty-six buckets fastened

<sup>1</sup>CIMMERIAN.—Pertaining to the Cimmerii, or their country ; extremely and perpetually dark. The Cimmerii were an ancient people of the land now called the Crimea, and their country being subject to heavy fogs, was fabled to be involved in deep and continual obscurity. Ancient poets also mention a people of this name who dwelt in a valley near Lake Avernus, in Italy, which the sun was said never to visit.

to the chain, of the which eighteen go down still to be filled, and eighteen ascend up to be emptied, which do empty themselves (without any man's labour) into a trough that conveys the water into the sea again; by which means he saves his mine, which otherwise would be destroyed with the sea, besides he doth make every week ninety or a hundred tons of salt, which doth serve most part of *Scotland*, some he sends into *England*, and very much into *Germany*: all which shows the painful industry with God's blessings to such worthy endeavours: I must with many thanks remember his courtesy to me, and lastly how he sent his man to guide me ten miles on the way to *Stirling*, where by the way I saw the outside of a fair and stately house called *Allaway*, belonging to the Earl of *Mar* which by reason that his honour was not there, I past by and went to *Stirling*, where I was entertained and lodged at one Master *John Archibalds*, where all my want was that I wanted room to contain half the good cheer that I might have had there! he had me into the castle, which in few words I do compare to *Windsor* for situation, much more than *Windsor* in strength, and somewhat less in greatness: yet I dare affirm that his Majesty hath not such another hall to any house that he hath neither in *England* or *Scotland*, except *Westminster Hall* which is now no dwelling hall

for a prince, being long since metamorphosed into a house for the law and the profits.

This goodly hall was built by King *James* the fourth, that married King *Henry* the Eighth's sister, and after was slain at *Flodden field*; but it surpasses all the halls for dwelling houses that ever I saw, for length, breadth, height and strength of building, the castle is built upon a rock very lofty, and much beyond *Edinburgh* Castle in state and magnificence, and not much inferior to it in strength, the rooms of it are lofty, with carved works on the ceilings, the doors of each room being so high, that a man may ride upright on horseback into any chamber or lodging. There is also a goodly fair chapel, with cellars, stables, and all other necessary offices, all very stately and befitting the majesty of a king.

From *Stirling* I rode to Saint *Johnstone*,<sup>1</sup> a fine town it is, but it is much decayed, by reason of the want of his Majesty's yearly coming to lodge there. There I lodged one night at an inn, the goodman of the house his name being *Patrick Pitcairne*, where my entertainment was with good cheer, good lodging, all too good to a bad weary guest. Mine host told me that the Earl of *Mar*, and Sir *William Murray* of *Abercairney* were gone to the great hunting to the *Brae* of *Mar*<sup>2</sup>; but if

<sup>1</sup>PERTH.    <sup>2</sup>BRAEMAR.

I made haste I might perhaps find them at a town called *Brckin*, or *Brechin*, two and thirty miles from Saint *Johnstone* whereupon I took a guide to *Brechin* the next day, but before I came, my lord was gone from thence four days.

Then I took another guide, which brought me such strange ways over mountains and rocks, that I think my horse never went the like ; and I am sure I never saw any ways that might fellow them I did go through a country called *Glen Esk*, where passing by the side of a hill, so steep as the ridge of a house, where the way was rocky, and not above a yard broad in some places, so fearful and horrid it was to look down into the bottom, for if either horse or man had slipped, he had fallen without recovery) a good mile downright ; but I thank God, at night I came to a lodging in the Laird of *Edzell's* land, where I lay at an Irish house, the folks not being able to speak scarce any English, but I supped and went to bed, where I had not laid long, but I was enforced to rise, I was so stung with Irish musquitoes, a creature that hath six legs, and lives like a monster altogether upon man's flesh, they do inhabit and breed most in sluttish houses, and this house was none of the cleanest, the beast is much like a louse in *England*, both in shape and nature ; in a word, they were to me the *A.* and the *Z.* the prologue and the epilogue, the



first and the last that I had in all my travels from *Edinburgh*; and had not this Highland Irish house helped me at a pinch, I should have sworn that all *Scotland* had not been so kind as to have bestowed a louse upon me: but with a shift that I had, I shifted off my cannibals, and was never more troubled with them.

The next day I travelled over an exceeding high mountain, called mount *Skene*, where I found the valley very warm before I went up it; but when I came to the top of it, my teeth began to dance in my head with cold, like Virginal's jacks;\* and withal, a most familiar mist embraced me round, that I could not see thrice my length any way: withal, it yielded so friendly a dew, that did moisten through all my clothes: where the old Proverb of a Scottish mist was verified, in wetting me to the skin. Up and down, I think this hill is six miles, the way so uneven, stony, and full of bogs, quagmires, and long heath, that a dog with three legs will out-run a horse with four; for do what we could, we were four hours before we could pass it.

Thus with extreme travel, ascending and descending, mounting and alighting, I came at night to the place where I would be, in the Brae of *Mar*, which is a large county, all composed of such mountains, that Shooter's Hill, Gad's Hill, Highgate

\*VIRGINAL JACK.—A keyed instrument resembling a spinet.

Hill, Hampstead Hill, Birdlip Hill, or Malvern's Hills, are but mole-hills in comparison, or like a liver, or a gizzard under a capon's wing, in respect of the altitude of their tops, or perpendicularity of their bottoms. There I saw Mount *Ben Aven*, with a furred mist upon his snowy head instead of a night-cap : (for you must understand, that the oldest man alive never saw but the snow was on the top of divers of those hills, both in summer, as well as in winter.) There did I find the truly Noble and Right Honourable Lords *John Erskine* Earl of Mar, *James Stuart* Earl of Murray, *George Gordon* Earl of Enzie, son and heir to the Marquess of Huntly, *James Erskine* Earl of Buchan, and *John* Lord *Erskine*, son and heir to the Earl of Mar, and their Countesses, with my much honoured, and my best assured and approved friend, Sir *William Murray* Knight, of *Abercairney*, and hundred of others Knights, Esquires, and their followers ; all and every man in general in one habit, as if *Lycurgus* had been there, and made laws of equality : for once in the year, which is the whole month of August, and sometimes part of September, many of the nobility and gentry of the kingdom (for their pleasure) do come into these Highland Countries to hunt, where they do conform themselves to the habit of the Highland men, who for the most part speak nothing but Irish ;

and in former time were those people which were called the *Red-shanks*.<sup>1</sup> Their habit is shoes with but one sole apiece ; stockings (which they call short hose) made of a warm stuff of divers colours, which they call tartan : as for breeches, many of them, nor their forefathers never wore any, but a jerkin of the same stuff that their hose is of, their garters being bands or wreaths of hay or straw, with a plaid about their shoulders, which is a mantle of divers colours, of much finer and lighter stuff than their hose, with blue flat caps on their heads, a handkerchief knit with two knots about their neck ; and thus are they attired. Now their weapons are long bows and forked arrows, swords and targets, harquebusses, muskets, dirks, and Lochaber axes. With these arms I found many of them armed for the hunting. As for their attire, any man of what degree soever that comes amongst them, must not disdain to wear it ; for if they do, then they will disdain to hunt, or willingly to bring in their dogs : but if men be kind unto them, and be in their habit ; then are they conquered with kindness, and the sport will be plentiful. This was the reason that I found so

<sup>1</sup>RED-SHANKS.—A contemptuous appellation for Scottish Highland clansmen and native Irish, with reference to their naked hirsute limbs, and “As lively as a *Red-Shank*” is still a proverbial saying :—“And we came into Ireland, where they would have landed in the north parts. But I would not, because there the inhabitants were all *Red-shanks*.”—*Sir Walter Raleigh's* Speech on the Scaffold.

many noblemen and gentlemen in those shapes. But to proceed to the hunting.

My good Lord of *Mar* having put me into that shape,<sup>1</sup> I rode with him from his house, where I saw the ruins of an old castle, called the castle of *Kindroghit* [Castletown]. It was built by King *Malcolm Canmore* (for a hunting house) who reigned in *Scotland* when *Edward* the Confessor, *Harold*, and Norman *William* reigned in *England*: I speak of it, because it was the last house that I saw in those parts; for I was the space of twelve days after, before I saw either house, corn field, or habitation for any creature, but deer, wild horses, wolves, and such like creatures, which made me doubt that I should never have seen a house again.<sup>2</sup>

Thus the first day we travelled eight miles, where there small cottages built on purpose to lodge in, which they call *Lonchards*, I thank my good Lord *Erskine*, he commanded that I should always be lodged in his lodging, the kitchen being always on the side of a bank, many kettles and pots boiling, and many spits turning and winding, with great variety of cheer: as venison baked, sodden, roast, and stewed beef, mutton, goats, kid, hares, fresh salmon, pigeons, hens, capons, chickens, partridge, moor-coots, heath-cocks, capercailzies, and

<sup>1</sup>PUT ME INTO THAT SHAPE.—That is, invested him in Highland attire.

<sup>2</sup>“Probably the district around the skirts of Ben Muicdui.”—*Chambers’ Domestic Annals of Scotland*.

termagants [ptarmigans]; good ale, sack, white, and claret, tent, (or Alicante) with most potent *Aquavitæ*.

All these, and more than these we had continually, in superfluous abundance, caught by Falconers, Fowlers, Fishers, and brought by my Lord's tenants and purveyors to victual our camp, which consisted of fourteen or fifteen hundred men and horses ; the manner of the hunting is this : five or six hundred men do rise early in the morning, and they do disperse themselves divers ways, and seven, eight, or ten miles compass, they do bring or chase in the deer in many herds, (two, three, or four hundred in a herd) to such or such a place, as the Nobleman shall appoint them ; then when day is come, the Lords and gentlemen of their companies, do ride or go to the said places, sometimes wading up to their middles through bournes and rivers : and then : they being come to the place, do lie down on the ground, till those foresaid scouts which are called the Tinchel, do bring down the deer : but as the proverb says of a bad cook, so these Tinchel-men do lick their own fingers ; for besides their bows and arrows, which they carry with them, we can hear now and then a harquebuss or a musket go off, which they do seldom discharge in vain : Then after we had stayed there three hours or thereabouts, we might perceive the deer appear on the hills round about us, (their heads making a show like

a wood) which being followed close by the Tinchel, are chased down into the valley where we lay ; then all the valley on each side being waylaid with a hundred couple of strong Irish greyhounds, they are let loose as the occasion serves upon the herd of deer, so that with dogs, guns, arrows, dirks, and daggers, in the space of two hours, fourscore fat deer were slain, which after are disposed of some one way, and some another, twenty and thirty miles, and more than enough left for us to make merry withal at our rendezvous. I liked the sport so well, that I made these two sonnets following.



WHY should I waste invention to indite,  
*Ovidian* fictions, or Olympian games ?

My misty Muse enlightened with more  
light,

To a more noble pitch her aim she frames.

I must relate to my great Master JAMES,

The Caledonian annual peaceful war ;

How noble minds do eternize their fames,

By martial meeting in the Brae of *Mar* :

How thousand gallant spirits came near and far,

With swords and targets, arrows, bows, and guns,

That all the troop to men of judgment, are

The God of Wars great never conquered sons,

The sport is manly, yet none bleed but beasts,

And last the victor on the vanquished feasts.



If sport like this can on the mountains be,  
Where *Phœbus* flames can never melt the  
snow ;

Then let who list delight in vales below,  
Sky-kissing mountains pleasure are for me :

What braver object can man's eyesight see,  
Than noble, worshipful, and worthy wights,  
As if they were prepared for sundry fights,  
Yet all in sweet society agree ?

Through heather, moss, 'mongst frogs, and bogs,  
and fogs,

'Mongst craggy cliffs, and thunder-battered hills,  
Hares, hinds, bucks, roes, are chased by men and  
dogs,

Where two hours hunting fourscore fat deer kills.

Lowland, your sports are low as is your seat,  
The Highland games and minds, are high and great.

Being come to our lodgings, there was such baking, boiling, roasting, and stewing, as if Cook Ruffian had been there to have scalded the devil in his feathers : and after supper a fire of fir-wood as high as an indifferent May-pole : for I assure you, that the Earl of *Mar* will give any man that is his friend, for thanks, as many fir trees (that are as good as any ship's masts in England) as are worth if they were in any place near the Thames, or

any other portable river) the best earldom in England or Scotland either : For I dare affirm, he hath as many growing there, as would serve for masts (from this time to the end of the world) for all the ships, caracks, hoys, galleys, boats, drumlers, barks, and water-crafts, that are now, or can be in the world these forty years.

This sounds like a lie to an unbeliever ; but I and many thousands do know that I speak within the compass of truth : for indeed (the more is the pity) they do grow so far from any passage of water, and withal in such rocky mountains, that no way to convey them is possible to be passable, either with boat, horse, or cart.

Thus having spent certain days in hunting in the Brae of *Mar*, we went to the next county called *Badenoch*, belonging to the Earl of *Enzie*, where having such sport and entertainment as we formerly had ; after four or five days pastime, we took leave of hunting for that year ; and took our journey toward a strong house of the Earl's, called *Ruthven* in *Badenoch*, where my Lord of *Enzie* and his noble Countess (being daughter to the Earl of *Argyle*) did give us most noble welcome three days.

From thence we went to a place called *Balloch Castle*,\* a fair and stately house, a worthy gentleman being the owner of it, called the Laird of *Grant* ;

\*BALLOCH CASTLE.—Now called Castle-Grant.



his wife being a gentlewoman honourably descended being sister to the right Honourable Earl of *Athol*, and to Sir *Patrick Murray* Knight; she being both inwardly and outwardly plentifully adorned with the gifts of grace and nature : so that our cheer was more than sufficient; and yet much less than they could afford us. There stayed there four days, four Earls, one Lord, divers Knights and Gentlemen, and their servants, footmen and horses; and every meal four long tables furnished with all varieties: our first and second course being three score dishes at one board; and after that always a banquet: and there if I had not forsworn wine till I came to *Edinburgh* I think I had there drunk my last.

The fifth day with much ado we gate from thence to *Tarnaway*, a goodly house of the Earl of *Murrays*,<sup>1</sup> where that Right Honourable Lord and his Lady did welcome us four days more. There was good cheer in all variety, with somewhat more than plenty for advantage: for indeed the County of *Murray* is the most pleasantest and plentiful country in all *Scotland*; being plain land, that a coach may be driven more than four and thirty miles one way in it, alongst by the sea-coast.

From thence I went to *Elgin* in *Murray*,<sup>2</sup> an ancient City, where there stood a fair and beautiful church with three steeples, the walls of it and the

<sup>1</sup>MORAY.<sup>2</sup>MORAYLAND.

steeple all yet standing ; but the roofs, windows, and many marble monuments and tombs of honourable and worthy personages all broken and defaced : this was done in the time when ruin bare rule, and Knox knocked down churches.

From *Elgin* we went to the Bishop of *Murray* his house which is called *Spiny*, or *Spinay* : a Reverend Gentleman he is, of the noble name of *Douglas*, where we were very well welcomed, as befitted the honour of himself and his guests.

From thence we departed to the Lord Marquess of *Huntlys* to a sumptuous house of his, named the *Bog of Geethe*, where our entertainment was like himself, free, bountiful and honourable. There (after two days stay) with much entreaty and earnest suit, I gate leave of the Lords to depart towards *Edinburgh* : the Noble Marquess, the Earl of *Mar*, *Murray*, *Enzie*, *Buchan*, and the Lord *Erskine* ; all these, I thank them, gave me gold to defray my charges in my journey.

So after five and thirty days hunting and travel I returning, past by another stately mansion of the Lord Marquesses, called *Stroboggy*, and so over *Carny* mount to *Brechin*, where a wench that was born deaf and dumb came into my chamber at midnight (I being asleep) and she opening the bed, would feign have lodged with me : but had I been a *Sardanapalus*, or a *Heliogabulus*, I think that

either the great travel over the mountains had tamed me ; or if not, her beauty could never have moved me. The best parts of her were, that her breath was as sweet as sugar-candian,\* being very well shouldered beneath the waste ; and as my hostess told me the next morning, that she had changed her maiden-head for the price of a bastard not long before. But howsoever, she made such a hideous noise, that I started out of my sleep, and thought that the Devil had been there : but I no sooner knew who it was, but I arose, and thrust my dumb beast out of my chamber ; and for want of a lock or a latch, I staked up my door with a great chair.

Thus having escaped one of the seven deadly sins as at *Brechin*, I departed from thence to a town called *Forfor* ; and from thence to *Dundee*, and so to *Kinghorn*, *Burntisland*, and so to *Edinburgh*, where I stayed eight days, to recover myself of falls and bruises, which I received in my travel in the Highland mountainous hunting. Great welcome I had showed me all my stay at *Edinburgh*, by many worthy gentlemen, namely, old Master *George Todrigg*, Master *Henry Livingston*, Master *James Henderson*, Master *John Maxwell*, and a number of others, who suffered me to want no wine or good cheer, as may be imagined.

\*SUGAR-CANDIAN.—i.e., Sugar-candy.

Now the day before I came from *Edinburgh*, I went to *Leith*, where I found my long approved and assured good friend Master *Benjamin Jonson*, at one Master *John Stuarts* house; I thank him for his great kindness towards me: for at my taking leave of him, he gave me a piece of gold of two and twenty shillings<sup>1</sup> to drink his health in *England*.

<sup>1</sup>A PIECE OF GOLD OF TWO-AND-TWENTY SHILLINGS.—“This was a considerable present; but Jonson’s hand and heart were ever open to his acquaintance. All his pleasures were social; and while health and fortune smiled upon him, he was no niggard either of his time or talents to those who needed them. There is something striking in Taylor’s concluding sentence, when the result of his (Jonson’s) visit to Drummond is considered:—but there is one *evil that walks*, which keener eyes than John’s have often failed to discover.—I have only to add, in justice to this honest man (Taylor) that his gratitude outlived the subject of it. He paid the tribute of a verse to his benefactor’s memory:—the verse indeed, was mean: but poor Taylor had nothing better to give.”—Lt. Col. Francis Cunningham’s edition of Gifford’s Ben Jonson’s Works, p. xli.

“In the summer of 1618 Scotland received a visit from the famous Ben Jonson. The burly Laureate walked all the way, among the motives for a journey then undertaken by few Englishmen, might be curiosity regarding a country from which he knew that his family was derived, his grandfather having been one of the Johnsons of Annandale. He had many friends too, particularly among the connections of the Lennox family, whom he might be glad to see at their own houses. Among those with whom he had amicable intercourse, was William Drummond, the poet, then in the prime of life, and living as a bachelor in his romantic mansion of Hawthornden, on the Esk, seven miles from Edinburgh. It is probable that Drummond and Jonson had met before in London, and indulged together in the “wit-combats” at the Mermaid and similar scenes. Indeed, there is a prevalent belief in Scotland that it was mainly to see Drummond at Hawthornden that Jonson came so far from home, and certain it is, from Drummond’s report of his ‘*Conversations*,’ that he designed ‘to write a Fisher or Pastoral (Piscatory?) Play—and make the stage of it on the Lomond Lake—he also contemplated writing in prose his ‘Foot Pilgrimage to Scotland,’ which, with a feeling very natural in one who found so much to admire where so little had been known, he spoke

And withal, willed me to remember his kind commendations to all his friends : So with a friendly farewell, I left him as well, as I hope never to see him in a worse estate : for he is amongst noblemen and gentlemen that know his true worth, and their own honours, where, with much respective love he is worthily entertained.

So leaving *Leith* I returned to *Edinburgh*, and within the port or gate, called the *Nether-Bow*, I discharged my pockets of all the money I had : and as I came penniless within the walls of that city at my first coming thither ; so now at my departing from thence, I came moneyless out of it again ; having in company to convey me out, certain gentlemen, amongst the which Master *James Acherson*, Laird of *Gasford*, a gentleman that brought me to his

of entitling 'A DISCOVERY.' Unfortunately, this work, as well as a poem in which he called *Edinburgh*—

'The Heart of Scotland, Britain's other eye,'

has not been preserved to us. We can readily see that the work contemplated must have been of a general character, from Jonson's letters to Drummond on the subject of it. How much to be regretted that we have not the Scotland of that day delineated by so vigorous a pen as that of the author of *Sejanus*!"—*Chambers' Domestic Annals of Scotland*, vol. i.

Whether Taylor's "*Penniless Pilgrimage*" really did interfere with, and prevent the publication of Ben Jonson's '*Foot Pilgrimage*' would now be difficult to say. It is very evident from Taylor's remarks in his Dedication "To all my loving adventurers, &c.," he had been accused by the critics that he "*did undergo this project, either in malice, or mockage of Master Benjamin Jonson.*" It is quite certain that Taylor lost no time in getting his "*Pilgrimage*" printed "at the charges of the author" immediately on his return to London on the fifteenth of October 1618.

house, where with great entertainment he and his good wife did welcome me.

On the morrow he sent one of his men to bring me to a place called *Adam*, to Master *John Acmoote* his house, one of the Grooms of his Majesty's Bed-chamber; where with him and his two brethren, Master *Alexander*, and Master *James Acmoote*, I found both cheer and welcome, not inferior to any that I had had in any former place.

Amongst our viands that we had there, I must not forget the Sole and Goose (*sic*), a most delicate fowl, which breeds in great abundance in a little rock called the *Bass*, which stands two miles into the sea. It is very good flesh, but it is eaten in the form as we eat oysters, standing at a side-board, a little before dinner, unsanctified without grace; and after it is eaten, it must be well liquored with two or three good rouses\* of sherry or canary sack. The Lord or owner of the *Bass* doth profit at the least two hundred pound yearly by those geese; the *Bass* itself being of a great height, and near three quarters of a mile in compass, all fully replenished with wild fowl, having but one small entrance into it, with a house, a garden, and a chapel in it; and on the top of it a well of pure fresh water.

From *Adam*, Master *John* and Master *James Acmoote* went to the town of *Dunbar* with me,

\*ROUSE.—A full glass, a bumper,

where ten Scottish pints of wine were consumed, and brought to nothing for a farewell: there at Master *James Baylies* house I took leave, and Master *James Acmoote* coming for *England*, said, that if I would ride with, that neither I nor my horse should want betwixt that place and *London*. Now I having no money nor means for travel, began at once to examine my manners and my want: at last my want persuaded my manners to accept of this worthy gentleman's undeserved courtesy. So that night he brought me to a place called *Cockburnspath*, where we lodged at an inn, the like of which I dare say, is not in any of his Majesty's Dominions. And for to show my thankfulness to Master *William Arnot* and his wife, the owners thereof, I must explain their bountiful entertainment of guests, which is this:

Suppose ten, fifteen, or twenty men and horses come to lodge at their house, the men shall have flesh, tame and wild fowl, fish with all variety of good cheer, good lodging, and welcome; and the horses shall want neither hay or provender: and at the morning at their departure the reckoning is just nothing. This is this worthy gentlemen's use, his chief delight being only to give strangers entertainment *gratis*: and I am sure, that in *Scotland* beyond *Edinburgh*, I have been at houses like

castles for building ; the master of the house his beaver being his blue bonnet, one that will wear no other shirts, but of the flax that grows on his own ground, and of his wife's, daughters', or servants' spinning ; that hath his stockings, hose, and jerkin of the wool of his own sheep's backs ; that never (by his pride of apparel) caused mercer, draper, silk-man, embroiderer, or haberdasher to break and turn bankrupt : and yet this plain home-spun fellow keeps and maintains thirty, forty, fifty servants, or perhaps, more, every day relieving three or fourscore poor people at his gate ; and besides all this, can give noble entertainment for four or five days together to five or six earls and lords, besides knights, gentlemen and their followers, if they be three or four hundred men, and horse of them, where they shall not only feed but feast, and not feast but banquet, this is a man that desires to know nothing so much, as his duty to God and his King, whose greatest cares are to practise the works of piety, charity, and hospitality : he never studies the consuming art of fashionless fashions, he never tries his strength to bear four or five hundred acres on his back at once, his legs are always at liberty, not being fettered with golden garters, and manacled with artificial roses, whose weight (sometime) is the last reliques of some decayed Lordship : Many of these



worthy housekeepers there are in *Scotland*, amongst some of them I was entertained; from whence I did truly gather these aforesaid observations.

So leaving *Cockburnspath*, we rode to *Berwick*, where the worthy old Soldier and ancient Knight, Sir *William Bowyer*, made me welcome, but contrary to his will, we lodged at an Inn, where Master *James Acmootype* paid all charges: but at *Berwick* there was a grievous chance happened, which I think not fit the relation to be omitted.

In the river of *Tweed*, which runs by *Berwick*, are taken by fishermen that dwell there, infinite numbers of fresh salmons, so that many households and families are relieved by the profit of that fishing; but (how long since I know not) there was an order that no man or boy whatsoever should fish upon a Sunday: this order continued long amongst them, till some eight or nine weeks before Michaelmas last, on a Sunday, the salmons played in such great abundance in the river, that some of the fishermen (contrary to God's law and their own order) took boats and nets and fished, and caught near three hundred salmons; but from that time until Michaelmas day that I was there, which was nine weeks, and heard the report of it, and saw the poor people's miserable lamentations, they had not seen one salmon in the river; and some of them were in despair that they should never see any more there; affirming it

to be God's judgment upon them for the profanation of the Sabbath.

The thirtieth of September we rode from *Berwick* to *Belford* from *Belford* to *Alnwick*, the next day from *Alnwick* to *Newcastle*, where I found the noble Knight, Sir *Henry Witherington*; who, because I would have no gold nor silver, gave me a bay mare, in requital of a loaf of bread that I had given him two and twenty years before, at the Island of *Flores*, of the which I have spoken before. I overtook at *Newcastle* a great many of my worthy friends, which were all coming for *London*, namely, Master *Robert Hay*, and Master *David Drummond*, where I was welcomed at Master *Nicholas Tempests* house. From *Newcastle* I rode with those gentlemen to *Durham*, to *Darlington*, to *Northallerton*, and to *Topcliffe* in *Yorkshire*, where I took my leave of them, and would needs try my pennyless fortunes by myself, and see the city of *York*, where I was lodged at my right worshipful good friend, Master Doctor *Hudson* one of his Majesty's chaplains, who went with me, and shewed me the goodly Minster Church there, and the most admirable, rare-wrought, unfellowed<sup>1</sup> chapter house.

From *York* I rode to *Doncaster*, where my horses were well fed at the Bear, but myself found out the honorable Knight, Sir *Robert Anstruther* at his

<sup>1</sup>UNFELLOWED.—i.e., not matched.

father-in-law's, the truly noble Sir *Robert Swifts* house, he being then High Sheriff of *Yorkshire*, where with their good Ladies, and the right Honourable the Lord *Sanguhar*, I was stayed two nights and one day, Sir *Robert Anstruther* (I thank him) not only paying for my two horses' meat, but at my departure, he gave me a letter to *Newark* upon *Trent*, twenty eight miles in my way, where Master *George Atkinson* mine host made me as welcome, as if I had been a French Lord, and what was to be paid, as I called for nothing, I paid as much; and left the reckoning with many thanks to Sir *Robert Anstruther*.

So leaving *Newark*, with another gentleman that overtook me, we came at night to *Stamford*, to the sign of the Virginity (or the Maidenhead) where I delivered a letter from the Lord *Sanguhar*; which caused Master *Bates* and his wife, being the master and mistress of the house, to make me and the gentleman that was with me great cheer for nothing.

From *Stamford* the next day we rode to *Huntington*, where we lodged at the Postmaster's house, at the sign of the Crown; his name is *Riggs*. He was informed who I was, and wherefore I undertook this my penniless progress: wherefore he came up to our chamber, and supped with us, and very bountifully called for three quarts of wine and sugar, and four jugs of beer. He did drink and

begin healths like a horse-leech and swallowed down his cups without feeling, as if he had had the dropsy, or nine pound of sponge in his maw. In a word, as he is a post, he drank post, striving and calling by all means to make the reckoning great, or to make us men of great reckoning. But in his payment he was tired like a jade, leaving the gentleman that was with me to discharge the terrible shot, or else one of my horses must have lain in pawn for his superfluous calling, and unmannerly intrusion.

But leaving him, I left *Huntington*, and rode on the Sunday to *Puckeridge*, where Master *Holland* at the Falcon, (mine old acquaintance) and my loving and ancient host gave me, my friend, my man, and our horses excellent cheer, and welcome, and I paid him with, not a penny of money.

The next day I came to *London*, and obscurely coming within Moorgate, I went to a house and borrowed money : and so I stole back again to *Islington*, to the sign of the Maidenhead,<sup>1</sup> staying till Wednesday, that my friends came to meet me, who knew no other, but that Wednesday was my

<sup>1</sup>TO ISLINGTON TO THE SIGN OF THE MAIDENHEAD.—This then roadside Public-house, we are informed from recent enquiries, was situate at the corner of Maiden Lane, Battle Bridge, now known as King's Cross, from a statue of George IV.—a most execrable performance—taken down 1842. The "Old Pub" is turned into a gin palace, and named the Victoria, while Maiden Lane—an ancient way leading from Battle Bridge to Highgate Hill—is known now as York Road.

first coming ; where with all love I was entertained with much good cheer : and after supper we had a play of the Life and Death of *Guy of Warwick*,<sup>1</sup> played by the Right Honourable the Earl of *Derby* his men. And so on the Thursday morning being the fifteenth of October, I came home to my house in *London*.



## THE EPILOGUE TO ALL MY ADVENTURERS AND OTHERS.



**T**HUS did I neither spend, or beg, or ask,  
 By any course, direct or indirectly :  
 But in each tittle I performed my task,  
 According to my bill most circumspectly.  
 I vow to God, I have done SCOTLAND wrong,  
 (And (justly) against me it may bring an action)  
 I have not given it that right which doth belong,  
 For which I am half guilty of detraction :

<sup>1</sup>GUY OF WARWICK.—There are several versions and editions of this work. In the book of the Stationers' Company, John Trundle—he at the sign of NO-BODY—on the 15th of January, 1619, entered “a play, called the Life and Death of Guy Earl of Warwick, written by John Day and Thomas Dekker.” See Baker's Biog. Dram., page 274, vol. 2.—“Well, if he read this with patience I'll be gelt, and troll ballads for Master Trundle yonder, the rest of my mortality.”—*Ben Jonson's Every Man in his Humour*, act i. sc. 2.

Yet had I wrote all things that there I saw,  
Misjudging censures would suppose I flatter,  
And so my name I should in question draw,  
Where asses bray, and prattling pies do chatter :  
Yet (armed with truth) I publish with my pen,  
That there the Almighty doth his blessings heap,  
In such abundant food for beasts and men ;  
That I ne'er saw more plenty or more cheap.  
Thus what mine eyes did see, I do believe ;  
And what I do believe, I know is true :  
And what is true unto your hands I give,  
That what I give, may be believed of you.  
But as for him that says I lie or dote,  
I do return, and turn the lie in's throat.

Thus gentlemen, amongst you take my ware,  
You share my thanks, and I your moneys share.

*Yours in all observance and gratefulness,  
ever to be commanded,*

JOHN TAYLOR.

FINIS.



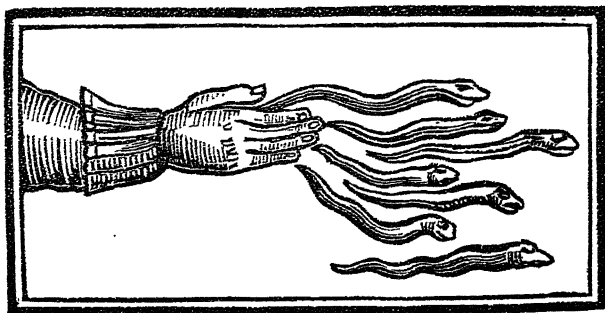
# A Kickfey Winfey:

O R

## *A Lerry Come-Twang:*

Wherein *Iohn Taylor* hath Satyrically  
*suited* 800. of his bad debtors that  
will not pay him for his returne  
of his I ourney from Scotland.

*My debtors like 7 eeles with slip'rie tailes  
One sort I catch, 6 slips away and failes.*



*London*

Printed by *Nicholas Okes*, for *Mathew  
Walbanck*, dwelling at *Grayes Inne Gate*,  
1619.







TO  
THE WORTHY GENTLEMAN,  
Master *Raphe* Wormlaighton ; the  
*hopeful son of his Noble Father,*  
Raphe Wormlaighton Esquire.



*RAY'S* Inn Wormlaighton, a true Scholar,  
*right*  
*With love and thanks, you paid me at first*  
*sight ;*  
*Your worthy father gave me what was due,*  
*And for his love, I give my thanks to you.*

J. T.





TO THE MIRROR OF GOOD FEL-  
LOWSHIP, THE PAT-

tern of true Friendship,

*and the only nonparallel of jovial En-*

*tertainment; Master George Hilton,*

at the sign of the Horse-shoe, at *Daventry*\*; *J. Taylor*

wisheth daily increase of good guests, true pay-

ment, hearts content in this life, and after-

ward as much happiness as his

soul can desire.

**K**IND Sir, I have seen oftentimes men offering to snuff a candle, have against their wills put it clean out; and an unskilful Chirurgeon taking a small green wound in hand, hath brought it to an old ulcer. I would be loth, for my part, to imitate either of these examples; for my intent is, confession of the wrong I did you, and an endeavour to make amends. I do confess that I did you wrong in print, in my book of my Travels [to Scotland], and

\*See page 9 of Taylor's *Penniless Pilgrimage*.

now in print, I do make you a public satisfaction for, I protest to God, that I have heard so much good report of you, that I am double sorry that I was so mistaken, and that I have been so long time before I have printed my recantation. It was your tapster's want of wit, and my want of discretion, that was the grounds of my too much credulity and temerity. For his part I wish him no more harm, but that chalk may be his best payments, thunder may sour his hogsheads, rats may gnaw out his spi-gots at midnight, and himself to commit his wit to the keeping of a fool while he lives; and your ostlers, for gaping so greedily like gudgeons upon me, I pray that they may every day mourn in litter and horse dung. But these are but jests by the way: for as many as know you, have told me, that if you had been at home, my entertainment had been better. If it had been so, it had been more than you owed me, and more than I at that time could have requited: but I would have stretched my wit upon the tenters of invention, in the praise of inns and inn-keepers, I would have put the forgetful world in mind of the good service that *Rahab* the innkeeper did at *Jericho*, in hiding and preserving the spies that were sent by *Caleb* and *Joshua*; I would have made the oblivious loggerheaded Age remember, that the Redeemer of the world did grace an inn with his blessed birth: what place then

but an inn was the High Court of Heaven and earth, the residence and lodging of the immortal King, of never-ending eternity? This and more I would have done, but what is passed cannot be recalled, and it is too late to put old omissions to new commitments. And so, my noble and thrice worthy host of hosts, I omit not to commit you and yours to the protection of the Lord of Hosts, desiring you to take this merry Pamphlet in good part, or in earnest of my better amends, and as a qualifier of your just anger.

*Yours in the best of his  
endeavours to be commanded,*

JOHN TAYLOR.





## THE WHY AND THE WHEREFORE.



*HAVE published this Pamphlet, to let my rich debtors understand, that as often as I meet them, I do look that they should pay me: and although I am shamefaced in not asking my due, yet I would not have them shameless in detaining it from me, because the sums are but small, and very easy for them (in general) to pay, and would do me a particular good to receive.*

*Secondly, I have sent this into the world, to inform some, that through their want do shun and avoid my sight and company, that they are much deceived in my disposition; for I ever did esteem an honest heart and a willing mind, as well as their performances.*

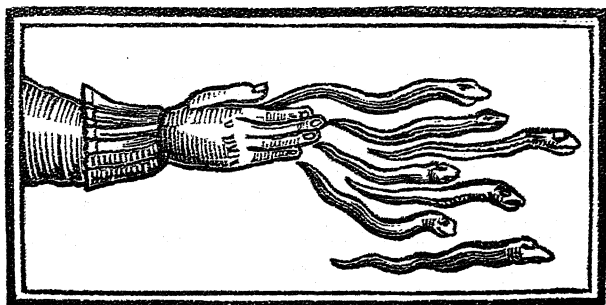
*Thirdly, there are some great men, who by reason of their extraordinary employments, my small acquaintance, and less means of access unto them, with my want of impudency, and their men's want of courtesies to inform them; all these are lets and demurs, against my satisfaction.*

*Lastly, the daily abuses that I have concerning the book of my Travels, wherein I am accused for lies, and falsifications; but I do and ever will steadfastly stand to the truth of every tittle of it, except the abuse that I did to Master Hilton at Daventry, and that was not done on known malice neither, but on blind ignorant information: and there is a second edition of my books of travels coming forth, wherein I will satirize, cauterize, and stigmatize all the whole kennel of curs that dare maliciously snarl against manifest, apparent, and well known truths. In the mean space, you that are my debtors, if you please to pay me, you shall therein put yourselves out of a bad number amongst which you yet are placed: if you will not pay me, take this bone to gnaw upon, that I do hope to be ever better furnished with money, than you shall be with honesty.*



A TABLE OF THE GENERAL HEADS,  
*containing seven parts.*

- 1 **T**HOSE that have paid.
- 2 Those that would pay if they could.
- 3 Those that walk invisible, and are not to  
 be found.
- 4 Those that say they will pay, who knows when ?
- 5 Those that are dead.
- 6 Those that are fled.
- 7 Those roarers that can pay, and will not.



*Those that do ever mean to pay,  
 Nothing at all this book doth say ;  
 To such my satire talketh still  
 As have not paid, nor ever will.*







## A KICKSEY WINSEY:

OR,

## A LERRY COME-TWANG;

Wherein *John Taylor* hath satirically *suitèd* 800 of  
*his bad debtors*, that will not pay him for his  
return of *his Journey from Scotland*.

1. *My thanks to those that have paid.*

**Y**OU worthy worthies, of that liberal tribe,  
Who freely gave your words, or did  
subscribe:  
And were not itched with the vain-  
glorious worm,  
To write and lie, but promise and perform,  
Black swans of *Britain*, I protest you are,  
And seem (to me) each one a blazing star;  
For this inconstant age so few affords  
Of men, whose deeds do counterpoise their words,  
That finding one, methinks I see a wonder,  
More than December's fruit, or winter's thunder;

Ingratitude, I hold a vice so vile,  
 That I could ne'er endure it a breathing while :  
 And therefore ere I'll prove a thankless jade,  
 Time in his course shall run quite retrograde ;  
 Yea, everything shall hate his proper kind,  
 Before I'll harbour an ungrateful mind :  
 And still I vow to quit you in some part,  
 With my best wishes, and a thankful heart :  
 So much to you, my *Muse* hath sung or said,  
 Whose loving bounties hath the sculler paid.

2. *Those that would pay if they could.*



AND as for you that would pay if you could,  
 I thank you, though you do not as you  
 should,  
 You promised fair, and wrote as free as any,  
 But time hath altered since, the case with many ;  
 Your monies, like low tides, are ebb'd too low,  
 And when, 'tis lowest, 'twill begin to flow.  
 To seek a breech from breechless men, 'twere vain,  
 And fruitless labour would requit my pain :  
 It were no charity (as I suppose)  
 To bid one wipe his nose, that wants a nose ;  
 And sure my conscience would be less than little,  
 To enrich myself, by robbing of the spittle :  
 No, honest friends (to end this vain dispute)  
 Your barren states may spring, and bring forth fruit ;

Your wills are good, and whilst I keep your bills,  
 Instead of payment I accept good wills ;  
 On hope and expectation I will feed,  
 And take your good endeavours for the deed ;  
 Praying that crosses in your minds may cease,  
 And crosses in your purses may increase.

3. *Those that are hard for me to find, and being  
 found, were better lost.*

**A**NOTHER sort of debtors are behind,  
 Some I know not, and some I cannot  
 find :

And some of them lie here and there, by spirts,  
 Shifting their lodgings oftener than their shirts.  
 Perchance I hear where one of these men lies,  
 And in the morning up betimes I rise,  
 And find in Shoreditch where he lodged a night ;  
 But he to *Westminster* hath ta'en his flight.  
 Some two days after thither do I trot,  
 And find his lodging, but yet find him not,  
 For he the night before (as people tell)  
 Hath ta'en a chamber about *Clerkenwell*.  
 Thither go I, and make a privy search,  
 Whilst he's in *Southwark*, near *St. George's Church*.  
 A pox upon him, all this while think I,  
 Shall I ne'er find out where my youth doth lie ?

And having sought him many a weary bout,  
At last, perhaps I find his chamber out :  
But then the gentleman is fast in bed,  
And rest hath seized upon his running head :  
He hath took cold with going late by water,  
Or sat up late at ace, deuse, tray, and cater [quatre]  
That with a sink [cinq] of fifty pieces price,  
He sleeps till noon before his worship rise ;  
At last he wakes ; his man informs him straight,  
That I at door do on his pleasure wait ;  
Perhaps I am requested to come near,  
And drink a cup of either ale or beer,  
Whilst sucking English fire, and Indian vapour,  
At last I greet him with my bill of paper :  
Well *John* (quoth he) this hand I know is mine,  
But I this day do purpose to go dine  
At the Half Moon<sup>1</sup> in *Milk-street*, prithee come,  
And there we'll drink, and pay this petty sum.  
Thus many a street by me recrossed and crossed,  
I in and out, and too and fro, am tossed,  
And spend my time and coin to find one out,  
Which having found, rewards me with a flout.  
In this base fashion, or such like as this,  
To me their scurvey daily dealing is ;

<sup>1</sup>THE HALF-MOON.—During a long series of years the Half-Moon Tavern maintained a distinguished notoriety, and is historically recorded as the scene of many public city events. Half-Moon passage, leading from Cheap-side to the Tavern, is now named Cooper's-alley.

As one's in study, the other's deep in talk,  
Another's in his garden gone to walk :  
One's in the barber's suds, and cannot see,  
Till chin and chaps are made a Roman T :  
And for his making thus a gull of me,  
I wish his cut may be the Grecian P. □\*  
These men can kiss their claws, with *Jack*, how is't ?  
And take and shake me kindly by the fist,  
And put me off with dilatory cogs,  
And swear and lie, worse than so many dogs,  
Protesting they are glad I am returned,  
When they'd be gladder I were hanged or burned.  
Some of their pockets are oft stored with chink,  
Which they had rather waste on drabs, dice, drink,  
Than a small petty sum to me to pay,  
Although I meet them every other day ;  
For which to ease my mind to their disgrace,  
I must (perforce) in print proclaim them base ;  
And if they pay me not (unto their shames)  
I'll print their trades, their dwellings, and their  
names,  
That boys shall hiss them as they walk along,  
Whilst they shall stink, and do their breeches  
wrong :  
Pay then, delay not, but with speed disburse,  
Or if you will, try but who'll have the worse.

\*This *cut* (the Greek P) probably symbolical of a gallows,

4. *Those that will and do daily pay me in drink  
and smoke.*



FOURTH crew I must drop from out  
my quill,

Are some that have not paid, yet say  
they will :

And their remembrance gives my muddy mood,  
More joy than of those that will ne'er be good.  
These fellows my sharp *Muse* shall lash but soft,  
Because I meet them to their charges oft,  
Where at the tavern (with free frolic hearts)  
They welcome me with pottles, pints, and quarts ;  
And they (at times) will spend like honest men,  
Twelve shillings, rather than pay five or ten.  
These I do never seek from place to place,  
These make me not to run the wild goose chase ;  
These do from day to day not put me off,  
And in the end reward me with a scoff.  
And for their kindness, let them take their leisure,  
To pay or not pay, let them take their pleasure.  
Let them no worser than they are, still prove :  
Their powers may chance outdo me, not their love ;  
I meet them to my peril, and their cost,  
And so in time there's little will be lost,

Yet the old proverb I would have them know,  
The horse may starve the whilst the grass doth  
grow.

5. *Those that are dead.*



FIFTH sort (God be with them) they are  
dead,

And everyone my quittance under's head :  
To ask them coin, I know they have it not,  
And where nought is, there's nothing to be got,  
I'll never wrong them with invective lines,  
Nor trouble their good heirs, or their assigns.  
And some of them, their lives lost to me were,  
In a large measure of true sorrow dear ;  
As one brave lawyer, whose true honest spirit  
Doth with the blest celestial souls inherit,  
He whose grave wisdom gained pre-eminence,  
To grace and favour with his gracious prince :  
Adorned with learning, loved, approved, admired,  
He, my true friend, too soon to dust retired.  
Besides, a number of my worthy friends  
(To my great loss) death brought unto their ends.  
Rest, gentle spirits, rest, with eternizing,  
And may your corpse have all a joyful rising :  
There's many living, every day I see,  
Who are more dead than you in pay to me.

6. *Those that are fled.*

SIXTH, with tongues glib, like the tails  
of eels,  
Hath shewed this land and me foul pairs  
of heels.

To *Ireland, Belgia, Germany, and France*,  
They are retired to seek some better chance.  
'Twas their unhappy inauspicious fate,  
The Counters, or King *Luds* unlucky gate;<sup>1</sup>  
Bonds being broke, the stones in every street,  
They durst not tread on, lest they burnt their feet ;  
Smoke by the pipe, and ginger by the race,  
They loved with ale, but never loved the mace.  
And these men's honesties are like their states,  
At piteous, woeful, and at low prized rates ;  
For partly they did know when they did take  
My books, they could no satisfaction make,  
And honesty this document doth teach,  
That man shall never strive above his reach,  
Yet have they reached, and over-reached me still,  
To do themselves no good, and me much ill.  
But, farewell, friends, if you again do come.  
And pay me either all, or none, or some :

<sup>1</sup>THE COUNTERS, OR KING LUD'S UNLUCKY GATE.—City prisons. There were two Counters, or Compters ; one in Wood-street, under the control of one of the Sheriffs ; the other in the Poultry, under the superintendence of the other. Ludgate was also a prison for debtors,



I look for none, and therefore still delay me,  
 You only do deceive me, if you pay me.  
 Yet that deceit from you were but my due,  
 But I look ne'er to be deceived by you.  
 Your stocks are poor, your creditors are store,  
 Which God increase, and decrease, I implore.

7. *Those that are as far from honesty, as a  
 Turk is from true Religion.*



SEVENTHLY, and last's a worthy worthless  
 crew,  
 Such as heaven hates, and hell on earth  
 doth spew,  
 And God renounce, and damn them, are their  
 prayers,  
 Yet some of these sweet youths are good men's  
 heirs  
 But up most tenderly they have been brought,  
 And all their breeding better fed than taught :  
 And now their lives float in damnation's stream,  
 To stab, drab, kill, swill, tear, swear, stare,  
 blaspheme :  
 In imitation worse than devil's apes,  
 Or incubuses thrust in human shapes :  
 As bladders full of other's wind is blown,  
 So self-conceit doth puff them of their own :

They deem their wit all other men surpasses,  
And other men esteem them witless asses.  
These puckfist<sup>1</sup> cockbrained coxcombs, shallow  
    pated,  
Are things that by their tailors are created ;  
For they before were simple shapeless worms,  
Until their makers licked them into forms.  
'Tis ignorant idolatry most base,  
To worship satin Satan, or gold lace,  
T'adore a velvet varlet, whose repute  
Stinks odious, but for his perfumed suit.  
If one of these to serve some Lord doth get,  
His first task is to swear himself in debt :  
And having pawned his soul to hell for oaths,  
He pawns those oaths for newfound fashion clothes.  
His carcase cased in this borrowed case,  
Imagines he doth me exceeding grace :  
If when I meet him, he bestows a nod,  
Then must I think me highly blest of God,  
And though no wiser than flat fools they be,  
A good luck on them, they are too wise for me ;  
They with a courtly trick or a flim-flam,  
Do nod at me, whilst I the noddy am :  
One part of gentry they will ne'er forget,  
And that is, that they ne'er will pay their debt.

<sup>1</sup>PUCKFIST.—The puff-ball, or fungus ; an empty boasting fellow.

To take, and to receive, they hold it fit,  
But to requite, or to restore's no wit.  
And let them take and keep, but knocks, and pox,  
And all diseases from *Pandora's* box.  
And which of them says that I rave or rail,  
Let him but pay, and bid me kiss his *T*.  
But sure the devil hath taught them many a trick,  
Beyond the numbering of arithmetic.  
I meet one, thinking for my due to speak,  
He with evasions doth my purpose break,  
And asks what news I hear from *France* or *Spain*,  
Or where I was in the last shower of rain ;  
Or when the court removes, or what's a clock,  
Or where's the wind (or some such windy mock)  
With such fine scimble, scemle, spitter-spatter,  
As puts me clean besides the money-matter ?  
Thus with poor mongrel shifts, with what, where-  
when?

I am abused by these things, like men,  
And some of them do glory in my want,  
They being Romists, I a Protestant :  
Their apostatical injunction saith,  
To keep their faith with me, is breach of faith :  
For 'tis a maxim of such Catholics,  
'Tis meritorious to plague heretics ;  
Since it is so, pray pay me but my due,  
And I will love the cross as well as you.  
And this much further I would have you know,

My shame is more to ask, than yours to owe :  
I beg of no man, 'tis my own I crave,  
Nor do I seek it but of them that have,  
There's no man was enforced against his will,  
To give his word, or sign unto my bill.  
And is't not shame, nay, more than shame to hear,  
That I should be returned above a year,  
And many rich men's words, and bills have passed,  
And took of me both books, both first and last,  
Whilst twice or thrice a week, in every street,  
I meet those men, and not my money meet.  
Were they not able me amends to make,  
My conscience then would sooner give than take :  
But most of those I mean, are full pursed hinds,  
Being beggarly in nothing but their minds :  
Yet sure methinks, if they would do me right,  
Their minds should be as free to pay, as write.  
Near threescore pounds, the books I'm sure did cost,  
Which they have had from me, and I think lost :  
And had not these men's tongues so forward been,  
Ere I my painful journey did begin,  
I could have had good men in meaner raiment,  
That long ere this, had made me better payment :  
I made my journey for no other ends,  
But to get money, and to try my friends :  
And not a friend I had, for worth or wit  
Did take my book, or pass his word, or writ :  
But I (with thankfulness) still understood

They took, in hope to give, and do me good.  
They took a book worth 12 pence, and were bound  
To give a crown, an angel, or a pound,  
A noble, piece, or half piece, what they list,  
They passed their words, or freely set their fist.  
Thus got I sixteen hundred hands and fifty,  
Which sum I did suppose was somewhat thrifty ;  
And now my youths, with shifts, and tricks, and  
cavils,  
Above eight hundred, play the sharking javels.  
I have performed what I undertook,  
And that they should keep touch with me I look.  
Four thousand, and five hundred books I gave  
To many an honest man, and many a knave :  
Which books, and my expense to give them out,  
(A long year seeking this confused rout)  
I'm sure it cost me sevenscore pounds and more,  
With some suspicion that I went on score.  
Besides, above a thousand miles I went,  
And (though no money) yet much time I spent ;  
Taking excessive labour, and great pains,  
In heat, cold, wet, and dry, with feet and brains :  
With tedious toil, making my heart-strings ache,  
In hope I should content both give and take,  
And in requital now, for all my pain,  
I give content still, and get none again.  
None, did I say ? I'll call that word agen,  
I meet with some that pay me now and then,

But such a toil I have those men to seek,  
And find (perhaps) 2, 3, or 4 a week,  
That too too oft, my losings gettings be,  
To spend 5 crowns in gathering in of three.  
And thus much to the world I dare avow,  
That my oft walks to get my money now,  
With my expenses, seeking of the same,  
Returning many a night home, tired and lame,  
Meeting some thirty, forty in a day,  
That sees me, knows me, owes me, yet none pay.  
Used and abused thus, both in town and court,  
It makes me think my Scottish walk a sport ;  
I muse of what stuff these men framed be,  
Most of them seem mockado unto me,<sup>1</sup>  
Some are stand-further off, for they endeavour,  
Never to see me, or to pay me never.  
When first I saw them, they appeared rash,  
And now their promises are worse than trash ;  
No taffety<sup>2</sup> more changeable than they,  
In nothing constant, but no debts to pay.  
And therefore let them take it as they will,  
I'll canvas them a little with my quill.  
To all the world I humbly do appeal,  
And let it judge, if well these men do deal,

<sup>1</sup>MOCKADO.—A kind of woollen stuff, made in imitation of velvet, and sometimes called mock-velvet.

<sup>2</sup>TAFFETY.—A fine smooth stuff of silk, having a wavy and variegated lustre imparted to it by pressure and heat.

Or whether for their baseness, 'twere not fitter,  
That I should use more gall, and write more bitter?  
I wrote this book before, but for this end,  
To warn them, and their faults to reprehend ;  
But if this warning will not serve the turn,  
I swear by sweet Satiric *Nash* his urn,  
On every pissing post, their names I'll place  
Whilst they past shame, shall shame to show their  
face,  
I'll hail fell *Nemesis*, from *Dis* his den,  
To aid and guide my sharp revenging pen ;  
That fifty Pope's bulls never shall roar louder,  
Nor fourscore cannons when men fire their powder.  
There's no wound deeper than a pen can give,  
It makes men living dead, and dead men live ;  
It can raise honour drowned in the sea,  
And blaze it forth in glory, cap-a-pie.  
Why, it can scale the battlements of heaven,  
And stellify men 'mongst the planets seven :  
It can make misers, peasants, knaves and fools,  
The scorn of goodness, and the devils close stools.  
Forgot had been the thrice three worthies' names,  
If thrice three *Muses* had not writ their fames :  
And if it not with flattery be infected,  
Good is by it extolled, and bad corrected.  
Let judgment judge them what mad men are those  
That dare against a pen themselves oppose,  
Which (when it likes) can turn them all to loathing,

To anything, to nothing, worse than nothing,  
Yet e'er I went, these men to write did like,  
And used a pen more nimbly than a pike ;  
And writ their names (as I supposed) more willing,  
Than valiant soldiers with their pikes are drilling,  
No paper bill of mine had edge upon it,  
Till they their hands and names had written on it ;  
And if their judgments be not overseen,  
They would not fear, the edge is not so keen.  
Some thousands, and some hundreds by the year  
Are worth, yet they their piece or half-piece fear ;  
They on their own bills are afraid to enter,  
And I upon their pieces dare to venture :  
But whoso at the bill hath better skill,  
Give me the piece, and let him take the bill,  
I have met some that odiously have lied,  
Who to deceive me, have their names denied.  
And yet they have good honest Christian names,  
As *Joshua*, *Richard*, *Robert*, *John*, and *James* :  
To cheat me with base inhumanity,  
They have denied their Christianity,  
A half-piece or a crown, or such a sum,  
Hath forced them falsify their Christendom :  
Denying good ill names with them agree,  
And they that have ill names, half hanged be,  
And sure I think, my loss would be but small,  
If for a quittance they were hanged up all.  
Of such I am past hope, and they past grace,



And hope and grace both past's, a wretched case,  
It may be that for my offences passed,  
God hath upon me this disturbance cast :  
If it be so, I thank His name therefore,  
Confessing I deserve ten times much more ;  
But as the devil is author of all ill,  
So ill for ill, on th' ill he worketh still ;  
Himself, his servants, daily lie and lurk,  
Man's care on earth, or pains in hell to work.  
See how the case then with my debtors stands :  
They take the devil's office out of his hands ;  
Tormenting me on earth, for passed evils,  
And for the devil, doth vex me worse than devils.  
In troth 'tis pity, proper men they seem,  
And those that know them not, would never deem  
That one of them would basely seem to meddle,  
To be the devil's hangman, or his beadle.  
For shame, for honesty, for both, for either,  
For my deserts desertless, or for neither  
Discharge yourselves from me, you know wherefore,  
And never serve or help the devil more.  
I have heard some that lawyers do condemn,  
But I still must, and will speak well of them ;  
Though never in my life they had of me  
Clerks, Counsellors, or yet Attorneys fee,  
Yet at my back return, they all concurred,  
And paid me what was due, and ne'er demurred.  
Some Counter Serjeants, when I came again,

(Against their natures) dealt like honest men.  
By wondrous accident perchance one may  
Grove out a needle in a load of hay :  
And though a white crow be exceeding rare,  
A blind man may (by fortune) catch a hare,  
So may a Serjeant have some honest tricks,  
If too much knavery doth not overmix.  
Newgate (the university of stealing)  
Did deal with me with upright honest dealing,  
My debtors all (for ought that I can see)  
Will still remain true debtors unto me ;  
For if to paying once they should incline,  
They would not then be debtors long of mine.  
But this report I fear, they still will have,  
To be true debtors even to their grave.  
I know there's many worthy projects done,  
The which more credit, and more coin have won,  
And 'tis a shame for those (I dare maintain)  
That break their words, and not requite their pain :  
I speak to such, if any such there be,  
If there be none, would there were none for me.  
Thus all my debtors have increased my talent,  
Except the poor, the proud, the base, the gallant.  
Those that are dead, or fled, or out of town :  
Such as I know not, nor to them am known,  
Those that will pay (of which there's some small  
number)  
And those that smile to put me to this cumber,

In all they are eight hundred and some odd,  
But when they'll pay me's only known to God.  
Some crowns, some pounds, some nobles, some a royal,  
Some good, some naught, some worse, most bad in trial.  
I, like a boy that shooting with a bow  
Hath lost his shaft where weeds and bushes grow ;  
Who having searched, and raked, and scraped, and  
tost

To find his arrow that he late hath lost :  
At last a crotchet comes into his brain,  
To stand at his first shooting place again :  
Then shoots, and lets another arrow fly,  
Near as he thinks his other shaft may lie :  
Thus vent'ring, he perhaps finds both or one,\*  
The worst is, if he lose both, he finds none.  
So I that have of books so many given,  
To this compared exigent am driven :  
To shoot this pamphlet, and to ease my mind,  
To lose more yet, or something lost to find.  
As many brooks, fords, showers of rain and  
springs,  
Unto the *Thames* their often tribute brings,  
These subjects paying, not their stocks decrease,  
Yet by those payments, *Thames* doth still increase :

\*See The Merchant of Venice, act i, sc. 1.

“In my school days, when I had lost one shaft,  
I shot his fellow of the self-same flight  
The self-same way with more advised watch,  
To find the other forth, and by adventuring both  
I oft found both.”

So I that have of debtors such a swarm,  
Good they might do me, and themselves no harm,  
Invective lines, or words, I write nor say  
To none but those that can, and will not pay :  
And whoso pays with good, or with ill will,  
Is freed from out the compass of my quill.  
They must not take me for a stupid ass,  
That I (unfeeling) will let these things pass.  
If they bear minds to wrong me, let them know,  
I have a tongue and pen, my wrongs to show ;  
And be he ne'er so brisk, or neat, or trim,  
That bids a pish for me, a tush for him ;  
To me they're rotten trees, with beauteous rinds,  
Fair formed caskets of deformed minds.  
Or like dispersed flocks of scattered sheep,  
That will no pasture, or decorum keep :  
Some wildly skipping into unknown grounds,  
Stray into foreign and forbidden bounds ;  
Where some through want, some through excess  
    have got  
The scab, the worm, the murrain, or the rot.  
But whilst they wander guideless, uncontrolled,  
I'll do my best to bring them to my fold ;  
And seeing sheepfold hurdles here are scant,  
I am enforced to supply that want  
With railing : and therefore mine own to win,  
Like rotten forlorn sheep, I'll rail them in.



*In defence of Adventures upon  
returns.*

**F**ORASMUCH as there are many, who either out of pride, malice, or ignorance, do speak harshly, and hardly of me and of divers others, who have attempted and gone dangerous voyages by sea with small wherries or boats, or any other adventure upon any voyage by land, either riding, going, or running, alledging that we do tempt God by undertaking such perilous courses, (which indeed I cannot deny to be true) yet not to extenuate or make my faults less than they are, I will here approve that all men in the world are adventurers

upon return, and that we do all generally tempt the patience and long suffering of God, as I will make it appear as followeth.

Whosoever is an idolator, a superstitious heretic, an odious and frequent swearer, or liar, a griping usurer, or uncharitable extortioner, doth tempt God, adventure their souls, and upon return, lose heaven.

Whosoever is a whore-master, doth adventure his health, and wealth, and his returns are endless misery, beggary, and the pox.

Whosoever doth contrive, plot, or commit treason, doth adventure his soul to the devil and his body to the hangman.

Whosoever doth marry a young and beautiful maid, doth adventure a great hazard for a blessing or a curse.

Whosoever goes a long journey, and leaves his fair wife at home, doth most dangerously adventure for horns, if she be not the honester.

He that sets his hand to a bond, or passes his word for another man's debt, doth *adventure* a great hazard to pay both principle and interest. *Probatum est.*

That pastor who is either negligent or uncharitable in his function, doth *adventure* more than he will ever recover.

A merchant doth adventure ship, and goods, amongst flats, shoals, deeps, pirates, shelves, rocks, gusts, storms, flaws, tempests, mists, fogs, winds, seas, heats, colds, and calms, and all for hope of profit, which often fails.

That tradesman that daily trusts more ware than he receives money for, doth *adventure* for *Ludgate*, a breaking, or a cracking of his credit.

He or she who are proud either of beauty, riches, wit, learning, strength, or any thing which is transitory, and may be lost, either by fire, water, sickness, death, or any other casualty, do *adventure* to be accounted vain-glorious, and ridiculous coxcombs.

He that puts confidence in drabs, dice, cards, balls, bowls, or any game lawful or unlawful, doth adventure to be laughed at for a fool, or die a beggar unpited.

He that eats and drinks till midnight, and fights and brawls till day-light, doth *adventure* for little rest that night.

To conclude, I could name and produce abundance more of adventurers; but as concerning adventuring any more dangerous voyages to sea, with wherries, or any extraordinary means, I have done my last, only my frailty will now and then provoke me to adventure upon some of those

infirmities or vices, which attend on our  
mortalities. which I think I shall be  
free from committing before my  
debtors have paid me  
all my money.

• •

*FINIS.*



LONDON,  
Printed by *Nicholas Okes*, for *Matthew Walbank*,  
dwelling at *Graves Inn Gate*.  
1619.



TAYLORS  
FAREWEL,

TO

THE TOWER-  
BOTTLES.



Printed at *Dort.* 1622.

## THE ARGUMENT.



*ABOUT three hundred and twenty years since, or thereabouts, (I think in the reign of King Richard the Second) there was a gift given to the Tower, or to the Lieutenants thereof, for the time then and for ever being, which gift was two black Leather Bottles, or Bombards of wine, from every ship that brought wine into the river of Thames; the which hath so continued until this day, but the merchants finding themselves aggrieved lately, because they thought the Bottles were made bigger than they were formerly wont to be, did wage law with the Lieutenant (Sir Gervis Helwis by name) in which suit the Lieutenant had been overthrown, but for such witnesses as I found that knew his right for a long time in their own knowledge. But I having had the gathering of these wines for many years, was at last discharged from my place because I would not buy it, which because it was never bought or sold before, I would not or durst not venture upon so dishonest a novelty, it being sold indeed at so high a rate, that whoso bought it must pay thrice the value of it: whereupon I took occasion to take leave of the Bottles in this following Poem, in which the reader must be very melancholy, if the reading thereof do not make him very merry.*

JOHN TAYLOR.



## TAYLOR'S FAREWELL TO THE TOWER-BOTTLES.

**B**Y your leave Gentlemen, I'll make some  
sport,  
Although I venture half a hanging for 't:  
But yet I will no peace or manners break  
For I to none but Leather-bottles speak.  
No anger spurs me forward, or despite  
Insomuch plain verse I talk of wrong and right.  
The loser may speak, when the winner wins,  
And madly merrily my muse begins.  
Mad Bedlam *Tom*, assist me in thy rags,  
Lend me thy army of foul fiends and hags :  
Hobgoblins, elves, fair fairies, and foul furies,  
Let me have twelve gross of infernal juries,  
With *Robin Goodfellow* and bloody bone  
Assist my merry Muse, all, every one.  
I will not call to the (a) *Pegassian* nine,  
In this they shall not aid me in a line :  
Their favours I'll reserve till fitter time.  
To grace some better business with my rhyme,

(a) *The 9  
Muse.*

Plain home-spun stuff shall now proceed from me,

(b) The picture of two fools, and the third looking on, I do fitly compare with the two black Bottles and myself.

Much like unto the picture of we (b) three.

And now I talk of three, just three we are,

Two false Black bottles, and myself at jar.

And reader when you read our cause of strife,

You'll laugh or else lie down, I'll lay my life,

But as remembrance lamely can rehearse,

In sport I'll rip the matter up in verse.

Yet first here down I think it fit to set

By what means first, I with those Bottles met.

Then stroke your beard my masters and give ear,

I was a waterman twice four long year,

And lived in a contented happy state.

Then turn'd the whirling wheel of fickle Fate,

From water unto wine : Sir *William Waad*

Did freely, and for nothing turn my trade.

Ten years almost the place I did retain,

(c) If I filled the two Bottles, being in quantity six gallons from every ship that brought wines up the river of Thames.

And (c) glean'd great *Bacchus* blood from *France*  
and *Spain*,

Few ships my visitation did escape,

That brought the sprightly liquor of the grape :

My Bottles and myself did oft agree,

Full to the top all merry came *We three*.

(d) The wines had been continually brought into the Lieutenant's cellar of the Tower for 16 y<sup>rs</sup> and never so d till now of 'ate within this four or five years.

Yet always 'twas my chance in *Bacchus* spite

To come into the Tower unfox'd<sup>1</sup> upright.

But as men's thoughts a world of ways do range,

So as Lieutenants chang'd, did customs (d) change :

<sup>1</sup>UNFOX'D.—i.e., not drunk.

The ancient use us'd many years before,  
 Was sold, unto the highest rate and more,  
 At such a price, which whosoe'er did give,  
 Must play the thief, or could not save and live.  
 Which to my loss, I manifestly found  
 I am well sure it cost me thirty pound  
 For one year, but before the next year come,  
 'Twas almost mounted to a (e) double sum :  
 Then I, in scorn, contempt, and vile disgrace,  
 Discarded was, and thrust quite from my place,  
 There *Bacchus* almost cast me in the mire,  
 And I from wine to water did retire.  
 But when the blind misjudging world did see,  
 The strange unlook'd for parting of *us three*,  
 To hear but how the multitude did judge,  
 How they did mutter, mumble, prate and grudge,  
 That for some (f) faults I surely had committed,  
 I, in disgrace thus from my place was quitted.  
 These imputations griev'd me to the heart,  
 (For they were causeless and without desert)  
 And therefore, though no man above the ground  
 That knew the Bottles would give twenty (g) pound  
 Rather than I would branded be with shame,  
 And bear the burthen of desertless blame,  
 To be an owl, contemptuously bewildered.  
 I would (h) give threescore, fourscore, or a hundred.  
 For I did vow, although I were undone,  
 I would redeem my credit overrun,

(e) It was  
 sol at these  
 hard rates by  
 another  
 Lieutenant,  
 (an honest  
 religious  
 gentleman,  
 and a good  
 housekeeper)  
 by the per-  
 suasions of  
 some of his  
 double dili-  
 gent servants

(f) Against  
 all the world  
 I oppose my-  
 self in this  
 point, but yet  
 I purpose to  
 confess more  
 than any  
 man can  
 accuse me of.

(g) Except he  
 were a fool,  
 or a mad  
 man.

(h) I did hear  
 that that  
 Lieutenant  
 was to leave  
 his place  
 which made  
 me bargain

*with him at  
any price, in  
hope that he  
would not  
stay the full  
receiving,  
which fell  
out as I  
wished it.*

And 'tis much better in a jail to rot,  
To suffer begg'ry, slavery, or what not,  
Than to be blasted with that wrong of wrongs,  
Which is the poison of backbiting tongues.  
Hoisted aloft unto this mounting tax,  
Bound fast in bonds in parchment and with wax,  
Time gallop'd, and brought on the payment day,  
And for three months I eighteen pounds did pay.  
Then I confess, I play'd the thief in grain,  
And for one bottle commonly stole twain.  
But so who buys the place, and means to thrive,  
Must many times for one take four or five.  
For this I will maintain and verify,  
It is an office no true man can buy.  
And by that reason sure I should say well,  
It is unfit for any man to sell :  
For till at such an extreme rate I bought,  
To filch or steal, I scarcely had a thought,  
And I dare make a vow 'fore God and men,  
I never play'd the thief so much as then.  
But at the last my friendly stars agreed,  
That from my heavy bonds I should be (*i*) freed :  
Which if I ever come into again,  
Let hanging be the guerdon for my pain.  
Then the (*k*) old custom did again begin,  
And to the Tower I brought the Bottles in,  
For which for serving more than half a year,  
I (with much love) had wages and good cheer,

*(i) That  
Lieutenant  
left his place,  
by which I  
was eased of  
my hard  
payments.*

*(k) By this  
Lieutenant  
that now is.*

Till one (l) most valiant, ignorantly stout,  
 Did buy, and over-buy, and buy me out.  
 Thus like times football, was I often tost,  
 In dock out-nettle, up-down, blest and crost,  
 Out fac'd and fac'd, grac'd, and again disgrac'd,  
 And as blind fortune pleas'd, displac'd, or plac'd,  
 And thus, for ought my (m) *Augury* can see,  
 Divorc'd and parted ever are *we three*.

(l) A desperate cloth-  
 worker, that  
 did hunger  
 and thirst to  
 undo himself

(m) *Augury*  
 is a kind of  
 soothsaying  
 by the flight  
 of birds.

Old *Naboth*, my case is much worse than thine,  
 Thou but the vineyard lost, I lost the wine :  
 Two witnesses (for bribes) thee false accus'd,  
 (Perhaps) some prating knaves have me abus'd :  
 Yet thy wrong's more than mine, the reason why,  
 For thou wast (n) stoned to death, so am not I.  
 But as the dogs, did eat the flesh and gore  
 Of *Jezabel*, that Royal painted whore,  
 So may the gallows eat some friends of mine,  
 That first striv'd to remove me from the wine.  
 This may by some misfortune be their lot,  
 Although that any way I wish it not.  
 But farewell Bottles never to return,  
 Weep you in sack, whilst I in ale will mourn ;  
 Yet though you have no reason, wit, or sense,  
 I'll senseless chide you for your vile offence,  
 That from your foster father me would slide  
 To dwell with ignorance, a blind-fold guide,  
 For who in *Britain* knew (but (o) I) to use you,  
 And who but I knew how but to abuse you ;

(n) *Naboth*  
 was stoned  
 to death, so  
 am not I.

(o) My  
 Bottles do  
 deserve a  
 little reproof.

My speech to you, no action sure can bear,  
From *Scandalum magnatum* I am clear.  
When upland tradesmen thus dares take in hand  
A wa'try business, they not understand :  
It did presage things would turn topsy-turvy,  
And the conclusion of it would be scurvy,  
But leaving him unto the course of fate,  
*Bottles* let you and I a-while debate,  
Call your extravagant wild humours home,  
And think but whom you are departed from ;  
I that for your sakes have given stabs and stripes,  
To give you suck from hogsheads and from pipes,  
I that with pains and care you long have nurs'd,  
Oft fill'd you with the best, and left the worst.  
And to maintain you full, would often pierce,  
The best of butts, a puncheon, or a tierce,  
Whil'st pipes and sackbuts were the instruments  
That I played on, to fill your full contents.  
With bastart, sack, with allegant, and Rhenish,  
Your hungry maws I often did replenish,  
With malmsey, muscadel, and Corsica,  
With white, red, claret, and liatica,  
With hollock, sherry, malaga, canary,  
I stuf't your sides up with a sursarara, [*certiorari*]  
That though the world was hard, my care was  
still,  
To search and labour you might have your fill,  
That when my master did or sup or dine,



He had his choice of (*p*) fifteen sorts of wine.  
 And as good wines they were I dare be bold,  
 As any seller in this land did hold.  
 Thus from these Bottles I made honour spring,  
 Befitting for the castle of a king.  
 This Royalty my labour did maintain,  
 When I had meat and wages for my pain.  
 Ingrateful *Bottles*, take it not amiss  
 That I, of your unkindness tell you this,  
 Sure if you could speak, you could say in brief,  
 Your greatest want, was still my greatest grief.  
 Did I not often in my bosom hug you,  
 And in mine arms would (like a father) lug you,  
 Have I not run through tempests, gusts, and storms,  
 And met with danger in strange various forms,  
 All times and tides, with, and against the stream,  
 Your welfare ever was my labours theme.  
 Sleet, rain, hail, wind, or Winter's frosty chaps,  
*Jove's* lightning, or his dreadful thunderclaps,  
 When all the elements in one conspire,  
 Sad earth, sharp air, rough water, flashing fire,  
 Have warr'd on one another, as if all  
 This world of nothing, would to nothing fall.  
 When showering hail-shot, from the storming heav'n,  
 Nor blustering gusts by *Æolus*, belching driven,  
 Could hold me back, then oft I search'd and sought,  
 And found, and unto you the purchase brought.  
 All weathers, fair, foul, sunshine, wet and dry,

(*p*) This is  
 a credit to  
 the King's  
 Castle, and  
 to the  
 Lieutenant  
 thereof.

I travailed still, your paunches to supply.  
 Oft have I fought, and swagger'd in your right,  
 And fill'd your still by either sleight or might.  
 And in the exchequer I stood for your cause,  
 Else had you been confounded by the laws,

*(g) I found  
 and brought  
 8 witnesses  
 that knew  
 and took  
 their oaths  
 for the quan-  
 tities of the  
 Bottles  
 for 50 years.*

I did produce such (g) witnesses which cross'd  
 The merchant's suit, else you had quite been lost,  
 And (but for me) apparently 'tis known,  
 You had been kicksey-winsey over-thrown,  
 And for my service and my much pains taken,  
 I am cashier'd, abandon'd, and forsaken.  
 I knew it well, and said, and swore it too,  
 That he that bought me would himself undo,  
 And I was promis'd, that when he gave o'er,  
 That I should fill you, as I did before,  
 For which four years with patience I did stay,  
 Expecting he would break or run away,  
 Which though it be fallen out as I expected,  
 Yet nevertheless my service is rejected.

Let men judge if I have not cause to write  
 Against my fortune, and the world's despoight,  
 (r) 14 years. That in my prime of strength, so long a (r) space,  
 I toiled and drudged, in such a gainless place,  
 Whereas the best part of my life I spent,  
 And to my power gave every man content.  
 In all which time which I did then remain,  
 I gave no man occasion to complain,  
 For unto all that know me, I appeal,

To speak if well or ill I used to deal,  
Or if there be the least abuse in me,  
For which I thus from you should sund'red be.  
For though my profit by you was but small,  
Yet sure my gain was love in general.  
And that I do not lye nor speak amiss,  
I can bring hundreds that can witness this,  
Yet for all this, I ever am put off,  
And made a scorn, a by-word and a scoff.  
It must some villains information be,  
That hath maliciously abused me,  
But if I knew the misinforming elf,  
I would write lines should make him hang himself.  
Be he a great man that doth use me ill,  
(That makes his will his law, and law his will)  
I hold a poor man may that great man tell,  
How that in doing ill, he doth not well,  
But Bottles black, once more have at you breech,  
For unto you I only bend my speech  
Full fourteen times had *Sol's* illustrious rays,  
Ran through the *Zodiac*, when I spent my days  
To conserve, reserve, preserve and deserve,  
Your loves, when you with wants were like to starve.  
A gross of moons, and twice 12 months beside,  
I have attended you all time and tides.  
If I gain'd twelve pence by you all that time,  
May I to Tyburn for promotion climb,  
For though the blind world understand it not,

I know there's nothing by you can be got,  
Except a drunken pate, a scurvy word.  
And now and then be tumbled over board,  
And those these mischiefs I have kept me frō,  
No other Bottleman could e'er do so,  
'Tis known you have been stabb'd, thrown in the  
    Thames,  
And he that fil'd you beaten, with exclaims,  
Merchants, who have much abused been  
Which exigents, I never brought you in.  
But I with peace and quietness got more,  
Than any brabbling e'er could do before  
The warders knows, each Bottleman (but I)  
Had always a crack'd crown, or a black eye,  
Oft beaten like a dog, with a scratch'd face,  
Turn'd empty, beaten back with vile disgrace.  
These injuries myself did bring in quiet,  
And still with peace I fill'd you free from riot ;  
My labours have been dedicate to you,  
And you have dealt with me, as with a *Few*,  
For unto thousand witnesses 'tis known.  
I did esteem your welfare as mine own,  
But an objection from my words may run,  
That seeing nothing by you may be won,  
Why I do keep this deal of do about you  
When as I say, I can live best without you.  
I answer, though no profit you do bring,  
Yet there is many a profitable thing,

Which I of (*s*) mariners might often buy,  
 Which unto me would yield commodity.  
 And I expected when the time should be,  
 That I should fill you, as 'twas promised me,  
 Whereby some other profit might be got,  
 Which I in former times remembered not,  
 All which could do the Custom-house (*t*) no wrong,  
 Which to repeat here, would be over-long,  
 But I was slighted with most vile disgrace,  
 And one that was my prentice plac'd in (*u*) place.  
 But holla, holla, Muse come back, come back,  
 I speak to none but you, you Bottles black.  
 You that are now turn'd monsters, most ingrate,  
 Where you have cause to love most, most do hate,  
 You that are of good manners quite derived,  
 Worse than the beast (*x*) from whence you are derived.  
 If you be good for nothing but what's naught,  
 Then sure you have been better fed than taught,  
 Besides the world will tax me, and say still  
 The fault was mine, that nurtur'd you so ill.  
 Persisting thus in your injurious wrong,  
 It shows you are drunk with being empty long.  
 Long fasting sure, hath made you weak and dull,  
 For you are steadiest, when you are most full.  
 Methinks I hear you say the fault's not yours,  
 You are commanded by superior powers,  
 But if the choice were yours, you had much rather  
 That I, than any one the wines should gather.

(*s*) This course never came into my mind in '4 years whilst I kept the place.

(*t*) A jar of olives or oil, a few potatoes, oranges, lemons, and divers other things, which a man may buy, get, and save by.

(*u*) The fellow was ever a true man to me, and I envy not his happiness, but yet I have very foul play offered me.

(*x*) They are made of a beast hides

Alas poor fools, I see your force is weak,  
 Complain you cannot, wanting power to speak ;  
 If you had speech, it may be you would tell,  
 How with you and the merchants I dealt well,  
 But 'tis no matter though you silent be,  
 My fourteen years long service speaks for me ;  
 And for the merchants still my friends did prove,  
 I'll tell them somewhat to requite their love.  
 First let their wisdoms but collect and sum,  
 How many ships with wine do yearly come,  
 And they will find that all these Bottles shall  
 Not fill (y) nine hogsheads, at the most of all,  
 Then he that for them three tun dares to give,  
 The case is plain, he must or beg or thief.  
 I do not say that you have been abus'd,  
 But you may partly guess how we were used,  
 Indeed (z) I think we ne'er so soon had parted,  
 Had friendly outsides been but friendly hearted,  
 The sweet bait covers the deceiving hooks,  
 And false hearts can put on good words and looks :  
 All is not gold the proverb says that glisters,  
 And I could wish their tongues were full of blisters,  
 That with their flatt'ring diligence most double,  
 Themselves, and you, and I, thus much did trouble,  
 For misinforming paltry knaves must be,  
 The instruments of such indignity.  
 But as the fairest gardens have some weeds, [breeds,  
 And mongst the cleanest flock, some scab'd sheep

(y) At 3  
 gallons from  
 a ship, and  
 some but 1  
 gallon and a  
 half, I  
 account 30,  
 ships  
 allowance is  
 the quantity  
 of a  
 hogshead  
 whereby it  
 may be  
 easily found  
 in the  
 custom house  
 if I speak  
 true or not

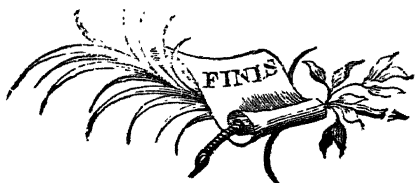
(z) Now I  
 speak of the  
 bottles  
 again.

Or as the tare amongst the wheat doth grow,  
Good only for what's ill, yet makes a show.  
So there's no greatness fixed on the ground,  
But claw-back sycophants may there be found.  
For 'tis a maxim held in every nation,  
Great men are waited on by adulation.  
No doubt but some doth to the court resort,  
And sure the Tower must imitate the Court,  
As *Cæsars* palace may (perhaps) have many,  
So *Cæsars* castle cannot say not any.  
I have found some that with each wind would move,  
With hearts all hatred, and with tongues all love,  
Who with hats moved, would take me by the fist,  
With compliments of honest *Jack* how ist ?  
I'm glad to see thee well with all my heart,  
Long have I longed to drink with thee a quart,  
I have believed this dross had been pure gold,  
When presently I have been bought and sold  
Behind my back (for no desert and cause)  
By those that kindly cap'd and kissed their claws,  
For one of them (an ancient reverend scribe)  
Received forty shillings for a bribe,  
On purpose so to bring the case about  
To put another in, and thrust me out.  
Long was the time this business was a brewing,  
Until fit opportunity accruing,  
I was displaced, yet spite the bribed shark,  
The man that gave the bribe did miss the mark.

O Bottles, Bottles, Bottles, Bottles, Bottles,  
*Platos* Divine works, nor great *Aristotles*,  
Did e'er make mention of a gift so Royal,  
Was ever bought and sold like slaves disloyal.  
For since King *Richard* second of that name,  
(I think) your high prerogative you claim :  
And thus much here to write I dare be bold,  
You are a gift not given to be sold,  
For sense or reason never would allow,  
That you should e're be bought and sold till now.  
Philosophers with all their documents,  
Nor aged times with all their monuments,  
Did ever mention such untoward elves,  
That did more idly cast away themselves.  
To such low ebb your baseness now doth shrink,  
Whereas you yearly did make thousands drink,  
The hateful title now to you is left,  
You are instruments of beggary and of theft.  
But when I filled you (I dare boldly swear)  
From all these imputations you were clear,  
Against which I dare, dare, who dare or can,  
To answer him and meet him man to man,  
Truth arms me, with the which I will hold bias.  
Against the shock of any false *Goliaths*.  
Bottles you have not wanted of your fill,  
Since you have left me, by your heedless will,  
You scarce have tasted penury or want.  
(For cunning thieves are seldom ignorant)



Yet many times you have been filled with trash,  
Scarce good enough your dirty skins to wash.  
All this I know, and this I did divine,  
But all's one, draff is good enough far swine.  
I do not here inveigh, or yet envy,  
The places profit, none can come thereby,  
And in my hand it lies (if so I please)  
To spoil it, and not make it worth a pease.  
And to the world I'll cause it to appear,  
Who e're gives for you twenty pounds a year.  
Must from the merchants pilfer fourscore more,  
Or else he cannot live and pay the score.  
And to close up this point, I say in brief,  
Who buys it is a begger or a thief,  
Or else a fool, or to make all agree,  
He may be fool, thief, begger, all the three,  
So you false Bottles to you both adieu,  
The *Thames* for me, not a *Denier* for you.





**An Armado, or**  
**Nauye, of 103. *Ships* & other**  
Veffels; who have the Art to  
Sayle by Land, as well  
as by Sea.

*Morally, Rigd, Mand Munitioned*  
Appoynted, Set forth, and Victualed,  
with 32 fortes of *Ling*: with  
other Prouisions of  
Fish & Flesh.

By *John Taylor*

The Names of the Ships, are in the next Page

*Anno Millimo, quillimo trillimo.*



L O N D O N  
Printed by E. A. for H. Gosson 1627.

*THE NAMES OF THE SHIPS, WITH THE  
NUMBER OF THE SQUADRONS.*

1 The Lord-SHIP, whose squadron were of  
Ships and other vessels, twelve in all.

2 The Scholar-SHIP, with ten others in all.

3 The Lady-SHIP, with twelve others.

4 The Goodfellow-SHIP, with twelve others.

5 The Apprentice-SHIP, with four others.

6 The Court-SHIP, with eleven others.

7 The Friend-SHIP, with four others.

8 The Fellow-SHIP, with five others.

9 The Footman-SHIP, with five others.

10 The Horseman-SHIP, with four others.

11 The Surety-SHIP, with seven others.

12 The Wor-SHIP, with three others.

13 The Woodman-SHIP, with seven others.

Besides there were seven other needless Ships,  
which were in the nature of Voluntaries, or hangers-  
on upon *The Navy*, as namely, *The Mary Carry-  
Knave*, *The Knaves-increase*, *The Superfluous*, the  
*Careless*, *The Idle*, *The Coxcomb*, *The Braggart*.  
And what man soever he be, that hath, or doth not  
sail in some one Ship of this my Fleet, Let him  
come to me, and I will Ship him,  
and allow him double

wages.



TO THE RIGHT WORSHIPFUL AND  
TRULY GENEROUS SIR JOHN  
FEARNE KNIGHT.

Noble Sir,

**T**HE world sufficiently knows that you know what Ships and shipping are, that you have ploughed the dangerous ocean, and furrowed over the ragged bosom of Neptune: yet nevertheless I know that you have took notice of my old and weather-beaten Land-Navy, being built without either timber or iron, rigged without ropes or cordage, whose ordnance are discharged without match or powder, whose victuals are neither bread, drink, fish, flesh, or good red-herring, whose voyages are not performed with wind and water, yet ever in action like a perpetual motion; but when you shall please to favour me so much as to peruse and survey my strange Fleet or Armada, you will then perceive that yourself hath sailed in (or at the least) boarded most of my ships of note: for you are well acquainted with the Lordship, you are a friend to the Scholarship,

*yet have laid the Ladyship aboard, you have entered the Apprenticeship, you are well-known in the Courtship, you have sailed in the Good Fellowship, you love the Friendship, you affect the Fellowship, you know the Footmanship, you are skilled in the Horsemanship, you have surprised and taken the Worship, and you know what belongs to the Woodmanship, the Wardship, and Stewardship ; I do for some reasons not meddle with all, and I think you have seldom or never had any dealings with them : the sum of all is, I most humbly desire your worship's pardon, for my abrupt dedication, assuring you that it was only my love and duty that put me on, without any expectance of patronage, protection or reward : and with my best wishes for the perpetuity of your present and ever future felicity,*

*I rest,*

Your Worship's to command  
whilst I have being,

JO. TAYLOR.





John Smith *of his friend Master*  
John Taylor *and his Amada.*

Arm, Arm, Arm, Arm, great *Neptune* rouse, awake  
And muster up thy monsters speedily :  
*Boreas* unto thy blustering blasts betake,  
Guard, guard yourselves, from *Taylor's* policy,  
Rocks, shoals, Lee-shores, oh help them *Goodwin*  
sands

For this new Fleet runs over Seas and Lands,  
And's now so victu'led, Rigged and yarely\* plies  
It threatens all the waters, air and skies  
Truth in his Navy such a power doth lead  
The Devil, Hell, Vice, and all, the Fleet may dread,  
And well it may, if well you understand,  
So rare a Fleet, was never made nor man'd.

\*YARELY.—Quickly, neatly, skilfully.





My love to John Taylor  
and his Navy.

If Art and Nature both in one combine,  
Upon some serious wits to draw a line  
If Virtue trusty Faith with all their might  
Give Nature Virtue, Art a nimble sight  
    Art Nature Virtue, Faith do well agree  
    To raise this work of thine eternity.  
No sooner did thy pen but drop a tear  
Upon this milky path, the Gods were there  
Willing assistants and did hoist up sail  
To make the swifter in the thy naval tale  
    *Eolia* a gentle gale *Neptune*, calm weather  
    Till all our Ships in harbour moored together  
If Lord-Ship, Lady-Ship, or Court-Ship fight  
Friend-Ship and Fellow-Ship will do thee right  
And Wor-Ship will assist to make a peace  
Whilst Surety-ship stands bound the wars should cease,  
    Thus was that battle ended but thy praise  
    Hath raised a crew which will outlast thy days  
Steer on thy course then, let thy fertile brain  
Plough up the deep which will run o'er the main  
In such a Fleet of sweet conceited matter,  
Which sails by land more swifter than by water  
    That whilst the ocean doth contain a billow  
    Thou and thy Book shall never have a fellow.

*F. Mason.*







*The Description how the whole Navy is Victualled  
with Thirty-two sorts of Ling, besides other  
Necessaries.*

**F**IRST, thirty thousand couple of Change-LING, appointed only for the diet of such fellows who had honest parents, and are themselves changed into very rascals. Secondly, Dar-LING, this fish was dearer than fresh *Salmon*, (for it was consecrated to the goddess *Venus*) it was of that high price that some men have consumed their whole lordships, manors and credit, in two or three years only in this kind of diet, therefore, it is not a dish for every man's tooth: for none but brave sparks, rich heirs, *Clarissimoes* and *Magnifico*es, would go to the cost of it.

Thirdly, Shave-LING, which was only for the diet of Priests, Monks, and Friars.

Fourthly, Fond-LING, this fish was Cockney's and other pretty youths, over whom their parents were so tender, that a man might perceive by their manners, they had been better fed than taught.

Fifthly, Tip-LING, a dish for all men.

Sixthly, Under-LING, this fish was shipped for witty younger brothers, poor scholars that have neither friends nor money.

Seventhly, Starve-LING, this Ling was only for the bark Beggarly, which was manned with old discharged serving-men, and maimed cashiered soldiers and mariners.

Eighthly, Strip-LING, provided for pages, lackeys, and foot-boys.

Ninthly, Foo-LING, a dish for every man's diet.

Tenthly, Swad-LING, against stomach, but yet a dish of good use.

Eleventh, Grumb-LING, a discontented kind of fish for the poorer sort of people to chew upon : for when they do think themselves wronged by their superiors, and dare not utter their minds openly, then they feed upon Grumb-LING.

Twelfth, Wrang-LING, this *Ling* was salted by sixteen pettifoggers, in a long troublesome term : it is held to be a lasting dish, and will serve the whole fleet with their posterities, to the second and third generation.

Thirteenth, Troub-LING, was provided by certain double diligent constables, to the molestation of their sleepy watch, and the charge of many a man that would quietly have gone to their lodging.

Fourteenth, Prow-LING, is a plentiful fish, upon which many thousands do live, but by using it too much, it chokes a great number: and as fishermen do bait their hooks with one fish to catch other, so is this *Ling* (for the most part) taken with three other sorts of *Ling*, as with Jug-LING, Brab-LING, until by hook or by crook it is taken with Ang-LING, I have seen many of these Prow-LING fishermen end their lives like swans (in a manner singing) and sometimes making their wills at *Wapping*,<sup>1</sup> or looking through a hempen window at *St. Thomas Waterings*,<sup>2</sup> or the three legged instrument near *Paddington*.<sup>3</sup> There were many other sorts of *Ling*

<sup>1</sup>WAPPING.—Here was *Execution Dock*, the usual place for hanging pirates and sea-rovers, at the low-watermark, and there to remain till three tides had overflowed them.—*Stow*.

<sup>2</sup>ST. THOMAS A WATERINGS was a place of execution for the county of Surrey. It was situated close to the second milestone on the Kent road, where was a brook dedicated to St. Thomas à Becket,—

“ And forth we riden a litel more than a paas,  
Unto the *waterynge of Seint Thomas*,  
And there oure ost bigan his hors areste,  
And seyde ‘ Lordus, herkeneth if you leste,  
Ye woot youre forward, and sit you recorde. ’ ”

Chaucer’s *The Prologue to The Canterbury Tales*.

<sup>3</sup>THE THREE LEGGED INSTRUMENT NEAR PADDINGTON.—The gallows, “ Tyburn-tree,” was a triangle upon three legs, and is thus described in the 16th and 17th centuries. If Mr. Robins’s location of the gibbet be correct, it was subsequently changed; for in the lease of the house No. 49, Connaught-square, the gallows is stated to have stood upon that spot. Smith (*Hist. St. Mary-le-Bone*) states it to have been for many years a standing fixture on a small eminence at the corner of the Edgware-road, near the turnpike, on the identical spot where a toll-house was subsequently erected by the Uxbridge-road Trust. Beneath this place lie the bones of Bradshaw, Ireton, and other

sent to the *Navy*, which (to avoid prolixity) I will but name, as Quarrel-LING, was for the diet of some of the noble science, some for roaring boys, and rough-hewd tittery tues.<sup>1</sup>

The nineteenth sort of Ling was Fumb-LING, which is for their diets who have been long married and can get no children.

The twentieth, was Ming-LING, which was for wine merchants, vintners, brewers, and apothecaries. Jumb-LING, and Tumb-LING, for the keepers and *Cupidian* haunters of vaulting houses. Fid-LING, Fud-LING, and Stumb-LING, from the schools of dancing, and drinking.

The twenty-sixth sort of Ling was Bung-LING, which was the fare of quack salvers, mountebanks, ratcatching watercasters, and also for all botching artificers and cobbling tradesmen. Mumb-LING was for those that had no need of the tooth-drawer.

regicides, which were taken from their graves after the Restoration, and buried under the gallows. It subsequently consisted of two uprights and a cross-beam, erected on the morning of execution across the Edgware-road, opposite the house at the corner of Upper Bryanstone-street and the Edgware-road, wherein the gallows was deposited after being used; and this house had curious iron balconies to the windows of the first and second floors, where the sheriffs attended the executions. After the place of execution was changed to Newgate in 1783, the gallows was bought by a carpenter, and made into stands for beer-butts in the cellars of the Carpenters' Arms public-house, hard by.—*Timbs'* "Curiosities of London."

<sup>1</sup>TITTERY TU.—A cant term for some description of riotous people. No doubt a corruption of *Tityre, tu*.—*Nures*.

Ster-LING money was at such a Scant-LING, that scarcely it was for any honest man's Hand-LING.

The thirty-one sort of Ling was <sup>1</sup>Pole-LING, (I do not mean a Pole of LING,) nor Barber's Pole-LING,) which is an universal dish, it needs no mustard, for many a commonwealth finds it tart enough without sauce, yet many men have run in and out of great estates by this only fish: it serves for the diet of project-mongers, monopolitarians and diligent suit-joggers.

The last Ling was Pill-LING, which is much of the nature of Pole-LING, and so with Pole-LING and Pill-LING, I conclude my thirty-two sorts of LING.

For other sorts of fish they had *Carp* enough for a word speaking, great store of *Cods-heads*, *Sharks* more than a good many; plenty of Dog-fish, and *Poor-Johns*<sup>2</sup> in great abundance.

For flesh it was so plentiful, that he that loved beef might have every day a *stone* (if he had a stomach to eat it :) their mutton was neither ewe nor lamb, but to my knowledge they wanted no *Weather*<sup>3</sup>: they had also good sort of venison, but it was rascal dear, or deer-rascals with some *Fawns*;

<sup>1</sup>POLE FOR POLL.—For the sake of the equivoque.

<sup>2</sup>POOR-JOHN.—The fish called Hake when dried and salted, from *pauvre Jean*, the French name of this fish.

<sup>3</sup>WEATHER.—For *wether* to favour the equivoque.

they had likewise store of fowl, as gull, goose, widgeon, woodcock, buzzard, owls, cormorants, quails, rails, cuckoos, wag-tails, ring-tails, and bittoures.<sup>1</sup> Their fruit was medlers, and wildings,<sup>2</sup> and instead of a flawn or a custard, they were glad sometimes to dine and to sup with *Fool!*

For preservation of their healths, they had neither *Mithridate*, or any other drug : for one Doctor *Scourgut*, (who married with *Florence*, the only daughter to *Sir Reverence* Stirstink, of Holehaven in the county of Ruff-million glisterpipe-maker) was the physician to the whole navy, who did compound a preservative of powdered cox-combs with ass's milk, which did very well agree with their natures.

Their bread and drink I had almost forgotten ; indeed it was not rusk as the Spaniards use, or oaten-cakes, or bannocks, as in North *Britain*, nor biscuit as Englishmen eat ; but it was a bread which they called *Cheat-bread*, and a mad fellow told me, it was so called, because the baker was never like to be paid for it. Their drink was brewed with a malt, made only with *Wild-oats*, but instead of

hops, there was store of *Rue*, with a little

heartsease. And thus were they

victualled : now I proceed

to the description of

the Navy.

<sup>1</sup>BITTOURES.—The Bittern.

<sup>2</sup>WILDING.—The crab-apple.



*Why these Ships are called SHIPS.*

**I** HAVE little to say to the reader, because I neither know him nor his conditions, therefore to avoid lying and flattery, in putting the styles of christian, gentle, courteous, friendly, learned or honest, upon the atheist, barbarous, hateful, ignorant, or dishonest ; the reader gets no epistle at all of me : if he be good and well inclined, it is the better for himself ; and if otherwise, it shall not be much the worse for me, there's the point. Now the reasons why all these words, or names of my moral navy are called SHIPS, or do end with the word or syllable SHIP, as Lord-SHIP, Lady-SHIP, Friend-SHIP, and the like, &c. The reasons I take to be these which followeth, and as I imagine most significate ; first the whole life of man is a SHIP under sail : for be it either day or night, storm or calm, light or dark, hot or cold, winter or summer, yet the SHIP is in her course, ever going in her voyage ; so likewise *Man*, let him go, sit, stand, ride, run, work,

play, sleep or wake, yet he is still going onward in his mortal passage. A *SHIP* is ever in need of repairing, so is a man either in body, mind or goods. A *Ship* is ever unsteady ; a *Man* is always mutable : some *SHIPS* are hard to be steered ; some men are harder to be guided. Some *Ships* bear so great a sail that they bear their masts by the board and make all split again : some *Men* do spread such a clew in a calm, that a sudden storm half sinks them and tears all. Some *SHIPS* are so favoured by the wind, that they make rich voyages and quick returns ; some men are so fortunate, that wealth and promotions do fall in their mouths. Some *SHIPS* run through many a storm with much danger, and yet are so unlucky, that they never make a good voyage ; some *Men* (being born under a three-penny planet) can neither by pains, watching, labour or any industry be worth a groat. Some *SHIPS* by being overladen have been cast away ; some men by taking in too much have been forced to cast all away. *SHIPS* do wallow and heave, and sit upon the sea ; *Men* do stumble, reel and stagger on the land. Some *Ships* have their cracks and imperfections gaily hid with painting : some *Men* have their bad intents covered over with hypocrisy, and their diseased carcases covered with good clothes. Some *SHIPS* do bring profitable commodities, and some bring baubles, toys and trifles ; some *Men* do enrich



a kingdom with their wisdom, authority, and practice in virtue : and some men do disgrace and impoverish a monarchy by folly, ill employed power, and sottishness in vanity. Some SHIPS will run to leeward extremely if the wind be scant, some again will bravely beat it out to windward and weather it ; so some *Men* will shrink from their friends or from themselves, in a storm, or trouble, or poverty ; and some few again will bear up stiff, constantly, contemning and opposing the brunts of Fortune. Some SHIPS are taken by others and made prizes ; some *Men* are captived by others and made slaves. Some SHIPS are commended more for their bulk and beauty, then for any good service ; and some *Men* are more applauded for their fortunes, than for any good conditions. If I would insist longer on these comparisons, I could enlarge my induction to the bounds of a pamphlet : therefore I will conclude it with King *Solomon's* similitude, *Wisdom* 5. cap. 10. That man's life passeth as a SHIP that passeth over the waves of the waters : therefore I wish all men to be provided as good SHIPS should be, let HOPE be their cable, let *charity* and *love* guard and compass, till they come happily to the haven of GRAVES-  
END, and from thence to that  
blessed Harbour which  
hath no END.



*The Lord-SHIP with her Regiment.*

**T**HE Lord-SHIP, a very ancient and honourable vessel of mighty bulk and burthen, being sufficiently furnished with victuals, munition, tackling and men, was under the command of the noble *Don Diego de fifty Cankoemuskcod*, who was Admiral or high *Adellantado* of the whole fleet. The captain of her was Signor *Caco Fogo*, (a *Neapolitan* of *Civita Vecchia*) a sweet affable gentleman, yet of so dainty a disposition, and so experienced in navigation, that he could not endure the scent of the pump, and for the more sweet keeping of the ship, he protested that he would have no more of those stinking pumps to sea with him: he came very honestly by his place, for he bought it with his money, besides the help of a lady's letter; and to give him his due, he was well skilled in the *Ass-trolabe*, and could take the elevation of the pole, as well with a *batoon* or a broom-staff, as with any *Jacob's*

*staff* in *Africa*. In foul weather he most constantly kept his cabin, giving himself wholly to fasting and meditation, often *casting* up his accounts as near as he could, bearing himself so equally betwixt well doing and ill-taking, that in all the whole voyage no man could tax him for taking any harm, or doing any good.

The Master's name was *Petrus Vainglorious*, his Mate *Hugo Hypocrisy*, men that have steered the course in the Lord-SHIP many hundred years: the boatswain and his mate were *Scoff* and *Derision*, with *Gripe* the Steward, *Avarice* the Purser, and *Lawrence Delay* the Paymaster; kinsman to *Tom Long* the Carrier: which three last are thought to be very arrant knaves, who have spoiled the government of the whole Ship. In brief, the Gunner, Coxswain, Swabber, and Ship-boys were plentifully stored with pride, flattery, and other the like gentleman like virtues.

The Ships that went in the same regiment or squadron, with the Lord-SHIP, were these that follow, namely,

1 The *Ambition*, 2 The *Presumption*, two stout Ships of very lofty sail and great burthen.

3 The *Oppression*, a Ship of account and estimation.

4 The *Costly*, a Ship of great charge.

5 The *Mutable*, a brave Ship, but in no course steady.

6 The *Self-love*, a great Ship, but of small service.

7 The *Delight*, a fair Ship to the eye.

8 The *Hopewell*, a Ship of great expectation.

9 The *Debt*, a Ship of great burthen and much receipt.

10 The *Satisfaction*, a large long ship, a very cart, a slug and slow of sail.

11 The *Promise*, a Ship very unsteady, yet her sails ever full.





*The Scholar-SHIP with her regiment.*

**T**HIS Ship is a very ancient Ship, and was built at the first, and hath been ever since repaired with infinite cost, pains, and study. She hath been of that worthy estimation, that the monarchs, kings, princes, and estates of the world, have made it their chiefest felicity to sail in her: all famous divines and philosophers have steered her, and been steered by her. Some of our greatest mariners have been much troubled with plurisies, pluralities I would say, and some have been great merchants at steeple fair, but it was in the old time, *Si-Money*, was as good as ready *Money*. The arts mathematical and metaphysical have been the rich prizes and purchases of her painful voyages: and now at this present (though the world be much altered with her) She tries her fortunes in this adventurous navy. The captain's name was *Sapience*, the master *Experience*, his mate *Knowledge*, and every other officer correspondent, being munitioned and victualled for the enterprise

she set sail, with her squadron or regiment of Ships hereunder named.

1 The *Serious*, a Ship laden with gravity.

2 The *Foresight*, a Ship worthy of much regard.

3 The *Desert*, a Ship of great service and small payment.

4 The *Industrious*, a good profitable Ship.

Then there attend her five small pinnaces and frigates, namely, the *Dogmatist*, the *Captious*, the *Prejudicate*, the *Carper*, and the *Critic*. These five were manned with young bachelors of art, puny inns of courtmen, and humorous *Poets*,  
who with their continual cudgeling  
one another with broken verses,  
had almost beaten *Pris-*  
*cianus'* brains out.





*The Lady-SHIP with her Regiment.*



THIS Lady-SHIP was a very comely Ship to the eye, set out with most excessive and superfluous cost, she was most richly adorned and beautified with flags, streamers, pennons, and waistcloths: there was more time spent in rigging of her, than in all the rest of the fleet one after another: her cordage and tackling was of fine silver twist, only her *Ent'ring rope* was pure gold: her sails were silk, of all the colours in the rainbow: her masts and yards were strong and serviceable: her *guys*, *bowlines*, *sheets*, *tacks*, *braces*, *ties*, and *lifts* were all very costly: her *gaskets*, *marlines*, *cables*, *hawasers*, *fish*, and *cat-rope*, *buoy rope*, and *boat rope*, *bolt rope* and *top rope*, the *guest rope*, *bucket rope*, and *fort rope*, *shrouds*, *lanyards*, *rattlings*, *halliards*, *rope-yarns*, *sounding lines*, were all of rare stuffs of great price and small profit; and contrary to any other Ship, she had neither *forestay* or *backstay*, for the wind lay in her will, and if she please to sail

any whither, there was no command had power to stop her, or cable and anchors strength to hold her. In a word, she was a fine timbered vessel, and had the virtue to sail without any compass, and indeed she was altogether for fair weather, for if it stormed, rained, or blew, or sun shined too hot, she would lie at anchor, and keep her harbour a month together, so that neither force or fair means could ever unmove her.

Her *Ordinance* or *Artillery* were in her chase or head, and her powder and munition were in her *stern* or poop, she is somewhat tickle in steerage, but in sight she is sufficient to sink or blow up, as many as dare board or grapple with her. She was laden out with poor beggarly commodities, as lead, tin, leather, tallow, corn, and broad cloth, but she came richly freighted home with apes, monkeys, merkins,<sup>1</sup> marmosets, Spanish potatoes, ostrich's feathers, island dogs, St. *Martin's* beads and bracelets, cobweb-lawn, tiffanies, dainty dun Popinjay green parrots, and paroquets. The master's name was *Vanity*, who

<sup>1</sup>MERKIN.—False hair. Generally explained *pubes mulieris ascititia*. Jordan tells us that spectators at shows often "screwed" themselves up in the balconies to avoid the fireworks which "instantly assaulted the perukes of the gallants and the *merkins* of the madames."

"Why dost thou reach thy *merkin*, now half dust?  
Why dost provoke the ashes of thy lust?"

*Fletcher's Poems*, p. 95.

"*Mirkin* rubs of and often spoiles the sport."

MS. *Harl.* 7,312, p. 124.

—*Hallinell's Dictionary of Archaic and Provincial Words*.



had the chief command and guide of the Ship and Regiment, who in steering of his course, was neither miserable or liberal, but altogether a most worthy, worthless, careful, negligent, prodigal.

The other ships and vessels that were in her Regiment under her command, were named as followeth.

1 The *Dainty*, a ship purposely built for the carriage of such things as were far fetched and dear bought, and by consequence proverbially good for ladies.

2 The *Pride*, an intolerable gaudy vessel, of an exceeding lofty sale, with top and top gallant.

3 The *Coy*, a little frigate, of small service.

4 The *Disdain*, a great ship of much use, but of very strange course or steerage.

5 The *Nice*, a frigate that carried the sweet-meats or confectionary.

6 The *Fashion*, a galleyfoist, only for the service of the wardrobe.

7 The *Bauble*, a small frigate only for pleasure.

8 The *Toy*, a pinnace, that was appointed to attend and follow the *Fashion*.

9 The *Wanton*, a catch.

10 The *Gewgaw*, a hoy.

11 The *Whimwham*, a drummer.

All these three were of most especial use and service for the Lady-SHIP, whose chief charge and employment was to wear, eat, and drink the best, and withal not to pester, wrong or oppress the fleet, with good examples, or directions.





*The Good-fellow-SHIP with her Regiment.*

**T**HIS Ship is very old, and much out of reparations: she hath been of such use and employment, that she hath sailed into all countries of the inhabitable world; she only is the greatest traveller, for there is not a haven or harbour under the sun, but she hath cast anchor in it. Wine merchants, vintners, brewers, and victuallers, have thrust themselves into the whole Lordships, by the often returns, lading and un-lading of this Ship, yet now she is so weather-beaten, with the storms of time, and so wind-shaken with too much use, that through want she is not able to bear half the sail which she formerly hath done.

In the golden age, when *Saturn* reigned (long before the two wrangling words *Thine* and *Mine*, had set the world together by the ears) then was the *Good-fellowship* in such request, that all estates and conditions sailed in her, then her voyages and quick returns (her lading being for the most part hearty love, and true affection) did maintain and keep such unity,

that whosoever was not a mariner or sailor in her, was esteemed as a branded stigmatized infamous person.

But at last her navigators began to steer another course, for some of them had learned the art of covetousness, and with a devilish kind of bawdry, called usury and extortion, made gold and silver engender and beget yearly so much, and so much the hundred, when tailors, like so many wicked spirits, flew from one country to another. bringing home more fashions, than would kill a hundred thousand horses<sup>1</sup>; when for the maintenance of those fashions, the earth was equally shared and divided amongst the people (some all, and some not a foot) with hedges, ditches, bounds, mounds, walls, and marks, when my Lady *Rusty* began to take such a thrifty order, that all the meat in the kitchen should be cheaper, than the washing and painting of her visage (if you allow the powdering of her bought or borrowed perriwig into the bargain) when the world came to this pass, then this good Ship, this *Good-fellowship* being forsaken of her pilots, masters, and mariners, all her sailors in little time

<sup>1</sup>FASSIONS, &c.—Corrupted from *farcins*—Fr. for the *farcey*—a disease to which horses are subject.

“Troubled with lampass, infected with the *fashions*.”

*Taming the Shrew*, act. iii. sc. 2.

“*Sh.* What shall we learn by travel?”

“*An.* *Fashions*.”

“*Sh.* That’s a beastly disease.”

Decker’s *Old Fortunatus*.

declined to be no better than swabbers, so that through want of skilful managing and reparation, and with extreme age, she is nothing so serviceable as she hath been, yet as she is, she sets forward with her best ability in this voyage. The captain's name was *Hercules Dumplin*, a Norfolk gentleman, the Master *Giles Gammon*, he was born at *Romford*, the rest of the mariners it were needless to name them.

The other Ships and vessels that were in the same regiment with the Good-fellowship, were these.

1 The *Drunken Siss*,<sup>1</sup> a great Ship, it is thought she was built at *Middleborough*; but howsoever, she hath made many voyages into *England*: she is so beloved, that she needs not press any man to serve in her: for all sorts of people do daily come aboard of her, and freely, and voluntarily offer her their best service, so that it is a wonder to see how bravely she is manned: and (many times) women do take their turns at helm, and steer their courses as well as men. She is a ship contrary to all other ships, for she rolls, reels, and tumbles most of all when she is in a calm harbour; and the more lading she takes in, the more unsteady she is; for if the sea be as calm as a milk pan, yet is she ever tossing, which makes her mariners sea sick, and

<sup>1</sup>Siss.—A huge fat woman.

subject to much casting. Her ordnance are gallons, pottles, quarts, pints, and the miser's gallon<sup>1</sup>; with three hooped pots, cans, godards<sup>2</sup>: in the which artillery, almost every one hath the skill to charge and discharge, maintaining the fight as long as they can either stand or understand. The master of her is an *Amsterdam'd* man, his name is *Cornelius van Broken-gulch*; the master gunner was one *Denis Whirlpool*, a man of *Dieppe*, with *Gulph* the purser, *Swallow* the boatswain, and *Swill* the steward.

2 The second ship in the Regiment with the *Good-fellow-ship*, was the *Sow* of *Flushing*, she was a vessel unseemly to the eye, but yet serviceable.

3 The *Carouse*, a ship of hot service, and as the spider sucks the sweetness of the fairest flowers, converting their juice into poison; so the sailors in this ship, have taken a use to drink other men's healths, to the amplifying of their own diseases.

4 The *Quaff*, a quick smart ship much of the bulk and carriage of the *Carouse*.

5 The *Bissle* of *Breda*, a small ship, yet in continual service, her worst fault is, she is so low built, that her mariners can hardly keep themselves dry.

MISER'S GALLON—*i.e.*, a very small measure.

<sup>1</sup>THREE HOOPED POTS, &c.—There were generally three hoops on the quart pot, and if three men were drinking, each drank his *hoop* or third portion.—See note at p. 8 of Decker's *Gull's Hornbook* in the present series.

The *Sleeper* of *Rotterdam*, a great ship, of exceeding necessary use, and much employment, she is to the whole Regiment, in nature of an hospital or spital, for when any of them are wounded, pot-shot, jug-bitten, or cup-shaken, so that they have lost all reasonable faculties of the mind, and in a manner are so mad, that they dare speak felony, whistle treason, and call any *Magnifico* a mongrel; in such desperate cases as this, the distracted parties are brought aboard the *Sleeper*, where *Time* like a good cloth worker, with setting a good nap upon their threadbare eyes, their wits that were spent, and like northern cloth shrunk in the wetting, are speedily recovered.

So likewise for the limbs and members of the body, she is the only *Æsculapian* Tabernacle; and to speak the truth, St. *Winifred's* Well<sup>1</sup>; the *Bath*, or the *Spa*, are not compared to this Ship, for speedy ease and cure; for I have seen many that were so dim-sighted, that they could not see their way at noon-day, and others have been so defective in their speech, that they could not speak one wise word; others so lame of their legs, that they could neither go or stand, and with a few hours lying aboard of this easy Ship, their sights, speech, and legs, have been all recovered.

<sup>1</sup>ST. WINIFRED'S WELL.—A Holywell in Flintshire.

- 7 The *Whiff*, a small Pinnace of *Varna*.
- 8 The *Puff*, a Bark of *Virginia*.
- 9 The *Vapour*, a Frigate of *Trinidado*.
- 10 The *Snuff*, a Carvel of *Burmudas*.
- 11 The *Bark-beggarly*, before mentioned,  
manned with old cashiered soldiers, mariners, and  
servingmen, negligent tradesmen, with some  
few courtiers, whose diet is only  
*Starve-Ling*.







*The Apprentice-SHIP.*

**T**HIS Ship is very slow of sail, so that a man may make two *East India* voyages, or girdle the terrestrial globe twice about (as *Sir Francis Drake* did once), before she can make a return ; the compass whereby she shows her course is for (the most part) in our *Troynovantine* ocean, within the sound of *Bowbell* ; instead of a map or chart, she is directed by an Indenture, whereby she hath more knowledge in the time to come, than any witch or conjurer ; for by only looking on it, the least Ship-boy that's in her, can tell when her voyage will be done ; she is a vessel that is both singular and single, for none but single persons must board her ; and (to avoid double dealing) she hath banished matrimony out of her quarters, for seven years or more<sup>1</sup> ; her mariners, do (against their wills) endure much hardness, as hunger, thirst, heat, cold, watching, toil, and travail ; yet many times

<sup>1</sup>MATRIMONY OUT OF HER QUARTERS, &c.—Apprentices are prohibited from marrying by the terms of their Indentures.

they are allowed more lamb<sup>1</sup> and ribroast than they would have ; yet by patience and long-suffering, many of them do change to be preferred : (in time) they sail in the Lord-SHIP, Court-SHIP, Surety-SHIP, or some other bottom of honour or eminency ; for they claim a freedom of all trades whatsoever, and are so mystical in their diversities of mysteries, that not one man living can describe them : yet (for the most part) weight and measure are their guide, by weight from the scruple to the dram, to the tun, to the three tuns, and to the three hundred thousand millions : and by measure, from the half-quarter pint, to the whole quarter sack ; from less than the inch to the ell, to the furlong, to the firmanent, and down to the bottom of the cellar, to the ocean and the tailor's hell,<sup>2</sup> who indeed are accounted the best *bread* men in the ship, and such as go through stitch with what they take in hand. There are divers functions which never do come aboard of this Ship, as cuckolds, wittols,<sup>3</sup> and others which I could name : but to supply these wants, she is seldom unfurnished of young lying knaves, whores, and thieves, who (as the cockle grows among the wheat) do sail in the Apprentice-SHIP, and share as much benefit as most of her labouring mariners. She

<sup>1</sup>LAMB, for lam (to beat soundly), for the sake of the pun.

<sup>2</sup>TAILOR'S HELL.—Thereceptacle of tailor's clippings—*vulgo*, CABBAGE !

<sup>3</sup>WITTOL.—A willing or contented cuckold,

hath small attendance, for indeed she is the only bounden servant in the navy, only there is a sluggish vessel called the *Tedious*, that sails with her, with four small pinnaces, as

- 1 The *Lodge*.
- 2 The *Diet*.
- 3 The *Wash*.
- 4 The *Wring*.

And sometimes double, single, or no apparel is allowed to the sailors when the voyage is ended.





*The Court-SHIP, with her Regiment.*

**C**OURT-SHIP, is a vessel of royal and magnificent burthen, of eminent command, and invincible force, if she be well manned, carefully rigged, discreetly ballasted and wisely steered ; she is of that impregnable strength, that neither the storms of saucy censure, the gusts of malapert babbling, the flaws of envy, the tempests of temporizing tale-bearers, or the smooth calms of flattery, can make her sail to any other harbour than the famous ports and havens of virtue, honour and perpetual happiness.

But (to use sea terms and phrases) there are a crew of unprofitable *steal-shares*, peremptory *hot-shots*, idle *flat-sheets*, and unserviceable vessel's *loose-guise*, that do attempt to board this admired ship, and so having boarded her (like drones) they eat, and live upon the labours and deserts of the painful, industrious mariners ; these are the youths that after they have foisted themselves into some mean place of office, though it be but a swabber, liar, or liar's

mate (always provided, that they have sworn themselves into good clothes) then let all their acquaintance and friends stand further off, for they esteem themselves to be no more mortal, so that a man had far better speak to the master and owner of the ship himself, than to any of these puck-foists : yet there is great show of zeal in their salutation to any one they meet, for the word *God save ye*, it is as common as the air with them, but in effect they neither mind God, nor the party they speak to, and (like an ape for an apple) they can kiss their paw, inviting a man to their cabin ; but whosoever takes them at their word, they hold him to want manners, and to be a fellow of no breeding. The ignorant ass that carried the Egyptian goddess *Isis* in procession, when the more ignorant people kneeled down to adore the goddess, the witless ass thought it had been in reverence to him : so in like manner these upstart Ship-boys, having once crept into an inferior office in the Ship, and withal being covered with silk, and good borrowed beaten satin, lined and buttered through with plush or velvet, they arrogantly imagine, that all the reverence or respect that men do, either for their undeserved place, or gaudy outside, is done to their persons ; but I would have them understand, that they are honoured and worshipped, with the same devotion as the barbarous *Brazilians*, *Americans*, and *Virginians* do

adore the devil withal, which is not for the hope of any good which they expect, but for fear of the hurt which they suppose the devil can do them. The conclusion is, that when a storm or tempest comes, the noble, stout, skilful navigator stands to his tackling, and courageously applies himself either to top and yard, helm, and lead, from post to stem, and from prow to quarter, when all the service Monsieur *Mushroom* and his Mate can do, is either to eat, sleep, spew, and stink, and at last for some notorious or meritorious work, they are ducked from the yard arm of State into the deep sea of disgrace, and turned ashore like *Cain's* imps, preferred to their due estates of runagates and vagabonds.

*The squadron of Ships that went under the command of the Court-SHIP.*

1 The *Renown*, a Ship of worthy port, strength, and burthen, manned with approved and experienced soldiers, and sailors.

2 The *Courage*.

3 The *Resolution*.

4 The *Foresight*.

5 The *Expedition*.

6 The *Loyalty*.

The *Perseverance*, six tall Ships of most excellent service and performance.

7 The *Compliment*.

8 The *Brisk*.

9. The *Strange*, three gallant pinnaces, but of very small use, profit, or service.

10 The *Oblivious*, a Ship of great burthen and most plentifully manned, with those that had forgotten their parents, kindred, friends, birth, estate, breeding, and indeed, such as were so far out of knowledge to know any man, that they had no acquaintance of themselves, and being mere strangers to their own qualities and conditions ; and thus was the Court-SHIP appointed and attended : much of the great ordnance, were *promises*, the powder breath, and airy performance were the shot, which by reason of the tossing of the billow, and unquiet surges of the sea, did often miss the mark.





### *The Friend-SHIP*

**T**AS a vessel of great account and estimation, *David* and *Jonathan*, *Damon* and *Pythias*, *Pleiades* and *Orestes*, *Alexander* and *Lodowick*, *Scipio* and *Laelius*, did lovingly and unfeignedly sail in her: indeed she was ever free for all comers of what country, sex, age, or state soever, for the word *friend* imports free end, which is as much as the end and intention of Friend-SHIP is free: In these latter times, she would have gone to sea, but there were not men to be gotten to man her, so for a shift they were feign to furnish her with kindred, uncles, and cousins, with here and there a false brother; *Herod* and *Pilate*, went aboard this Ship (with a shameful deal of love from the teeth outward) but their purpose was to destroy innocent blood. It was a merry world when *Fidelity* was master of this Ship, *Constancy* his mate, and *Plain-dealing* the boatswain, but those worthy mariners are dead, and an old proverb, as sure as check with them: in a word, the old ship is decayed and



rotten, having only the bare name left, for she is so much past service, that she can hardly steer or bear sail, with an adverse contrary gale, she will fall to leeward much abominably, yet with a prosperous and fortunate wind, she will spread all her canvass exceeding fare, and hypocritical, and so to I will describe no further, because she is grown to that cheap rate, that a man may have her at Billingsgate for a box of the ear.

The Friend-SHIP had two very small pinnaces in her Squadron, named,

- 1 The *Cog*.
- 2 The *Foist*, other attendants she had few or none, for indeed none but these two and one great Ship called the *Fraud*, were in request.





*The Fellow-SHIP with her Regiment.*

**T**HIS Ship was in old time a Ship of unity and equality, when every man thought better of his neighbour than of himself, then the Master and his mate (in loving sympathy) had inward fellow feeling of the 'griefs, pains, toils, labours, infirmities, and wants of the meanest sailor or ship-boy; but now the case is so altered, that though we be all of one house, yet not all *Fellows*: and though all in one livery, yet (by your leave) no Fellow-SHIP, for by that consequence, many times the page, the footman, the coachman and his horses might challenge Fellow-SHIP, by their trapping and comparable caparisons; indeed, self-love have bred such a disunion and disconsonance amongst men, that one thief doth disdain *Fellowship* with another: so that this Ship (to patch up her reputation in some poor fashion) because she will be manned and laden with none but with fellows, she carries none but foot-ball players, and watermen: her lading being ploughing-oxen, coach-horses, boots, spurs,

shoes, pantofles, slippers, galoshes, gamashes,<sup>1</sup> socks, cuffs, gloves, gauntlets, case of rapiers, and such things as were by art or nature coupled and made fellows; this Ship was once of that estimation, that *Julius Cæsar* would have been content to have sailed in her, but that the great *Pompey* scorned any equality, and would by no means board the Fellow-SHIP with any man. In brief she is a vessel of such duplicity, that a fellow with one eye one ear, hand, stone, leg, or foot, must not enter her, nor any sculler, or single souled person come, within shadow of the smoke's shadow of her ordnance.

The ships that went in her Regiment or squadron were these.

1 The *Distrust*; a ship that sails always near the Fellow-SHIP.

2 The *Pickthank*, a Ship of great employment, that commonly sails out of sight or hearing, her lading being for the most part, private complaints, whispering intelligences, and secret informations.

3 The *Brawl*, a turbulent Ship in continual action.

4 The *Snarl*, a small dogged pinnace, of more use than profit.

<sup>1</sup>GAMASHES.—The term was formerly applied to a kind of loose drawers or stockings worn outside the legs over the other clothing, and much used by travellers.



*The Foot-man-SHIP with her Regiment.*

**T**HIS Ship is of most ancient and greatest antiquity, for she was before any other Ship was thought on, our old father *Adam* sailed in her, and was the first footman in the world. And Prince *Absalom* the son of *David* had no less than fifty of these terrestrial amblers to pass before him ; how it came to be called a Ship, I cannot relate, but by an anagrammatical or mystical conjecture, the only trade of a footman is running, and running away, and quite contrary to valour or manhood, he is accounted the best man amongst them, that can run fastest, and he is called and esteemed a man of good Footman-SHIP ; which word anagrammatized, is Foe to Man-SHIP, importing, that running away is an enemy, or foe to manhood, valour and resolution, (thus much by way of paradox).

Let the wind blow where it will, yet at all weathers this Ship sails a trot, her light-footed, nimble-heeled mariners (like so many dancers)

capering in the *pumps* [*sic*] and vanities of this sinful world, sometimes a morisico<sup>1</sup> or trenchmore of forty miles long, to the tune of *Dusty my dear, Dirty come thou to me, Done out of the mire, or I wail in woe and plunge in pain*, all these dances have no other music, except now and then he chance to hear an oath, or a curse or two from the coachman.

The Sailors, the most part and best of them, are bred in a kingdom of much fertility and plenty, called *Realdine*,<sup>2</sup> where, after they have all their youth been accustomed to wear brouges<sup>3</sup> and trousers, their fare being many times shamrocks, oaten-bread, beans, and butter milk, armed upon stark naked,<sup>4</sup> with a dart, or a skean,<sup>5</sup> steeled with the spirit of Usquebaugh, then they cross a ditch of eight hours sail, and land in the most flourishing kingdom

<sup>1</sup>MORISICO.—*i.e.*, Morris or Moorish dance. TRENCHMORE.—A boisterous dance to a lively tune in triple time. See Stanihurst's *Ireland*.—*Hallivell*.

<sup>2</sup>REALDINE.—An anagram of the word IRELAND(E)?

<sup>3</sup>BROUGES.—A kind of coarse shoes.

<sup>4</sup>STARK NAKED.—Raw spirits.

<sup>5</sup>SKEAN, SKEIN, SKAYNE, &c.—A crooked sword, dirk or dagger, used formerly by the Irish.

“Duryng this seige arrived at Harflew the Lord of Kylmaine in Ireland, with a band of xvj. hundreth Iryshmen, armed in mayle with dartes and *skaynes*, after the maner of their countrey.”

*Hall, Henry V.*, f. 28.

“Against the like fool Irish have I serv'd,  
And in my skin bear token of their *skeins*.”  
*Solimon and Perseida*, a Tragedy. 1599.

of *Triabnie*,<sup>1</sup> where by their good Footman-SHIP they are turned out of their old habits, into jackets of good preterpluperfect velvet, plated with silver, or *Argentum vivum*, (for the quickness) and all to be embroidered back and side, with the best gold twist, and the best of the silk-worm, sometimes with a court (a coat of guard I should say), or a coat of regard, being well guarded, unregarded, with such as deal of feather, ribbons and points, that he seems to be a running haberdasher's shop of small wares.

Yet are those men free from pride : for their greatest ambition is, not to ride, but to foot it, or else to sweep chimneys, or to turn costermongers ; this is the altitude of their aim, and the profundity of their felicity, nevertheless they know themselves to be great men's trappings, courageous torch-bearers, illustrious fire-drakes, glorious and sumptuous turmoilers, they are far from the griping sins of usury and extortion, and are such philosophical contemnners of the world, that every day they tread it under their feet and trample on it ; and they are such haters of wickedness, that they leave it in all places where they come : they are not covetous of other men's lands, for they make all the haste they can every day to leave it behind them ; they are so much to be trusted, that their words are as

<sup>1</sup>TRIABNIE.—The anagram of BRITAINE, a species of conceit our author was very fond of indulging in whenever an opportunity offered itself.

good as their bonds, yet in this their humility they may compare with Emperors, for they are as brave as *Nero*, and can drink with *Tiberius*: to conclude, the Footman-SHIP is manned with well breathed mariners, who after all their long, painful, and faithful service, are shipped in the bark-Beggarly, and brought to an anchor in the haven of Cripple-gate.

There were in the Regiment with the Footman-SHIP four small pinnaces.

1 The *Sweat*, a vessel of warm employment or hot service.

2 The *Moil*, a frigate that will endure much foul weather.

3 The *Toil*, a bark for all weathers, winter or summer.

4. The *Cripple*, an old drummer quite past service.





*The Horseman-SHIP with her Squadron.*

**H**ORSEMAN-SHIP had not so fair a beginning as Footman-SHIP, for *Cain* was the first vagabond and runnagate in the world, was also the first that backed and managed a horse (as *Polydore Vergil* saith), no doubt after he had murdered his brother, seeing he could not run from the horror of his conscience, he practised Horseman-SHIP, because perhaps he thought to ride from himself. This Ship hath more paces than time hath ; and the comparison may hold well, for in long vacations, quarter days, against payment of bonds, absence of true friends, or protracting of maids' marriages, after the banns have been asked, in these cases the lawyer, the landlord, the usurer, the friends, and the contracted couple, do think time to be foundered, and stark lame, or quite tired, and that his best pace is after fourteen miles in fifteen days ; whilst many a poor client, an unprovided tenant, or unfurnished debtor, or a fellow going to



be hanged, they think time is all upon the spur, and that he runs at full speed a wild gallop. And as a Ship at sea sails sometimes by the wind, sometimes before the wind, sometimes with a quarter wind, sometimes with a flown sheet, and sometimes with tack hard aboard, and bowling stretched and sheet close after, by all which winds she sails several paces : so Horseman-SHIP hath the trot, the amble, the rack, the pace, the false and wild gallop, or the full speed, and as several vessels at sea do make a navy, as carracks, argosies, hulks, ships, barks, pinnaces, hoys, drumlers, frigates, brigantines, carvels, catches, gallies, gallions : so this Horseman-SHIP hath to attend her, her *Spanish Fennet*, her *Barbary Horse*, her *Naples Courser*, her *German Steed*, her *Flanders Mare*, her *Galloway Nag*, her *Irish hobby*, her *French Cheval*, her *Welsh Palfray*, her *English All*, her *Smithfield Fade*, and her *Bartholomew hobby horse*; and contrary to all Ships, which have their bridle, helm or rudder in their stern or tail, the Horseman-SHIP is altogether directed and steered by the head, whereby, for want of good managing, many times the rider makes a head-long voyage, (like a man of good forecast) over the horse's head. And as horsemen are none of the best mariners, so mariners are commonly the worst horsemen, as one of them

being upon a tired hackney once, (his companions prayed him to ride faster) *he said he was becalmed.*

Another mounted upon a foundered jade, that stumbled three or four times, headlong, the sailor imagined that his horse was too much laden ahead, or forward on (as the sea phrase is,) and therefore to ballast him, that he might go or sail with an even keel, he alighted and filled his jerkin sleeves full of stones, and tied them fast to his horse crouper, supposing to make his stern as deep laden as his head, to avoid stumbling.

Indeed this Horseman-SHIP is never unfurnished of a jades trick, or two at a pinch or time of need, (and contrary to any other ship) in the fairest weather it will heave, set, wince, kick, fling, and curvet, like a midsummer morris-dancer, or as if the devil were practising a French Lavolta or Corranto : but I cannot blame them to be lusty, for they are not put to such hard allowance as many poor seafaring mariners are with a snatch and away but Horseman-SHIP hath rack and manger, so much at command, that provender pricks them, either to tilt or tourney, or long, or short journey, and if good literature may be in a horse, then I am sure many of them are so well littered, and they are so proud of it, that morning and evening, the groom, hostler, or horse-keeper, are feign to smooth, cog and *curry favour*

with them. It was reported lately in a courant (for current news) that a troop of French horse, did take a fleet of Turkish gallies, in the *Adriatic* sea, near the Gulf of *Venice*, the news was welcome to me though I was in some doubt of the truth of it, but after I heard that the horses were shod with very thick cork : and I am sure I have heard of many impossibilities as true as that.

Of all living things, a horse hath the strangest burial being dead ; for wolves, dogs, swines, kites, ravens, crows, and such beasts and birds, of prey and rapine, are commonly the living sepulchres of dead horses : and now I remember that thirty years since, I read of rich and magnificent funeral of a horse, which was the beloved palfrey of the famous Emperor *Nero*, and as near as I can, I will describe the manner of it.

This horse was a present sent to the Emperor from *Naples* to *Rome*, being a stately beast, in colour milk white, except here and there a small black spot, like a flea-biting, for which *Nero* caused him to be named Fleabitten *Otho*, for the love he bare to one *Otho*, a parasitical courtier, who was Emperor after him next except *Galba*, in brief *Nero* took such a liking to the horse, that he vowed to the immortal gods, that if the beast died whilst he lived, he would have him buried with all the solemnity and funeral pomp as was becoming the horse of so

great a monarch; and as fortune would have it, within some few months, the horse proved himself a mortal beast, yielding his breath into the air, his carcase being too compendious an abridgement or epitome for the magnitude or amplitude of his spirit.

All the college of horseleeches and farriers in *Rome*, were commanded to his emboweling, to see if in their mature wisdoms, they could find by the symptoms of what disease he died, every man spent his judgment; some said he died of a surfeit, having no measure of himself, being pampered with the delicate delights of the court: others said, that he understood of the oath which his master *Nero* had taken concerning his pompous burial, and therefore for very pride he died, to make his name famous by his obsequies: but there was one old horseleech that contradicted them all, and he did affirm that he died of a heart grief and sudden melancholy, whereupon the stable-grooms were examined, who quickly cleared all doubts.

Truly said one of them, this skilful gentleman hath rightly guessed, for leading *Fleabitten Otho* to the water, (after he had drunk a health to the Emperor) as he was coming back to the stable, two of the Senator's horses met him, taking the wall of him, not giving him any reverence or dutiful respect, he being his Majesty's only favourite (of a horse) for which disobedience of theirs, he pre-

sently fell sick, took his bed, made his will, and set his goods in such order, as shall be declared.

When this news came to the Emperor, he being grieved for his horse, and offended with the two senators who had taught their jades no better manners, than to take the wall of his Majesty's horse, he dismissed them from their offices, and made two of his own stable-grooms senators in their rooms, and after proceeded to the funeral of his horse, in manner and form following.

First, two hundred poor galled hackneys, and next three hundred labouring asses, all covered with black cotton, going two and two, every one having two bottles of hay on their backs, the only gift of the deceased ; then a hundred hunting nags, and fifty coachhorses, with ten horses of state, with each two horse loaves for their diet bread. Then followed the *Plebeians* in mourning habit two hundred in number ; next the stable grooms, purveyors, clerks of the stable, farriers, horseleeches, and gentlemen of the stable, three hundred.

Then went the saddlers, charioteers, waggoners, carters, sumptermen, littermen and coachmen three hundred.

After them singers, Pagan Priests, *Flamines* and *Archflamines*, seventy.

Then the hearse richly behung with escutcheons, devices, mottoes, and impresses.

After them the Emperor *Nero* chief mourner,  
and his train borne up by *Otho*, and young *Sporus*.

Next went two old asses all in black velvet, as  
mourners of state or *Chevals de duel*.

Then followed *Agrippina* (*Nero's* mother)  
with the fair *Poppaea*, and the beautiful *Acte*, (two of  
his concubines) and after them *Galba Nimphidius*  
*Vitellius*, with others: it is thought that *Seneca* sat all  
the while in his study, laughing at the funeral.

Lastly, a great troop of straggling attendants :  
the hearse being set down in *Campus Martius*, *Otho*  
began this speech which followeth, in blank verse.



INJURIOUS death, to make an Emperor  
mourn

*Fleabitten Otho's* timeless exequies,

Who might have lived, and borne great conquerors,  
And been the father of most valiant colts;

Lament, ye meeds, whereon this palfrey grazed,

Ah! strew the streets of *Rome* with rotten hay.

Let peas, beans, oats, and horse-bread must with  
grief

Rust curry-combs, and saddles rent in sunder,

Break stirrup-leathers, girths, and bridle, break,

Fall rack and manger, planks all in twain,

For you shall ne'er support his weight again,

You stable grooms that combed his crisped mane,

And oft were graced to make up *Otho's* train,

Sigh, groan, and weep, lament, and howl and cry,  
In litter and horse dung everlastingly :  
Think how brave *Otho* did his breath respire,  
Who with his heels hath oft struck sparkling fire.

Here *Nero* speaks.



THE bravest beast that ever Emperor  
backed.

That thumped the field of *Mars* with  
greater grace

Than *Pegasus* bearing *Tritonia*

About the valleys near the Muses hills,

In battle swifter than the northern wind,

But in a triumph stout and full of state,

Lifting his hoofs, as if he scorned the ground.

And meant to make the air support his weight.

As mannerly and moderate at his meat

As is a bridegroom on his wedding day,

For never would he touch a lock of hay,

Or smell unto a heap of provender

Until he heard a noise of trumpet's sound,

Whereby he knew our meat was served in.

But after meals, how he would meditate

Upon his tutor's reverend documents,

And by himself would practise what was taught  
him,

Offering to run the ring, and fetch curvets,  
To trot in state as we were on his back,  
And to out-do his schoolmaster in art,  
The thought of these things (*Otho*) kills my heart.

*Otho* speaks to the two asses.



WHEN these poor animals have cause to  
weep,

Most reverend asses, you have lost a  
friend,

A friend, a father have your worships lost,  
Who would have given you pensions in your age,  
And made you beadsmen, free from carriages.  
When he lay speechless, on his death bed, then  
He pointed to the hayloft with his heels,  
As who should say, if I die, give it them.  
Then to the Wardens of his Company,  
(For he was made free of the blacksmith's craft)  
He turn'd about, bade them pull off his shoes,  
And take them as true tokens of his love.  
And as he dying showed his love to them,  
Because his master did delight in plays,  
He willed that of his mane should beards be made ;  
And of his tail, a head-tire for a devil,  
One ass he made his sole executor,



The other overseer of his will :  
 Grant, *Jupiter* they, may perform the same  
 To do and over-see, that men may say,  
 They were *just overseers another day*.

## Epitaph.

**H**ERE lies the horse, whose four foot progeny  
 Did trot in blood before the walls of *Troy* ;  
 Yea in the bowels of the Greeks perdie,  
 And on his breast this motto, *Par ma foi*,  
 Kin (by the sire) to winged *Pegasus*,  
 And by the mother, to the king of mules  
 Whose uncle was the great *Bucephalus*,  
 Whose arms, four horse shoes, and the field was  
 Gules.

To conclude, this *Horseman-SHIP* after many storms, tempests, gusts, and flaws, came at last home to her ancient haven the bear-garden, richly laden with these commodities following.

The Chinegall, the navelgall, windgall, spurgall, lightgall, and shacklegall, the worms, the staggers, the mallenders, and sallenders, scratches, pole-evil, the anticore, and the pompardye, the dropsy, the

fever, the palsy, the glanders, the frenzy, the cough, and the colt-evil, the yellows, the fashions, the splinters, the spavins, the ring-bones, the quitter-bones, the curbs, the rotten-frush, and the crown-scab, the hide-bound, the hawes, the crest-fall, the vives, the bloody riffs, the cramp, and the canker, the houghs, the toothache, the surfeit, the tongue-hurt, the paps, and the bladders, the tiredness, the lousiness, the surbate, the farcy, the pose, and the strangle, the broken-wind, the hoof-bound, the botch, the bots, the wen in the groin, the rot in the lungs, the kibes, the pearl, and the pin, and the webb, the cloyd, the blood-shot, the wrung in the withers, the strain, the prick in the sole, the loose in hoof, the gravel, the foundring, and the shedding of the hair, and the horse-hipped, the wrench, the neckcrick, and the shoulder splat.<sup>1</sup>

These are the commodities wherewith the Horseman-SHIP was freight, which are so shared and divided, that a man cannot light of any horse, young or old, but he is furnished with one, two, or more of these excellent gifts.

The Ships that attended in the squadron or regiment with the Horseman-SHIP, were these.

1 The *Race*, an adventurous vessel of much expectation, and admirable swiftness.

<sup>1</sup>See Biondello's speech descriptive of Petruchio's horse in *Taming of the Shrew*, act iii. sc. 2.

2 The *Post*, a vessel of much use, quick return, and exceeding hazard, toil and travel.

3 The *Hackney*, a most serviceable pinnace, that endures all weathers, and is so common that she is to be hired by any or used by all.





*The Surety-SHIP with her Regiment.*

**T**HIS is a Ship of great antiquity, and makes more voyages than all the rest of the navy, she is the only merchant adventurer under the sun, for they that sail in her, do hazard goods, lands, money, reputation, friends, kindred, credit, liberty and life; of all which rich commodities (always at her returns) she is so provident, that she makes one jail or other her warehouse, where it is more safely kept under lock and key, than the golden apples of the *Hesperides* were guarded by the dragon: she is so easy to be boarded, that a man need not trouble his feet to enter her, or use any boat to come to her, for if all her mariners should go to her by water, then were a waterman the richest trade below the moon; only a dash with a pen, the writing of a man's name, passing his word or setting his mark (though it be but the form of a pair of pot hooks, a cross, a crooked billet, or a *M*. for *John Tompson*, any of these facile ways hath shipped a man into

the Surety-SHIP, during his life and his heirs after him, and though the entrance into her be so easy, yet she is so full of impertinent and needy courtesy, that many men will lend a hand into her, with more fair entreaties, requests and invitations, than are commonly used to a mask at the court, or a gross of gossips in the country, and being once entered, a tenpenny nail driven to the head may as soon leap out of an oaken post, as a man may get ashore again ; she is painted on the outside with vows and promises, and within her are the stories of the tattered prodigal, eating husks with the swine, the picture of *Niobe*, with *Alecto*, *Tisiphone*, and *Megara*, dancing lacrymæ : her arms are a goose quill or pen, couchant in a sheep-skin field fable, the motto above *Noverint universi*, the supporters a usurer, and a scrivener, the crest a *Woodcock*,<sup>1</sup> the mantles red wax, with this other motto beneath, *Sealed and delivered*, this Ship hath the art to make parchment the dearest stuff in the world : for I have seen a piece little bigger than my two hands, that hath cost a man a thousand pound ; I myself paid a hundred pound once for a small rotten remnant of it. She is rigged most strangely, her ropes and cables are *conditions and obligations*, her anchors are leases forfeited, her lead and line are *Mortgages*, her main sails are interchangeable

<sup>1</sup>WOODCOCK.—A silly fellow.

*Indentures*, and her topsails bills and bonds, her small shot are *arrests* and *actions*, her great ordnance are extents, outlawries and executions : all her decks are struck with tenter-hooks, to hold those fast that enter her, her lading is locks, keys, bolts, shackles, manacles, fetters, grates, *traps* for vermin, *gins* for wild gulls, *baits* for tame fools, *springs* for woodcocks, *pursenets* for conies, *toils* for mad bucks, *pens* for geese, *hooks* for gudgeons, *snares* for buzzards, *bridles* for old jades, *curbs* for colts, *pitfalls* for bullfinches, and *hempen-slips* for asses, and besides all this, she is plentifully stored with want, hunger, cold, poverty and nakedness.

The ocean that she sails in, is the spacious Marshall SEA,<sup>1</sup> sometimes she anchors at the *Kings-Bench*, sometimes at the Gulf of the *Gate-house*, sometimes at the *White Lion* Creek, sometimes at *Newgate* Road, sometimes at *Ludgate* Bay, sometimes at *Wood-street* Harbour, and sometimes at the *Poultry* Haven.

There is great reason to call a man being bound for another, Surety-SHIP, for a ship is an unruly beast, if she be not surely tyed, moored, and anchored, and therefore to be a *Surety* is as much to say *Ty-sure*, the addition of the word ship, being a kind of metaphorical allusion, to the turbulent tossing of the unfortunate surety, upon the restless

<sup>1</sup>MARSHALSEA, &c.—Prisons then existing in and near London.

waves and billows of miserable varieties and mutabilities of time and trouble.

And though Surety-SHIP be (for the most part) prejudicial and baneful only to itself, yet as in the Sea, the rising of one wave proceeds out of the fall of another ; so one out of the ruins of Surety-SHIP *wreck*, (like Beetles or *Scarabs* which breed out of dung) there do spring a swarm or generation of virtues (Vipers I was about to say) as busy Solicitors, nimble-tongued *Pettifoggers*, greedy *Serjeants*, hungry *Yeomen*, devouring *Catchpoles*, boisterous *Bailiffs*, *Marshal's men* merciless, dogged *Failors* and currish *Underkeepers* : for as butcher's trade is to live upon the slaughter of beasts ; so cannot the kennels, litters and styes of those above-named *Anthropophagi* or cannibals, live, eat, or subsist, but upon the confusion of men, and as a horse being dead in the fields and stripped, is a banquet for dogs, hogs, ravens, kites, and crows, so is a surety to those vermins, who devour and prey upon his estate and carcase, both alive and dead.

But for conclusion of this blunt point, I think I have mistaken all this while in calling *Surety-ship*, for the consequence and success of the voyage will better allow it the name of *Surety Sheep*, which is a warning or document to *ty the sheep sure*, which I imagine to be a significant inversion of the word, for, as the bridle and harness of a live horse, is for

the most part made of the skin of a dead horse so he that is bound for another man's debt, is like a silly innocent sheep (of which flock I may for my rank and calling be a bell-wether) with a bond of a dead sheep's skin *tyed sure*, as a *sure tye*, either to pay the debt, or surely he is sure to lye (if his ability help not) where I would be loth to be his bed-fellow.

The Ships and pinnaces that are in the regiment of the Surety-SHIP, are these : *viz.*

1 The *Adventurous*, a desperate hot ship, very hard to be guided or steered in any steady course.

2 The *Kindheart*, a ship that will sail any whither,\* or to what port a man would have her.

3 The *Fool*, a ship of great burthen, and for sail, and steerage much like the *Kindheart*.

4 The *Negligence*, an argosy that through want of good foresight, brought the *surety-ship* in great danger.

5 The *Decay*, a ship much broken.

6 The *Scape-thrift*, a small ragged catch, that hangs or depends upon the whole regiment.

\* *i.e.*—To what place,





*The Wor-SHIP with her Squadron or Regiment.*

**T**HOUGH the first syllable of this ship's name be *worse*, whereby she is called *Worse-SHIP*, yet she is a better ship than many are aware of, and indeed she is far too good for every, or for any knave to come aboard her. In my opinion she doth not belong to any mortal man, for God himself is both owner and master of her.

Yet many there are who claim an interest in her, as first the Devil would have her belong to him, for which cause he makes many barbarous nations to adore and *Wor-SHIP* him, and to sacrifice themselves, their children, and all that they esteem dearest unto them, to his infernal hell-hood, and for his better holding and keeping of this *Wor-SHIP*, he hath his ministers and agents, in the most kingdoms of christendom, who with their juggling legerdemain, hath gulled, blinded, and besotted many thousands of all estates, ages; sexes, that they will fall down and *Worship* stocks, stones,

blocks, idols, images, relics, dead men's bones, or a piece of bread, as the heathen idolatrous Egyptians did formerly adore and *Worship* onions and garlick.

And as there are many that for desert are worthy pilots, steersmen and mariners in the *Worship*, and are shipped into her only for their merits, so there are a great many, and more than a good many, that by falsehood and indirect courses, have shipped themselves in her : for as *Cornelius Agrippa* saith in his *Vanity of Sciences*, some have gotten the *Worship* by cutting throats in the wars ; some by being great men's bawds, or cuckolds in peace ; some for marrying cast stale concubine, or bastards ; some by bribery, extortion or oppression ; some by false weights and measures ; some by excessive drunkenness of others ; some by theft, some upon credit ; some for ready money, and some for favour ; which is a word crept into the place of merit since the days of *Quintilianus* the orator : the most corrupted justice will board her ; the slothfulest divine will have a cabin in her ; the carpet knight will be shipped in her : the most cowardly captain will enter her ; and many of least faith and conscience will lay claim to her : she having store of such false owners, I say no more of her, but commit her to the mercy of wind, tide, and time.

There went with her in her Regiment these that follow.

1 The *Abuse*, an old ship, too much in use.

2 The *Purchase*, a vessel all for simony or ready money.

3 The *Mittimus*, a dangerous bark, whose word is, *At your peril*.





*The Huntsman-SHIP, or Woodman-SHIP, with her  
Squadron or Regiment.*

**A** GOOD Huntsman is a good Woodman, and a woodman is a mad man in the north parts of *England*, for when they think that a man is distracted or frenzy, they will say the man is wood, (meaning mad) the reason why it is called Woodman-SHIP, I take it to be thus derived, as first a Ship hath a multiplicity of ropes, cordage, masts, rigging, and ground-tackle which I have partly named before in the Lady-ship,) so hath this Woodman-SHIP, divers and sundry terms of art, (almost past numbering) as you must say *rouse a buck*, *start a hare*, and *unkennel a fox* : again you must *harbour a hart*, and *lodge a stag*, or a *buck* ; and in process of time always a *hart* or a *buck* do come to perfection, which many men (through imperfection) do never attain to : as a *buck* is first a *fawn*, the second year a *pricket*, the third a *sorel*, the fourth a *sore*, the fifth a *buck of the first*

*head*, and the sixth year a *buck*: so a *hart* is the first year a *calf*, the second a *brocket*, the third a *spade*, the fourth a *stag*, the fifth a *stag*, and the sixth year a *hart*, but some are of the mind, that a *stag* cannot be a *hart*) until some king or prince have almost hunted his heart out: besides these ambiguous contigrated phrases, the horns have many dogmatical epithets, as a *hart* hath the *burrs*, the *pearls*, the *antlers*, the *surantlers*, the *royals*, the *surroyals*, and the *croches*. A buck's horns are composed of *burr*, *beam*, *branch*, *advancer*, *palm*, and *speller*. And to decline from the crown or horn, to the rump or crouper: a deer, a boar, a hare, a fox, and a wolf, have no more tail than a jackanapes, for it is a deer's *single*, a boar's *wrath*, a hare or coney's *scut*, a fox's *bush*, and a wolf's *stern*; besides there are most excellent terra-graphical and mundified names and titles; for that which is in Welsh a *baw*, in French a *marde*, I could name it in English, but (Sir Reverence for that) in *Woodman-ship*, it is called a deer's *fewmets*, a boar or bear's *leases*, a hare or coney's *croteys*, a fox or a badger's *fiant*s and an otter's *spraints*, all which in English, is a, T, &c. I think *Nimrod* the great hunter would have been a mad man or a wood-man, if he had studied half the wild and hare-brained terms that belongs to this SHIP and sure it made *Actaeon* horn-mad, in his too vehement pursuit of the game; for what necromantic

spells, are rut, vault, slot, pores, and entries, abatures, and foiles, frayingstocks, frith and fell, lairs, dewclaws, dowlcets, drawing the covert, blemishes, sewelling, avant-lay, allay, relay, foreloining, hunt-counter, hunt-change, quarry, reward, and a thousand more such *Utopian* fragments of confused gibberish, that should I proceed further I should instead of an understanding wood-man, shew myself to be an ignorant mad man.

Is it not a worthy piece of service for five or six men in the country (whose dwellings are four or five miles asunder, to make a mad match) to meet together on such or such a morning to hunt or course a hare, where, if she be hunted with hounds, she will lead them such dance, that perhaps a horse or two are killed, or a man or two spoiled, or hurt with leaping hedges, or ditches, at the least after four or five days preparation, and some ten pounds charge among men, horses, and dogs, besides an infinite deal of toil and trouble, and an innumerable number of oaths and curses : after this great deal of do, the main purchase can be no more than a poor silly *hare*, which is but a dry meat, and will take more butter in the basting, than her carcase is worth.

Our ancient progenitor or first king of this Island (*Brute*) was so expert in this Wood-man-SHIP, that he killed his own father *Silvius*, shooting

him with an arrow, mistaking him for a *hart*, a *stag* or a *buck*: and *William* the second, surnamed *Rufus*, King of *England*, was by the like mischance of a shot made at a *deer*, (by Sir *Walter Tyrrel* Knight) slain with the glance of an arrow against a tree, in the New-forest in Hampshire.

I thank Cooper's Dictionary<sup>1</sup> that tells me that *Venator* is a hunter, and *Venatrix* huntress, or a woman hunting, and that *Meretrix* is a whore or a woman hunted: all these words having derivation from, or allusion to *Venereus*, alias *Le-che-reus*, for though *Diana* the hunting goddess of chastity be a constant *Venatrix*, yet *Venus* the queen of love never fails a right *Woodman* of a *Meretrix*. But if *Venator* and *Venatrix* should hunt as much as *Meretrix* is (or hath been) hunted, I think verily that there hath not been (or in time would not be) one deer left in many of the greatest forests, parks, and chases of Christendom.

Besides, there is not a perfect mariner in the *Woodman-SHIP*, but he hath engrafted in him a most abundant gift of promising, for one of them will swear and vow to give more deer away to sundry persons, than there are under the keeping

<sup>1</sup>COOPER'S DICTIONARY.—Thesaurus Linguae Romanæ et Britannicæ. The foundation of Cooper's Dictionary was taken from Sir Thomas Elyot's Dictionary—Latin and English; London, 1538—and the materials, for the most part, from Stephens' Thesaurus, and Frisius' Latin and German Dictionary.—*Lowndes*.

and command of six or seven of them : and I have heard, that one white buck in a small park (in a place which I could name within the walls of Christendom) hath been given away at least to a thousand several persons, by one keeper, and the said keeper is so kind, that he will never deny a buck to whosoever will ask. A deer-friend (whom I love dear) did promise me a *Deer* four years since, and four dear journeys I made for my deer, and still with delays and demurs I was put off from my *Deer*, with promises, that at such and such a time I should have my deer, but now I am in despair of my deer, and I mean to take no more care for my deer ; and so adieu my deer ; but indeed he that had the bounty to promise me this deer, hath the grace to blush whensoever he sees me, and therefore I do love him for his modesty and shamefacedness, and had it not been for that, and that I do love him indeed, I would long before this time have sung him a Kyrie-Eleison,<sup>1</sup> that should have made him been glad to have promised me a brace of bucks more, to have stopped my mouth withal, although in performance my deer had been *non est inventus*.

In a word, of all sorts of deer I hold stolen venison to be the most honestly gotten because the thieves are so quiet, close, private, and silent at their

<sup>1</sup>KYRIE-ELEISON.—“Lord have mercy upon us”—two Latinized Greek words in common use in the responses of the Romish Church.



work, that they have no leisure to swear or curse, as men do when it is lawfully taken, and my conceit is, that where oaths and curses are most restrained there most honesty, and piety remains. But commonly swearing, execrations, and drinking, are the ceremonious rights of a buck's, or a hare's death and obsequies.

With the cry of the hounds,  
And the echo resounds  
Through the mead, through the fallow,  
With the horn, with the hallow,  
With the horse loud neigh, and the buck at a bay,  
And with the deer's fall, and the horn-sounding  
knell,

My pen bids hunting Woodman-SHIP farewell,

The ships and pinnaces that served in the  
Regiment under the Woodman-SHIP, were these.

1 The *Chanter*.

2 The *Bowman*.

3 The *Ringwood*.

4 The *Slut*.

5 The *Beauty*.

6 The *Daisy*.

7 The *Killbuck*, with divers others, all them  
being for course, or chase.





# IACKE A LENT

His

## *B e g i n n i n g   a n d Entertainment :*

With the mad prankes of his  
Gentleman-Vsher *Shroue-*  
*Tuesday* that goes before him, and  
his FOOTMAN *hunger*  
attending.

By Iohn Taylor.

AT LONDON,  
Printed by J.B. for JAMES BOLER; at the signe  
of the Marigold in Paul's Churchyard,  
1630.

TO  
THE FISHMONGERS,  
AND BUTCHERS,  
GREETING.

Friendly, frolic, frank, free-hearted, famous flourishing *Fishmongers*, and brave, bold, battering, beef braining *Butchers*, to both your Companies in general I wish health and happiness : I acknowledge you to be haberdashers for the belly and I wish a plentiful increase of good appetites and hungry stomachs, that everyone in their calling may prove valiant of their teeth, whereby you may feed merrily by the profit you receive by nimble-chopped feeders. I have plainly and briefly set down *Jack-a-Lent's* good deeds and his bad, his friends and his foes, the great need and necessity that we have of his coming once a year into this Kingdom, and the great pity that he is no better entertained and observed. And though it be written in a merry style, yet I dare presume that mirth and truth walk together in it. In a word, read it if you like, and judge as you list, please yourselves and I am pleased : and let *I.S.* hold *Jack-a-Lent's* stirrup whilst he alights, for of all men I have most reason to prefer him for a trick he showed me lately. So I rest yours ever, and his as far as he dares swear for twelve-pence.

JOHN TAYLOR.



## JACK A LENT:

HIS

### BEGINNING AND ENTERTAINMENT.

**O**F *Jack-an-Apes* I list not to indite,  
Nor of *Jack Daw* my goose's quill shall  
write ;

Of *Jack of Newbury* I will not repeat,  
Nor *Jack of both sides*, nor of *Skip-Jack* neat.  
To praise the turnspit *Jack* my Muse is mum,  
Nor of the entertainment of *Jack Drum*  
I'll not rehearse : nor of *Jack Dog*, *Jack Date*,  
*Jack fool*, or *Jack-a-Dandy*, I relate :  
Nor of black *Jacks*<sup>1</sup> at gentle buttery bars,  
Whose liquor oftentimes breeds household wars :  
Nor *Jack of Dover* that grand jury *Jack*,  
Nor *Jack Sauce* (the worst knave amongst the  
pack.)

But of the *Jack of Jacks*, great *Jack a Lent*,  
To write his worthy acts is my intent ;

<sup>1</sup>BLACK JACK.—A large leather can, formerly in great use for beer.

How he's attended with a mess of *Jacks*,  
 Whose fame my heartless weak invention cracks,  
*Jack Herring* and *Jack Sprat*, *Jack Straw*, *Jack*  
*Cade*,  
 These are the *Jacks* with which my pen must trade.



TO speak of the original of this *Jack*, or from whence the name of *Jack* hath derivation, I think it not impertinent to show you : therefore I would have all men understand that *Jack* is no Christian, nor was ever baptised, but is sprung (like a mushroom) out of the corruption of the name of *John* ; for before *Johns* were, I did never find mention of any *Jacks*, except black *Jacks* : and there was an old courteous epithet attributed to *John* (as gentle *John*) but now so many *Jacks* are made gentles, that most *Johns* and *Jacks* make no further account of gentility than glorious titles and gaudy suits : so much for *Jack*.

Now for the name and beginning of *Lent* (as near as I can I will describe) the word *Lent* doth signify, a thing borrowed : for except a thing be borrowed, how is it lent ? and being lent, it follows by consequence that it was borrowed ; but from whom it was so free of the loan of this *Lent*, that would be known.

First then you must conceive, that the true etymology, or ancient name of this *Lent*, is *Lean-*

*tide*, which being anagrammatized (*Landit*) for the chief provision that he is furnished withal being fish, and such sea-faring fare, that except he land it, there will be but cold takings in the fish markets: for *Jack-a-Lent* hath no society, affinity or propinquity with flesh and blood, and by reason of his leanness (as *Nymshag* an ancient *Utopian* philosopher declares in his treatise of the antiquity of ginger-bread, *Lib. 7. Pag. 30000.*) he should have been a footman to a prince of that empire named *Lurguash Haddernot*; but *Lent* showed him the trick of a right footman, and ran away from him faster than an Irish lackey, and from that time to this was never seen in *Utopia*. Besides, he hath the art of legerdemain beyond all the jugglers in *Egypt* or *Europe*, for with a trick that he hath, he is in *England*, *Scotland*, *France*, *Ireland*, and the most part of the christian world at one and the self-same time, yet for all this nimbleness and quick agility, he was never seen to sweat, which is no marvel, because he hath not any fat or pinquidity in his incorporeal corpse. He hath a wife named *Fasting*, as lean as himself, yet sure I think she is as honest as barren: but it were very dangerous for an epicure or a puritan to have a bastard by her, for there were no other hope, but that the father of the brat (if it should prove male) would tutor it in all disobedience against both *Lent* and *Fasting*: for

although *Lent* and abstinence be but forty days endurance, yet to these valiant men of their teeth it seems forty years, for they put the letter (*e*) into the word *Fast*, and turn it into *Feast*. And though a man eat fish till his guts crack, yet if he eat no flesh he fasts, because he eats as fast as he can. For the word fast is to be taken in many senses, as to fast from feeding, and to feed fast, to be bound to fast, and to be bound fast.

The fast from feeding is divers ways performed.

1 Some there are that fast for pure devotion, with a zealous abstinence from any kind of corporal food for a space, because they will bring down and curb their unbridled affections, and tame their fleshly desires, that so the exercise of spiritual contemplation may be the more fervent, their repentance more unfeigned, and their prayers more acceptable.

2 Another fast is hypocritical or sophistical, as a holy maid that enjoined herself to abstain four days from any meat whatsoever, and being locked up close in a room, she had nothing but her two books to feed upon, but the books were two painted boxes, made in the form of great bibles with clasps and bosses, the inside not having one word of God in them, nor any fault escaped in the printing, but the one well filled with suckets, and sweet meats,



and the other with wine, upon which this devout votary did fast with zealous meditation, eating up the contents of one book, and drinking contentedly the other.

Then there is a fast called in spite of your teeth, and that is, Will ye nill ye, when a man's stomach is in *folio*, and knows not where to have a dinner in *decimo sexto*. This fast I have often met withal at the court, and at diver's great men's houses, not because there hath wanted meat, but because some have wanted manners, and I have wanted impudence.

But *Jack-a-Lent's* Fast is otherwise than all these, for I am as willing to fast with him as to feast with *Shrovetide*: for he hath an army of various dishes, an host of divers fishes, with salads, sauces, sweatmeats, wine, ale, beer, fruit, roots, raisins, almonds, spices, with which I have often (and care not much to do more often) made as good a shift to fast, and with as good a zeal performed it, as a Brownist<sup>1</sup> will go to plough upon a Christmas day.

Thus having showed the original of this *Jack*, it follows next, that I declare his yearly entertainment into this Isle of Great *Britain*, what privileges

<sup>1</sup>BROWNISTS.—A sect founded by Robert Brown, of Rutlandshire, *temp*, Elizabeth, and violently opposed to the Church of England.

“I had as lief be a *Brownist* as a politician.”

Shakespeare's *Twelfth Night*, act iii, sc. 2.

he hath, to whom he is best welcome, who are glad of his departure, what friends or foes he hath, and where he inhabiteth all the year after his going from hence.

Always before *Lent* there comes waddling a fat gross bursten-gutted groom, called *Shrove-Tuesday*, one whose manners shows, that he is better fed than taught: and indeed he is the only monster for feeding amongst all the days of the year, for he devours more flesh in fourteen hours, than this whole kingdom doth (or at the least should do) in six weeks after: such boiling and broiling, such roasting and toasting, such stewing and brewing, such baking, frying, mincing, cutting, carving, devouring, and gorbellied gormondizing, that a man would think people did take in two months' provisions at once into their paunches, or that they did ballast their bellies with meat for a voyage to *Constantinople* or to the *West Indies*.

Moreover, it is a goodly sight to see how the cooks in great men's kitchens, do fry in their master's suet, and sweat in her own grease, that if ever a cook be worth the eating it is when *Shrove-Tuesday* is in town, for he is so stewed and larded, roasted, basted, and almost over-roasted, that a man may eat the rawest bit of him and never take a surfeit. In a word, they are that day extreme cholerick, and too hot for any man to meddle with being monarchs of

the marrow-bones, marquesses of the mutton, lords high regents of the spit and the kettle, barons of the gridiron, and sole commanders of the frying-pan, and all this hurly-burly, is for no other purpose but to stop the mouth of this land-wheel *Shrove-Tuesday*. At whose entrance in the morning all the whole kingdom is in quiet, but by that time the clock strikes eleven, which (by the help of a knavish sexton) is commonly before nine, then there is a bell rung, called *the pancake bell*, the sound whereof makes thousands of people distracted, and forgetful either of manner or humanity: Then there is a thing called wheaten flour, which the sulphery necromatic cooks do mingle with water, eggs, spice, and other tragical magical enchantments, and then they put it by little and little into a frying-pan of boiling suet, where it makes a confused dismal hissing like the Lernean snakes in the reeds of *Acheron*, *Styx* or *Phlegethon*) until at last by the skill of the cook, it is transformed into the form of a flap-jack, which in our translation is called a pancake, which ominous incantation the ignorant people do devour very greedily (having for the most part well dined before :) but they have no sooner swallowed that sweet candied bait, but straight their wits forsake them, and they run stark mad, assembling in routs and throngs numberless of ungoverned numbers, with uncivil civil commotions.

Then *Tim Tatters* (a most valiant villain) with an ensign made of a piece of a baker's mawkin<sup>1</sup> fixed upon a broom staff, he displays his dreadful colours, and calling the ragged regiment together, makes an illiterate oration, stuffed with most plentiful want of discretion ; the conclusion whereof is, that somewhat they will do, but what they know not. Until at last comes marching up another troop of tatterdemalions, proclaiming wars against no matter who, so they may be doing. Then these youths armed with cudgels, stones, hammers, rules, trowels, and hand-saws, put play houses to the sack, and bawdy houses to the spoil, in the quarrel breaking a thousand quarrels (of glass I mean) making ambitious brickbats break their necks, tumbling from the tops of lofty chimneys, terribly untiling houses, ripping up the bowels of featherbeds, to the enriching of upholsterers, the profit of plasterers, and dirt daubers, the gain of glaziers, joiners, carpenters, tilers, and bricklayers. And which is worse, to the contempt of justice : for what avails it for a constable with an army of reverend rusty bill-men to command peace to these beasts, for they with their pockets instead of pistols, well charged with stone-shot, discharge against the image of authority, whole volleys as thick as hail,

<sup>1</sup>A BAKER'S MAWKIN.—A cloth usually wetted and attached to a pole to sweep clean the oven,

which robustious repulse puts the better sort to the worser part, making the band of unscored halberdiers retire faster than ever they came on, and show exceeding discretion in proving tall men of their heels. Thus by the unmannerly manners of *Shrove-Tuesday* constables are baffled, bawds are banged, punks are pillaged, panders are plagued, and the chief commanders of these valorous villiacoes, for their reward for all this confusion, do in conclusion purchase the inheritance of a jail, to the commodity of jailors, and discommodity to themselves, with a fearful expectation that Tyburn shall stop their throats, and the hangman take possession of their coats, or that some beedle in bloody characters shall imprint their faults on their shoulders.<sup>1</sup> So much for *Shrove-Tuesday*, *Jack-a-Lent's* gentleman usher, these have been his humours in former times, but I have some better hope of reformation in him hereafter, and indeed I wrote this before his coming this year 1617,<sup>2</sup> not knowing how he would behave himself, but tottering betwixt despair and hope, I leave him.

<sup>1</sup>IMPRINT THEIR FAULTS ON THEIR SHOULDERS.—*i.e.*, by publicly whipping them.

<sup>2</sup>THE YEAR 1617.—By this it would seem that our author had written "Jack-a-Lent," at or about this date. But Lowndes does not mention any other version or edition than that in Taylor's Collected Works, 1630, from which we have taken our "Readable Reprint," adopting the imprint found on the title-page of that edition.

*Shrove-Tuesday* having played these parts aforesaid, doth *Exit*, and next day *Lent* begins to enter, who is entertained by a grave, formal, reverend statesman, called civil policy : but you must understand that *Lent* would very feign take up his lodging here with religion, but religion will not be acquainted with him, and therefore civil policy hath the managing of the business. But it is a wonder to see what munition and artillery the epicures, and cannibal flesh eaters do provide to oppose *Lent*, and keep him out at the staff's end, as whole barrels of powdered beef blow him up, tubs of pork to pistol and shoot him through with his kindred hunger, famine, and desolation, barricadoes of bacon, as strong and impregnable bulwarks against invasive battery. Which civil policy perceiving, causeth proclamations straight to be published for the establishing of *Lent's* government, but then to see how the butchers (like silenced schismatics) are dispersed, some riding into the country to buy oxen, kine, calves, sheep and lambs, leaving their wives, men and maids, to make provision of pricks<sup>1</sup> for the whole year in their absence : some again of the inferior sort do scout into stables, privies, cellars. Sir *Francis Drake's* ship at Deptford, my Lord Mayor's barge, and divers secret and unsuspected places, and there they

<sup>1</sup>PRICKS.—Skewers,

make private shambles with kill-calf cruelty, and sheep slaughtering murder, to the abuse of *Lent*, the deceiving of the informers, and the great grief of every zealous fishmonger.

For indeed *Lent* in his own nature is no blood-sucker, nor cannot endure any blood-shed ; and it is his intent, that the bull, the ox, the ram, the goat, the buck, or any other beast, should be free to live in any corporation without molestation : it is *Lent's* intent, that the innocent lamb, and Essex calf, should survive to wear the crest of their ancestors : that the goose, the buzzard, the widgeon, and the woodcock, may walk fearless in any market town, cheek by jole with a headborough, or a tithingman.

The cut-throats butchers, wanting throats to cut,  
 At *Lent's* approach their bloody shambles shut :  
 For forty days their tyranny doth cease,  
 And men and beasts take truce and live in peace :  
 The cow, the sow, the ewe may safely feed,  
 And low, grunt, bleat, and fructify and breed,  
 Cocks, hens, and capons, turkey, goose, and  
     widgeon,  
 Hares, conies, pheasant, partridge, plover, pigeon,  
 All these are from the break-neck poulterer's paws  
 Secured by *Lent*, and guarded by the laws,  
 The goring spits are hanged for fleshly sticking,  
 And then cook's fingers are not worth the licking.

But to recount the numberless army that *Lent* doth conduct, the great munition and artillery that he hath to withstand those that gainstand him, his weapons of offence and defence, and variety of hostile accoutrements that his host is armed withal : if I should write all these things, my memory must be boundless, because my work would be endless. First, marches Sir *Laurence Ling*, with his Regiment, an ancient sea-faring gentleman : next follows Colonel *Cod*, oftentimes bleeding fresh in the battle : then comes captain *Stock-fish*, a well beaten soldier, and one that is often proved to endure much ; Sir *Salmon Salt*, in a pitiful pickle valiantly abides the conflict, and *Gilbert Gubbins*<sup>1</sup> all to tatters like a ragged soldier many times pieces out a broken supper. The majestical king of fishes, heroical most magnificent *Herring*, armed with white and red, keeps his court in all this hurly-burly, not like a tyrannical tear-throat in open arms, but like wise *Diogenes* in a barrel, where if any of his Regiments either do or take injury, though he want the sword of justice, yet he hath the scales, which I imagine he carries not for nought. The great Lord Treasurer to this mighty prince (old *Oliver Cob*) is very inward with him, and knows more of his secrets than all his privy council besides : and when his hard-roed master means to shew himself in his red bloody

<sup>1</sup>GUBBIN.—The parings of haberdine. Also any kind of fragments.



colours, then in fury he associates himself with two notorious rebels, *Jack Straw*, and *Jack Cade*,<sup>1</sup> who do encompass him round, and beleager him on each side, guarding his person from the fury of wind and weather.

The wet fishmongers all this while (like so many executioners) unkennel the salt eels from their briny ambuscadoes, and with marshal law hang them up: the stock-fish having tried a terrible action of battery is condemned to be drowned, the *Ling*, *Haberdine*, *Green-fish*,<sup>2</sup> and *Coal-fish*,<sup>3</sup> are drawn and quartered into poles, backs, and tails, and (like rebels in Ireland) hanged with a withe:<sup>4</sup> nay the king of fishes himself cannot escape, but is tyrannically broiled upon a gridiron. Then comes *Jack-Sauce* with a spoon creeping out of a mustard pot, armed in a pewter saucer, a desperate fellow, and one that dares take *Davy Ap Diggon*, or *Shen Ap Morgan*, by the nose, and many times (with the spirit of *Tewkesbury*) he will make a man weep being most merry, and take the matter in snuff being well pleased.

The whiting, rochet,<sup>5</sup> gournet, and the mop,<sup>6</sup>  
 The skate and thornback, in the net doth drop:  
 The pied-coat mackerel, pilchard, sprat and sole,  
 To serve great Jack-a-Lent amain do troll.

<sup>1</sup>CADE.—A barrel or cask. A *cade* of herrings, 500.    <sup>2</sup>GREENFISH, the cod.    <sup>3</sup>COAL-FISH.—A species of cod; *gadus carbonarius*, thus named from the colour of its back.    <sup>4</sup>WITHE.—A willow twig.    <sup>5</sup>ROCHET.—Roach.    <sup>6</sup>MOP.—A young whiting.

In the rearward comes Captain *Crab*, Lieutenant *Lobster*, (whose catching claws always puts me in mind of a sergeant) the blushing prawn, the well-armed oyster, the escalop, the welk, the mussle, cockle, and periwinkle, these are hot shots, venereal provocators, fishy in substance, and fleshly in operation. The poor anchovy is pitifully peppered in the fight, whilst the sturgeon is kegged, randed, and joled about the ears, and in conclusion, without dissembling eaten with fennel the emblem of flattery: but the anchovy is oftentimes revenged upon his eaters, for being devoured raw, he broils in their stomachs so hotly, that before the heat be quenched the eaters are drenched in the blood of *Bacchus*, sack and claret, that though a man be as wise as a constable at his entrance, his wit sometimes is so shrunk in the wetting, that he may want the understanding of an ass.

Then there are a crew of near bred freshwater soldiers, our Thamesians, our comrades of Barking our eastern, and western river-rovers, these youths are brought and caught by whole shoals, for indeed they are no fighters, but mere white-livered, heartless runaways, like the Turk's asapye (*sic*), that if the fishermen (like diligent catchpoles) did not watch narrowly to catch them by hook and by crook, by line and leasure, *Lent* might gape for gudgeons, roach, and dace, where it not for these netmongers, it is no flat

lie to say, the flounder might lie flat in his watery cabin, and the eel (whose slippery tail put me in mind of a formal courtier's promise) would wriggle up and down in his muddy habitation, which would be a great discommodity for school boys, through the want of scourges to whip gigs<sup>1</sup> and town tops.

The bream, the lamprey, barbel, but, and pike,  
Secure might keep the river, pond, and dike :  
Carps, tench, perch, smelts, would never come to  
land,  
But for nets, angles, and the fisher's hand :  
And bawling queans that use to sell and buy,  
Would cry, because they want wherewith to cry.

To speak of the honesty of fishermen, and the account that we ought to make of their calling, it was the faculty of *Simon, Andrew, James* and *John*, the blessed apostles, and by a common rule, all fishermen must be men singularly endued, and possessed with the virtue of patience, for the proverb, says, If you swear you shall catch no fish, and I myself hath been an eye-witness, when seven or eight anglers have employed their best art and industry two hours, and in the end they have not been able to share one gudgeon or a bleak amongst them all, the cause hath been, either there was no

<sup>1</sup>GIGS. —*i.e.*, whirligigs, set in motion by means of a whip made of eel skins.

fish to be caught, or else one impatient fellow of the company had sworn away good luck.

I could run ten kingdoms (or reams) of paper out of breath, in the praise of this lean *Jack*, and his spawns (Ember weeks, Fridays, and fasting days) but I suppose there are none more sorrowful in the time of his being here than gentlemen and gentlewomen, for through the royal court, the inns of courts, the city and country, all the better sort wear mourning black as long as *Lent* is in town : but so soon as he is gone, then they change colours, and feast, banquet, revel, and make merry, as if the land were freed from some notorious termagant monster, some murdering plague, or some devouring famine.

The bakers metamorphose their trade from one shape to another, his round, half-penny loaves are transformed into square wigs,<sup>1</sup> (which wigs like drunkards are drowned in their ale) the rolls are turned to simnels,<sup>2</sup> in the shape of bread-pies, and the light puffed-up four-cornered bun, doth show that the knavery of the baker is universal, in *Asia*, *Europe*, *Africa*, and *America* : for since colliers and scriveners have purchased the possession of the pillory from them, their light bread brings in heavy gains, where if by chance a batch or a basket full being examined by the scales of justice, and the bread committed to Newgate for want of weight,

<sup>1</sup>WIG.—A small cake.   <sup>2</sup>SIMNEL.—A sweet cake.

and the baker to the Counter for lack of conscience, yet he knows he shall out again, and with a trick that he hath, in one week he will recover the consumption of his purse again, by his moderate light handling of the medicine of meal, yeast and water.

But now suppose that Palm-Sunday is past, and that you see *Lent*, and both the fish-streets<sup>1</sup> sing loth to depart, whilst every fishmonger wrings his hands and by the reason of cold takings, beats himself into a heat, whilst (to their great grief) whole herds of oxen, and flocks of sheep, are driven into every town for no other purpose, but to drive *Lent* out of the country.

Then pell-mell murder, in a purple hue,  
In reeking blood his slaughtering paws imbrue :  
The butcher's axe (like great *Alcides'* bat)  
Dings deadly down, ten thousand thousand flat :  
Each butcher (by himself) makes marshal laws,  
Cuts throats, and kills, and quarters, hangs, and  
draws.

It is a thing worthy to be noted, to see how all the dogs in the town do wag their tails for joy, when they see such provision to drive away *Lent*, (for a dog, a butcher, and a puritan, are the greatest enemies he hath) but there is one day in the year that dogs in general are most afraid, and that is the Friday after Easter, for they having past six weeks

<sup>1</sup> BOTH THE FISH STREETS.—i.e., Old Fish Street and New Fish Street.

without seeing any flesh, and endured a hard siege by *Lent* and fish bones, then at Easter they see flesh on the Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday, and when the Friday comes, they see great store of fish again, the poor curs (all in a pitiful quandary) stink for woe, for fear that another *Lent* is come suddenly upon them, thus they continue in that dogged perplexity till the Sunday following, when the appearance of flesh makes them have a feeling, that they were more afraid than hurt.

But imagine *Lent* is gone, but who knows whither he is gone? that would be known: for it cannot be but that so mighty a monarch as he, hath his inroads and his out loops, his standing court of continual residence, as well as his tents, houses, and places of removal for pleasure and progress. For he comes to us by way of annual visitation: to the Capuchin friars he comes twice every year, for they keep two *Lents* because they will be sure to fast double, for when a thing is well done ('tis an old saying) it is twice done, and by consequence a thing being twice done, must be well done: I know not why they do it, but some say, that it is a work of supererogation, and so I leave them.

But *Lent* keeps his continual court with the holy covents of the unsanctified fathers, the friars Carthusians, these are they that have made a perpetual divorce between beasts and birds, these are

they that have confirmed an everlasting league with *Lent*, and all the ragged aquarian regiments of the spacious kingdom of *Pisces*. For when they enter into their order first, they are enjoined never to touch or taste any manner of flesh whatsoever, which they do inviolably perform : for let hunger and thin-gutted famine assault them never so cruelly, so that there were no fish to be had, yet they hold it meritorious to starve and famish, rather than to eat flesh. For indeed in cases of necessity they have power to metamorphose flesh into fish : (as for example) when any town is besieged and sharply assailed with war without, and famine within, that meat is fallen into such a consumption, that fish is gone, and flesh is scarce, then these venerable fathers (by apostatical power which they have) can take a sirloin of beef, and thrust his knighthood into a tub of water, and command him to come forth transformed into a ling, and so for all kind of flesh else, they can turn a pig to a pike, a goose to a gurnet, a hen to a herring, a sow to a salmon, and an owl to an oyster : and all these are no wonders to them, for they are all as nothing to their exorcising trick of transubstantiation in the sacrament : for it is not possible for anything to be impossible to them that can make their Maker, and conjure their Saviour into a piece of bread, and eat him when they have done. With these enemies of car-

nality *Lent* hath domestical perpetuity, these observe his laws more firmly, than they do either the first or second table, and twenty citizens shall break politically, and take up their lodging in Lud's unlucky gate<sup>1</sup> before they will crack the least injunction that is articulated betwixt *Lent* and them.

Thus having shewed the progress, egress and regress of this Mediterranean, Atlantic, Belgic, Gallobelgicus, this Caspian, Hibernian, British, Celtic, Caledonian, commanding Marine countermander, I think it not amiss to declare what good he doth in this kingdom the time of his being here, and how much more good he would do if he were rightly observed.

As it is a matter of conscience to obey superior and supreme magistrates, so in that respect I hold it a conscience to abstain from flesh-eating in *Lent* : not that I think it to be unclean to the clean, or that the eating or not eating, is meritorious : for I am persuaded that a man may go to heaven as well with a leg of a capon, as with a red herring. But seeing *Lent* is ordained to a good intent, for the increase and preservation of calves, lambs, swine and all kind of beasts, and birds whatsoever, whereby the breeding and multiplicity of these creatures makes our land the terrestrial paradise of plenty, and so is (by the bountiful blessings of the

<sup>1</sup>LUD'S UNLUCKY GATE.—A city prison.—*The Gatehouse*,



Almighty all-giving giver) able to maintain herself, and relieve many neighbouring realms, and regions. Surely they are no good commonwealthsmen, that wilfully will break so tolerable an institution, as to refrain six or seven weeks in a year from flesh, having so much variety and change of fish and other sustenance more than sufficient.

It is most certain, that if *Lent* were truly kept, and the fish days in every week duly observed, and that every house in this kingdom did spend but the quantity of two haberdine or green fish in a week, that then this kingdom of Great *Britain* both for meat and mariners would be the mistress of the world, and for wealth and riches superlative to the Mines of *America*.

But the nature of man is so perverse, that like *Pandoræ's* box, he will be tooting and prying soonest into that which he is most restrained from, wherein he shows himself to be no changling, but the natural son of *Adam*, and heir to his frailty and disobedience : for in common reason (for a common good) if there were no statutes, no precepts or commands for the keeping of *Lent* and fish days, men would of themselves, (and by their own instigation) bridle their fleshly appetites with the snaffle of discretion. It is an unmeasurable detriment to this kingdom, the abuse, neglect, and contempt of this so laudable and commodious an institution, and the

due observing of it duly would be invaluable, I think past the reach of arithmetic : but I have often noted, that if any superfluous feasting or gormondizing, paunch-cramming assembly do meet, the disordered business is so ordered, that it must be either in *Lent*, upon a Friday, or a fasting day : for the meat doth not relish well, except it be sauced with disobedience and contempt of authority. And though they eat sprats on the Sunday, they care not, so they may be full gorged with flesh on the Friday night,

Then all the zealous puritans will feast  
In detestation of the Romish beast.

For mine own part (as I have before written I hold fish or flesh no maxims, axioms, or grounds of religion, but those that wilfully and contemptuously do eat flesh in the *Lent* (except such whose appetites are repugnant to fish, and whose nature hath not been used to it, except such as are sick, and women with child, (for all which there is a lawful toleration) except such, I say, he that feasts with flesh in *Lent* I wish he might be constrained to fast with fish all the year after for his contempt.

Wide and large is the way that I might travel in this spacious business : but few words are best, especially if they be spoken to the wise, and if any poor *Jack-a-Lent* do happen into the hands of a

fool, 'tis but a fool and a *Jack*, or two fools well met  
but here is the odds, a wise man will make much of a  
*Jack* for his plain dealing, when a fool will quarrel  
with him, and falling together by the ears, tear one  
another's clothes, and then *Jack's* paper jerkin goes  
to wrack.



CERTAIN BLANK VERSES WRITTEN  
of purpose to no purpose, yet so plainly  
contrived, that a child of two years old  
may understand them as well as a  
good Scholar of fifty.



REAT *Jack-a-Lent*, clad in a robe of air,  
Threw mountains higher than *Alcides*  
beard :

Whilst Pancradge\* Church, armed with a samphire  
blade,

Began to reason of the business thus :

You squand'ring Troglodytes of Amsterdam,

How long shall *Cerberus'* tapster be ?

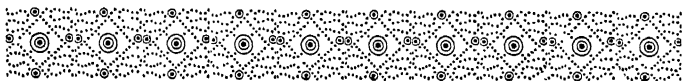
What though stout *Ajax* lay with *Proserpine*,

\* St. Pancras.

Shall men leave eating powdered beef for that ?  
I see no cause but men may pick their teeth,  
Though *Brutus* with a sword did kill himself.  
Is Shooter's-hill turned to an oyster pie,  
Or may a May-pole be a buttered plaice ?  
Then let Saint Katherines sail to Bride-well Court,  
And chitterlings be worn for statute lace,  
For if a humble-bee should kill a whale  
With the butt-end of the Antarctic pole,  
'Tis nothing to the mark at which we aim :  
For in the commentaries of Tower ditch,  
A fat stewed bawd hath been a dish of state.  
More might be said, but then more must be spoke,  
The weights fell down because the *Jack* rope broke.  
And he that of these lines doth make a doubt,  
Let him sit down and pick the meaning out.

FINIS.



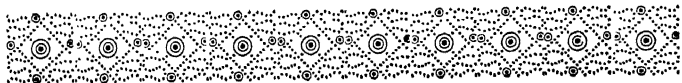


# The True Cause of the *WATER-*

MENS Suit concerning *Players*, and the reasons  
that their Playing on *London* side  
is their extreame  
hindrances.

With a Relation how farre that suit  
was proceeded in, and  
the occasions that  
it was *not*  
*effected*.

By Iohn Taylor.







THE  
CAUSE OF THE WATERMEN'S  
SUIT CONCERNING PLAYERS,

&c., &c.

**T**HE occasions that hath moved me to write this pamphlet are many, and forcible and the attempt in writing it adventurous and full of danger, for as on the one side I doubt not but with truth to stop the mouths of Ignorance and Malice that have and do daily scandalize me, (and withal I know I shall purchase a general thanks from all honest men of my Company) so I am assured to gain the hatred of some that love me well, and I affect them no worse, only for my plain truth and discharging my conscience ; but fall back, fall edge, come what can come, I am resolved, and without fear or flattery, thus I begin.

In the month of *January* last 1613,\* there was a motion made by some of the better sort of the Company of Watermen, that it were necessary for the relief of such a decayed multitude to petition to his Majesty, that the players might not have a play-house in London or in Middlesex, within four miles of the City on that side of the Thames. Now this request may seem harsh and not well to be digested by the players and their appendices. But the reasons that moved us unto it, being charitably considered, makes the suit not only seem reasonable, but past seeming most necessary to be sued for, and tolerable to be granted.

Our petition being written to purpose aforesaid, I was selected by my Company to deliver it to his Majesty and follow the business, which I did with that care and integrity, that I am assured none can justly tax me with the contrary. I did ride twice to Theobalds, once to Newmarket, and twice to Royston, before I could get a reference upon my petition. I had to bear my charge, of my Company first and last, seven pounds two shillings, which horse hire, horse meat, and man's meat brought to a consumption; besides I wrote several petitions to most of the Right Honourable Lords of his Majesty's

\* Although *Lowndes* makes no mention of an earlier edition of this Tract, than that to be found in Taylor's Works of 1630, it was in all probability printed at the above date, as the manner in which he usually published his books—which were separately of little bulk—was to print them at his own cost, make presents of them, and then hope for "sweet remuneration,"



Privy Council, and I found them all compassionately affected to the necessity of our cause.

First, I did briefly declare part of the services that watermen had done in Queen *Elizabeth's* reign, of famous memory, in the voyage to Portugal, with the Right Honourable and never to be forgotten Earl of *Essex*; then after that, how it pleased God (in that great deliverance in the year 1588,) to make watermen good serviceable instruments with their loss of lives and limbs to defend their Prince and Country. Moreover, many of them served with Sir *Francis Drake*, Sir *John Hawkins*, Sir *Martin Frobisher*, and others: besides in Cadiz action, the Island Voyage, in Ireland, in the Low Countries, and in the narrow seas they have been, (as in duty they are bound, at continual command, so that every summer 1,500 or 2,000 of them were employed to the places aforesaid, having but nine shillings fourpence the month a piece for their pay, and yet were they able then to set themselves out like men, with shift of apparel, linen and woollen, and forbear charging of their Prince for their pay sometimes six months, nine months, twelve months, sometimes more, for then there were so few watermen and the one half of them being at sea, those that staid at home had as much work as they would do.

Afterwards the players began to play on the Bankside and to leave playing in London and

Middlesex (for the most part) then there went such great concourse of people by water, that the small number of watermen remaining at home were not able to carry them, by reason of the court, the terms, the players, and other employments, so that we were enforced and encouraged (hoping that this golden stirring world would have lasted ever) to take and entertain men and boys: which boys are grown men, and keepers of houses, many of them being overcharged with families of wife and children, so that the number of watermen, and those that live and are maintained by them, and by the only labour of the oar and the scull, betwixt the bridge of Windsor and Gravesend, cannot be fewer than forty thousand; the cause of the greater half of which multitude, hath been the players playing on the Bankside, for I have known three companies besides the bear baiting, at once there; to wit, the Globe, the Rose, and the Swan. And it is an infallible truth that had they never played there it had been better for watermen by the one half of their living, for the Company is increased more than half by their means of playing there in former times.

And now it hath pleased God in this peaceful time, that there is no employment at the sea, as it hath been accustomed, so that all those great numbers of men remains at home; and the players have all (except the Kingsmen) left their usual re-

sidency on the Bankside, and do play in Middlesex far remote from the Thames, so that every day in the week they do draw unto them three or four thousand people, that were used to spend their monies by water, to the relief of so many thousands of poor people, which by players former playing on the Bankside) are increased, so that oft times a poor man that hath five or six children, doth give good attendance to his labour all day, and at night (perhaps) hath not gotten a groat to relieve himself his wife and family.

This was the effect and scope of our petition though here I have declared it more at large, to which his Majesty graciously granted me a reference to his Commissioners for suits, who then were the Right Honourable Sir *Julius Cæsar*, Sir *Thomas Parry* Knights, the Right Worshipful Sir *Francis Bacon* then the King's Attorney-General, Sir *Henry Montague* his Majesty's Sergeant-at-law, Sir *Walter Cope*, Master *George Calvert*, one of the clerks of his Majesty's Privy Council, and Baron *Southerton*, one of the Barons of the King's Exchequer, these Honourable and Worshipful persons I did oft solicit, by petitions, by friends, and by my own industrious importunity. so that in the end when our cause was heard, we found them generally affected to the suit we prosecuted,

His Majesty's players did exhibit a petition against us, in which they said, that our suit was unreasonable, and that we might as justly remove the Exchange, the walks in *Pauls*, or Moorfields to the Bankside for our profits, as to confine them ; but our extremities and cause being judiciously pondered by the Honourable and Worshipful Commissioners, Sir *Francis Bacon* very worthily said that so far forth as the public weal was to be regarded before pastimes, or a serviceable decaying multitude before a handful of particular men, or profit before pleasure, so far was our suit to be preferred before theirs. Whereupon the players did appeal to the Lord Chamberlain, which was then the Earl of Somerset who stood well affected to us, having been moved before in the business by Master *Samuel Goldsmith* an especial friend of mine, and a gentleman that myself and all the rest of my poor Company in general, are generally beholden, and deeply engaged unto ; for of his own free will to his cost and charge, we must with thankfulness acknowledge he hath been and is continually our worthy friend. Who seeing the wants of such numbers of us, he hath often neglected his own urgent and profitable affairs, spending his time and coin in any honest occasion that might profit us. Thus much I thought good to insert in the way of

thankfulness, because of all vices, ingratitude is the most hateful.

The Commissioners did appoint me to come on the next day that they sat again, and that then the players and we should know their determinations concerning our businesses: but before that day came, Sir *Walter Cope* died, and Sir *Julius Cæsar* being Chief Commissioner was made Master of the Rolls, by which means the commission was dissolved, and we never yet had further hearing. Thus far did I proceed in this thankless suit; and because it was not effected, some of my Company partly through malice or ignorance, or both, have reported that I took bribes of the players to let the suit fall, and that to that purpose I had a supper with them at the Cardinal's Hat on the Bankside, and that if I had dealt well with my Company, and done as I might have done, then all had been as they would have had it.

These and more the like such pretty aspersions, the out-cast rubbish of my Company hath very liberally, unmannerly and ungratefully bestowed upon me, whereby my credit hath been blemished, the good opinion which many held of me lost, my name abused, and I a common reproach, a scorn, a by-word, and baiting stock to the poisonous teeth of envy and slander.

But I doubt not but what is before said will satisfy any well disposed or honest mind, and for the rest (if there be any such) as I found them ignorant knaves, so I leave them unthankful villains. And I will regard such vipers, and their slander so little, that their malice shall not make me give over to do service to my Company, by any honest lawful means, my trade (under God) is my best friend, and though it be poor, I am sure the calling is honest, therefore I will be an assistant in this suit, or any other that may be available unto it ; and howsoever we are slightly esteemed by some giddy-headed corkbrains or mushroom painted puckfists ; yet the estate of this kingdom knows, that many of the meanest scullers that rows on the Thames, was, is, or shall be if occasion serve, at command to do their prince and country more service, than any of the players shall be joined unto.

I must confess that there are many rude uncivil fellows in our Company, and I would some doctor would purge the Thames of them : the reason whereof is, that all men being vicious, by consequence most vice must be in the greatest Companies, but watermen are the greatest Company, therefore most abuses must reign amongst watermen ; yet, (not to excuse them in any degree) let a man but consider other trades and faculties of higher account, and I am sure they will come short

in honesty, perhaps not of watermen, but of the honest vocation of a waterman.

For if he use his labour no otherwise than he ought, which is to carry the King's liege people carefully, and to land them safely, to take his due thankfully without murmuring or doing injury, then I say, that that waterman may feed upon the labours of his hands with a better conscience, and sleep with a quieter spirit than many of our fur gown'd money-mongers that are accounted good commonwealths men ; but if a railing knave do chance to abuse his fare, either in words or deeds, (as indeed we have too many such) what reason is it, that for the wrong that one, two, or more doth commit, that all the rest of the whole Company shall be scandalized for it. If a mercer, a grocer, a goldsmith, or any other of the best trades, be a traitor, a thief, or a debauched drunkard, it were impudent ignorance for the vices of a few, that all the rest of the function should be reproached ; I will make no odious comparisons, but I am persuaded that there are as many honest men of our Company as of any other, such as do make a conscience of what they do : such as will not wrong others though it might be gainful to themselves : such who are both religious and charitable, and whose greatest care is to live in God's fear, that they may die in his favour : And for those that are unruly, ignorant, and brutish,

there is no Company hath sharper laws, or more severely executed, as the Counters can testify once a week : Little ease can witness often : The whip, and the whipper, like a roaring devil doth many times affirm the naked truth, and banishment from the river of Thames for ever, now and then cuts off a bad member. Besides, fines and forfeitures are laid upon the heads of petty offenders, that few or none escapes unpunished if their faults be known : If the gout be in a man's toe, all the body is grieved ; if a finger ache, the rest of the members hath a share in the pain ; but if many of the joints and members be putrified, then the heart cannot choose but be crazed with care, if not wounded ; so is it with our Company, that the abuses and vices of the worst inferior members as graceless, godless, reprobates, are sometimes like a plague, infectious to their betters, and a daily heart-grief to all honest men, who are scandalized by their damnable demeanors. But all they do or can do, is nothing to the defaming of the Company, for it were very absurd because one in his drink hath killed a man, to impute the fault to the wine or the drink that he drank, when the blame lies in the drunkard that abused God's good creatures in taking too much ; so a waterman's trade is honest, necessary, and not to be wanted, howsoever it is abused by misgoverned uncivil companions. If a waterman would be false



in his trade, I muse what falsehood he could use, he hath no false weights or measures to curtail a man's passage, but he will land a man for his money, and not bate him an inch of the place he is appointed: His shop is not dark like a woollen draper's on purpose, because the buyer shall not see the coarseness of the cloth, or the falseness of the colour: no, his work and ware is seen and known, and he utters it with the sweat of his brows, the worst fault is, that like a lawyer he will take more than his fee (if any body will give it him) very thankfully, his bare fare he will take willingly (upon necessity) but less than his fare, or many times nothing, me thinks goes against stomach.

I have seen a usurer (who hath been fit only for the grave these seven years being more than half rotten with the gout, the cough, 'and the mur) who hath lost his conscience to get money, and perhaps, win damnation, who is not able to go by land, and yet will not pay his fare by water, but like the picture of misery, will either beg his passage of some serving man, or bargain with a waterman to give him two pence for six pennyworth of labour, such I have seen, and such there are too many, who if they were once buried, the wheel of time would turn, and what they got unjustly by extortion, oppression, and grinding the faces of the poor, what they have uncharitably pinched in keeping back the

labourer's hire, their sons or heirs perhaps will consume in law who shall possess most of that ill gotten goods, or else drink it, dice it, drab it, revel and ruffle it, till all is gone; and as their fathers before them made others to rot in prison, so their prodigal sons are holed in some loathsome jail, being lousy, lodging on the boards, and live upon the box and the alms-basket.

Moreover, too many there are that pass the bounds of liberallty, and spend most prodigally on a whore, on (the devil of India) tobacco; on the superfluous quarts and pints of the blood of *Bacchus* (sack and claret) Spanish and French, on unlawful games, and in a word, on a thousand vanities, they will carelessly and beyond expectation cast away their cash: but upon a waterman, that hath rowed till his heart ache, and sweats till he hath not a dry thread about him, the gentlemen's bounty is asleep, and he will pay him by the statute, or if he give him two pence more, he hath done a huge work beyond the merit of Sutton's Hospital.\*

I myself have often met with a roaring boy (or one of the cursed crew) that hath had nothing about him but a satin outside to cover his knavery, and that none of his own neither, witness his mercer and his tailor: yet this gallant must be shipped in a pair

\* SUTTON'S HOSPITAL.—The Charter-House, which is situated at the upper end of Aldersgate Street, London.

of oars at least<sup>1</sup> : but his gay slop<sup>2</sup> hath no sooner kissed the cushions, but with a volley of new coined oaths (newly brought from Hell to the Bermudas<sup>3</sup> by the ghost of a Knight of the Post<sup>4</sup>) he hath never left roaring, row, row, row, a pox on you row, (as if his punk<sup>5</sup> should stay too long for his pestiferous person) and when his scurviness is landed where he pleases, he hath told me I must wait on him, and he will return to me presently, and I shall carry him back again, and be paid altogether : then have I attended five or six hours (like John-a-Noakes) for nothing, for my cheating shark having neither money nor honesty, hath never come at me, but took some other pair of Stairs, and in the same fashion cozened another waterman for his boat-hire.

We must, and do with thankfulness confess, that the nobility, gentry, and all others of the better sort of this kingdom, have honest, worthy and

<sup>1</sup>A PAIR OF OARS AT LEAST—*i.e.*, Two watermen.

<sup>2</sup>SLOPS (S. *slopen*).—Breeches, or trunk hose, which were worn extravagantly large in the reign of Queen Elizabeth.

“Three pounds of gold these *slops* contain.”

Ram Alley, or Merry Tricks. *A Comedy*. 1611.

<sup>3</sup>BERMUDAS.—A cant term for certain obscure and intricate alleys, in which persons lodged who had occasion to live cheap or concealed ; called also *The Straights*. They are supposed to have been the narrow passages north of the Strand, near Covent Garden.

<sup>4</sup>KNIGHT-OF-THE-POST.—A man hired to swear falsely, or give false bail. A cheat ; a sharper.

<sup>5</sup>PUNK.—A prostitute.

charitable considerations of our want of means, and multitude of men; for they do know that house-rent, and victuals, are at four times the rate which it was at when the statute was made in Queen *Mary's* reign for our fares, and as the price of all things is raised (except poor men's labours) so do they in conscience very liberally raise our fares accordingly.

And as before I have written, our trade is so useful and necessary, both for the King's service and the commons commodity, that it is not to be (or cannot be wanted) and by how much the more a waterman is near to his Majesty, to the Queen's Majesty, to the Princess Highness, to the nobility, the gentry, and the best of the commonalty of this kingdom, and sometimes of foreign nations, so much the more ought watermen to behave themselves honestly, and soberly in their calling: There are many better trades and qualities, that scarce the best of their Companies in all their life time do come so often and so near the presence of Majesty and Nobility as we do. (I write not to disparage any, nor with boasting to puff up ourselves) none comes nearer, except the barber, and long and often may he come, or the physician and chirurgeon, (which God grant they may be ever needless :) but a waterman many times hath his Sovereign by the hand, to stay him in and out the barge, where there is not

above an inch betwixt life and death, the barge being then the Royal Court: and being but a door betwixt the King and them, they are at that time gentlemen of the privy chamber, or yeomen of the guard at least.

And thus much I am bold to insert for myself, and many more of my Company that I know, that we never exacted money wrongfully, or contended with any of the King's liege people for more than they themselves would give with any reason, or gave anyone abusive or unreverend speeches if they would not go with us: for we know that men are free to buy their cloth at what drapers they please, or their stuffs at which mercers they will, what tailor they list make their garments; and what cook they like may dress their meat: and so forth, of all functions every man is free to make his choice; and so amongst watermen, men may take whom they please, because they are bound to none, he that goes with me shall have my labour, and I am in hope to have his money, he that will not go with me goes with another, and I have the more ease the while, he doth me no wrong in not going with me, and I will do him no injury for going from me; this is my resolution, and a number more of my Company, and those that are otherwise minded; I wish with all my heart that God will be pleased to

amend them, or else that the hangman may have authority to end them.

But to return to the purpose (from which I have too long digressed) the players are men that I generally love, and wish well unto and to their quality, and I do not know any of them but are my friends, and wish as much to me : and howsoever the matter falls out, whether they play or not play, I thank God, I am able to live as well as another, either with them or without them : but my love is such unto them that whereas they do play but once a day, I could be content they should play twice or thrice a day, so it were not in such places as doth undo so many thousands of poor people ; for as it is, it were much better for us that they played nowhere. And seeing so trivial a cause as this would be scarce incommodious to any, and more commodious to us than the four Terms in the year, seeing our necessities so great, and our relief harmless to any, seeing the use of us expedient, if occasions serve abroad or at home, and our un-ability to set ourselves to sea, by reason of our want ; our hope is that we shall be as much reckoned of as horses, for horses have meat, drink, and lodging, though they be but seldom ridden, and many of them have a warm footcloth, when thousand of serviceable men are like to famish and starve through want and nakedness.

As concerning our endeavours to remove the shelves and sands in the Thames (which are a great annoyance to the river, and hurtful to the city,) as his Majesty hath commanded, and the Right Honorable the Lord Mayor and the rest of his worshipful brethren, shall direct, we shall with all willingness do our duties we doubt not both to the King's Majesty's contentment, the good of the City, and the good report of ourselves.

Thus (because the truth shows best being naked) I have plainly set down how far I proceeded in my suit how it was broken off; what thanks I have for my pains. The necessity of the cause that made me go about it. The abuses I had because it took no effect, (which is the chief cause why I wrote

this pamphlet to justify myself). All these

things I hope the judicious under-

stander will judge accordingly;

always esteeming me a loyal

lover of my Country,

and my Com-

pany.

FINIS.





THE LIFE  
OF  
LONG MEG OF WESTMINSTER:

THE MAD MERRY PRANKS SHE PLAYED IN HER LIFE TIME,

BUT ALSO

HOW VALIANTLY SHE BEHAVED HERSELF IN THE WARS  
OF BOULOGNE.

*Edited by CHARLES HINDLEY.*

LONDON :  
REEVES AND TURNER,  
196, STRAND,  
(Opposite St. Clement Danes Church),  
1871.





## INTRODUCTION.

**T**HE LIFE AND PRANKS OF LONG MEG OF WESTMINSTER: This tract is given to our readers with confidence, as an amusing specimen of the popular stories of our ancestors. But whether the heroine was a real or fictitious personage it is not our present purpose to enquire, yet a dissertation on the question might furnish a discussion of no trifling extent.

The earliest edition of *Long Meg* that we have been able to find bears the following title:—*The Life and Pranks of Long Meg of Westminster*. Imprinted at London by William How for Abraham Veale, dwellinge in Paul's Church yard, at the Sign of the Lambe, 1582. This is in the **Black Letter**, and contains fifteen chapters, the concluding one being "*The mad pranks she played the waterman at Lambeth!*" which finishes with the couplet of—

"If any man ask who brought this to passe  
Say it was done by a Lancashire Lasse."

The work was evidently very popular, and several chap-book editions and penny story-book versions, which are abridged copies of the original,

are still extant, from one of which now in the British Museum we here give an entire reprint with a facsimile of the title page, and of the crude woodcuts to be found in the body of the work :—

The Whole  
**LIFE and DEATH**  
OF  
**L O N G M E G**  
OF  
**W E S T M I N S T E R .**



*Printed and Sold in Aldermary Church,  
Yard London*

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# THE HISTORY


OF

## LONG MEG OF WESTMINSTER.

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### CHAP. I.

*Where Meg was born, her coming up to London,  
and her Usage to the honest Carrier.*

 IN the reign of Henry VIII. was born in Lancashire, a maid called LONG MEG. At eighteen years old she came to London to get her a service. Father Willis, the carrier, being the waggoner and her neighbour, brought her up with some other lasses. After a tedious journey, being in sight of the desired city, she demanded the cause why they looked sad?—"We have no money," said one, "to pay our fare." So Meg replies, "If that be all I shall answer your demands," and this put them in some comfort. But as soon as they came to St. John's Street, Willis demanded their money. "Say what you will have," quoth she. "Ten shillings a piece," said he. "But we have not so much about us," said she."

"Nay, then I will have it out of your bones."  
 "Marry content," replied Meg ; and taking a staff in  
 her



hand, so belaboured him and his man, that he  
 desired her, for God's sake, to hold her hand.  
 "Not I," said she, "unless you bestow an angel on  
 us for good luck, and swear e'er we depart to get us  
 good mistresses."

The carrier having felt the strength of her arm,  
 thought it best to give her the money, and promised  
 not to go till he had got them good places.

## CHAP. II.

*Of her being placed in Westminster, and what she  
 did at her place.*



THE Carrier having set up his horses, went  
 with the lasses to the Eagle in West-  
 minster, and told the landlady he had  
 brought her three fine Lancashire lasses, and seeing

she often asked him to get her a maid, she might now take her choice. "Marry," said she, "I want one at present, and here are three gentlemen who shall give their opinions." As soon as Meg came in, they blessed themselves, crying

*"Domine, Domine, vix Originem."*

So her mistress demanded what was her name; "Margaret, forsooth," said she, briskly. "And what work can you do?" She answered she had not been bred unto her needle, but to hard labour, as washing, brewing, and baking, and could make a house clean. "Thou art," quoth the hostess, "a lusty wench, and I like thee well, for I have often persons that will not pay. "Mistress," said she, "if any such come, let me know, and I'll make them pay, I'll engage." "Nay, this is true," said the carrier, "for my carcase felt it;" and then he told them how she served him." On this Sir John de Castile, in a bravado, would needs make an experiment of her vast strength; and asked her if she durst exchange a box o' the ear with him. "Yes," quoth she, "if my mistress will give me leave." This granted, she stood to receive Sir John's blow, who gave her a box with all his might; but it stirred her not at all; but Meg gave him such a memorandum on his ear that Sir John fell down at her feet. "By my faith," said another, "she strikes

a blow like an ox, for she hath knocked down an ass." So Meg was taken into service.



### CHAP. III.

*The method Meg took to make one of the Vicars pay his score.*

**M**EG so bestirred herself, she pleased her mistress, and for her tallness, was called LONG MEG OF WESTMINSTER. One of the lubbers of the Abbey had a mind to try her strength, so coming with six of his associates, one frosty morning, calls for a pot of ale, which being drank, he asked what he owed, to which Meg answers, "Five shillings and three pence."

"O thou foul scullion, I owe thee but three shillings, and one penny, and no more will I pay thee." And turning to his landlady, complained how Meg had charged him too much. "The foul-ill take me," quoth Meg, "if I mis-reckon him one



penny : and, therefore, Vicar, before thou goest out of these doors, I shall make thee pay every penny :” and then she immediately lent him such a box on the ears, as made him to reel again. The Vicar then steps up to her, and together both of them by the ears. The Vicar’s head was broke, and Meg’s clothes tore off her back. So the Vicar laid hold of her hair, but he being shaved, she could not have that advantage ; so laying hold of his ears, and keeping his pate to the post, and asked him how much he owed her ? “ As much as you please,” said he. So you knave, quoth she, “ I must knock



out of your bald pate my reckoning,” and with that she began to beat a plain song between the post and his pate. But when he felt such pain, he roared out he would pay the whole. But she would not let him go until he laid it down, which he did, being jeered by his friends.

## CHAP. IV.

*Of her fighting and conquering Sir James of  
Castile, a Spanish Knight.*

**A**LL this time Sir James continued his suit to Meg's mistress ; but to no purpose. So coming in one day, and seeing her melancholy, asked what ailed her ? for if any has wronged you I will requite you. "Marry," quoth she, "a base knave in a white satin doublet has abused me, and if you revenge my quarrel, I shall think you love me," "Where is he," quoth Sir James. "Marry," says she, "he said he would be in St. George's Fields." Well," quoth he, "Do you and the Doctor go along with me, and you shall see how I'll pummel the knave."

Unto this they agreed, and sent Meg into St. George's Fields beforehand. "Yonder," said she, "walks the fellow by the wind-mill." "Follow me, hostess," said Sir James, "I will go to him." But Meg passed as if she would have gone by. "Nay, stay," said Sir James, "you and I part not so ; I am that gentlewoman's champion, and fairly for her sake will have you by the ears." With that Meg drew her sword, and to it they went.

At the first blow she hit him on the head, and often endangered him. At last she struck his

weapon out of his hands, and stepping up to him swore all the world should not save him." "O save me, sir," said he, "I am a Knight, and it is but a woman's matter; do not spill my blood." "Wer't thou twenty Knights," said Meg, "and was the King himself here, I would not spare thy life, unless you grant me one thing." "Let it be what you will, you shall be obeyed." "Marry," said she, "that this night you wait on my plate at this woman's house, and confess me to be your master."

This being yielded to, and a supper provided, Thomas Usher and others were invited to make up the feast; and unto whom Sir James told what had happened. "Pho!" said Usher, jeeringly, "It is no such great dishonour for to be foiled by an English-gentleman, since Cæsar the Great was himself driven back by their extraordinary courage." At this juncture Meg came in, having got on her man's attire. Then said Sir James, "This is that



valiant gentleman, whose courage I shall ever esteem." Hereupon, she pulling off her hat, her hair fell about her ears, and she said, "I am no other than Long Meg of Westminster; and so you are heartily welcome."

At this they all fell a laughing, nevertheless at supper-time, according to agreement, Sir James was a proper page; and she having leave of her mistress, sat in state like her Majesty. Thus Sir James was disgraced for his love, and Meg was counted a proper woman.

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## CHAP. V.

*Her Usage to the Bailiff of Westminster, who came into her Mistress's and arrested her Friend.*



BAILIFF having for the purpose took forty shillings, arrested a gentleman in Meg's mistress's house, and desired the company to keep peace. She coming in, asked what was the matter, "O," said he, "I am arrested." "Arrested! and in our house! why this is an unkind act to arrest one in our house; but, however, take an angel, and let him go." "No," said the bailiff, "I cannot, for the creditor is at the door." "Bid him come in," says she, "and I'll make up the matter." So the creditor came in; but being found obstinate, she tapped him on the

head with a quart pot, and bid him go out of doors like a knave; "he can but go to prison," quoth she "where he shall not stay long, if all the friends I have can fetch him out."

The creditor went away with a good knock, and the Bailiff was going with his prisoner. "Nay," said she, "I'll bring a fresh pot to drink with him." She came into the parlour with a rope, and knitting her brows, "Sir knave," said she, "I'll learn thee to arrest a man in our house; I'll make thee a spectacle for all catch-poles;" and tossing the rope round his middle, said to the gentleman, "Sir, away, shift for yourself; I'll pay the bailiff his fees before he and I part." Then she dragged the bailiff into the back side of the house, making him go up to the chin in a pond, and then paid him his fees with a cudgel; after which he went away with the amends in his hands; for she was so well beloved that no person would meddle with her.

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## CHAP. VI.

*Of her meeting with a Nobleman, and her Usage to him, and the Watch.*




NOW it happened she once put on a suit of man's apparel. The same night it fell out, a young nobleman being disposed for mirth, would go abroad to see the fashions, and down the Strand, espies her, and seeing such a tall

fellow, asked him whither he was going ? “Marry,” said she, “to St. Nicholas’s to buy a calf’s head.” “How much money hast thou?” “In faith,” said she, “little enough ; will you lend me any?” “Aye,” said he, and putting his thumb into her mouth, said, “There’s a tester.” She gave him a good box on the ear, and said, “There’s a groat, now I owe you two-pence.” Whereupon the Nobleman drew, and his man too ; and she was as active as they, so together they go ; but she drove them before her into a little chandler’s shop, inso-much, that the Constable came in to part the fray ; and having asked what they were ? the nobleman told his name, at which they all pulled off their caps. “And what is your name,” said the Constable ? “Mine,” said she, “is Cuthbert Curry Knave.” Upon this the Constable commanded some to lay hold upon her, and carry her to the Compter. She out with her sword, and set upon the watch, and behaved very resolutely ; but the Constable calling for clubs, Meg was forced to cry out, “Masters, hold your hands, I am your friend ; hurt not Long Meg of Westminster”—So they all staid their hands, and the nobleman took them all to the tavern ; and thus ended the fray.



## CHAP. VII.

*Meg goes a shroving, fights the Thieves of St. James's Corner, and makes them restore Father Willis, the Carrier, his hundred marks.*

OT only the cities of London and Westminster, but Lancashire also, rung of Meg's fame : so they desired old Willis the carrier to call upon her, which he did, taking with him the other lasses. Meg was joyful to see them, and it being Shrove-Tuesday, Meg went with them to Knightsbridge, and there spent most of the day, with repeating tales of their friends in Lancashire and so tarried the Carrier, who again and again enquired how all did there ; and made the time seem shorter than it was. The night growing on, the carrier and the two other lasses were importunate to be gone, but Meg was loath to set out and so stayed behind to discharge the reckoning and promised to overtake them.

It was their misfortune at St. James's corner to meet with two thieves, who, waiting there for their prey, set on them, and took an hundred marks from Willis the carrier and from the wenches their gowns and purses. Meg came up immediately after and then the thieves, seeing her in a female habit,

thought to take her purse also; but she behaved herself so well, they began to give ground. "Then," said Meg, "Our gowns, and purses against your hundred marks: win all and wear all." "Content," quoth they. "Now lasses pray for me," said Meg. With that she buckled with these two knaves, beat one, and so hurt the other, that they entreated her to spare their lives. "I will," said she, upon conditions. "Upon any condition," said they. "Then said she," it shall be thus:—

1.—That you never hurt a woman, nor any company she is in.

2.—That you never hurt lame or impotent men.

3.—That you never hurt any children or innocents.

4.—That you rob no carrier of his money or goods.

5.—That you rob no manner of poor or distressed.

"Are you content with these conditions?" "we are," said they: "I have no book about me," said she, "but will you swear on my smock tail?" which they accordingly did, and then she returned the wenches their gowns and purses, and Old Father Willis the carrier an hundred marks.

The men desiring to know who it was had so lustily beswinged them, said, "To alleviate our



sorrow, pray tell us your name?" She smiling, replied, "If any one ask you who banged your bones, say, Long Meg of Westminster once met with you."




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## CHAP. VIII.

*Meg's fellow servant pressed; her Usage of the Constable; and of her taking Press-money to go to Boulogne.*

**I**N those days were wars between England and France, and a hot press about London. The Constable of Westminster pressed Meg's fellow-servant and she told them if they took him her mistress was undone.

All this could not persuade the Constable, but Harry must go, on which she lent the Constable a knock. Notice being given to the Captain, he asked who struck him? "Marry," quoth Meg, "I did, and if I did not love soldiers, I'd serve you so

too." So taking a cavalier from a man's hand, she performed the exercise with such dexterity, that they wondered, whereupon she said, "Press no man, but give me press-money, and I will go myself." At this they all laughed, and the Captain gave her an angel. Whereupon she went with him to Boulogne.

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## CHAP. IX.

*Of her beating a Frenchman off the Walls of  
Boulogne; for which gallant behaviour  
she is rewarded by the King with  
eight-pence per day for life.*

**K**ING Henry passing the seas, took Boulogne, hereupon the Dauphin with a great number of men, surprised, and retook it. Meg being a Laundress in the town, raised the best of the women and with a halberd in her hand, came to the walls, on which some of the French had entered, and threw scalding water and stones at them, that she often obliged them to quit the town before the soldiers were up in arms. And at the sally she came out the foremost with her halberd in her hand to pursue the chase.

The report of this deed being come to the ears of the King, he allowed her for life eight-pence a day.

## CHAP. X.

*Of her fighting and beating a Frenchman before  
Boulogne.*

**D**URING this, she observed one who in a bravado tossed his pike. She, seeing his pride, desired a drum, to signify that a young soldier would have a push at pike with him. It was agreed on, and the place appointed life against life.

On the day the Frenchman came, and Meg met him, and without any salute fell to blows ; and after a long combat she overcame him, and cut off his head. Then pulling off her hat her hair fell about her ears.

By this the Frenchmen knew it was a woman, and the English giving a shout, she by a Drummer sent the Dauphin his soldier's head, and said, an English woman sent it.

The Dauphin much commended her, sending her an hundred crowns for her valour.

## CHAP. XI.

*Of her coming to England, and being Married.*

**T**HE wars in France being over, Meg came to Westminster, and married a soldier, who hearing of her exploits, took her into a room, and making her strip to her petticoat, took

one staff, and gave her another, saying, as he had heard of her manhood, he was determined to try her. But Meg held down her head, whereupon he gave her three or four blows, and she, in submission, fell down on her knees, desiring him to pardon her, "For," said she, "whatever I do to others, it behoves me to be obedient to you ; and it shall never be said, If I cudgel a knave that injures me, Long Meg is her husband's master ; and, therefore, use me as you please. So they grew friends, and never quarreled after.

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## CHAP. XII.

*Long Meg's Usage to an angry Miller.*



MEG going one day with her neighbours to make merry, a miller near Epping looking out, the boy they had with them, about fourteen years old, said, "Put out, Miller ; put out." "What must be put out," said he. "A thief's head and ears," said the other.

At this the Miller came down and well licked him, which Meg endeavoured to prevent, whereupon he beat her ; but she wrung the stick from him, and then cudgeled him severely ; and having done, sent the boy to the mill for an empty sack, and put the miller in all but his head ; and then fastening him to a rope, she hawled him up half way, and there left

him hanging. The poor miller cried out for help, and if his wife had not come, he had surely been killed, and the mill for want of corn set on fire.

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## CHAP. XIII.

*Of her keeping House at Islington, and her Laws.*

**A**FTER marriage she kept a house at Islington. The Constable coming one night, he would needs search Meg's house, whereupon she came down in her shift, with a cudgel, and said, "Mr. Constable, take care you do not go beyond your commission, for if you do, I'll so cudgel you as you never was since Islington has been. The Constable seeing her frown, told her he would take her word, and so departed.

Meg, because in her house there should be a good decorum, hung up a table, containing these principles :—

"First, if a Gentleman or Yeoman had a charge about him, and told her of it she would repay him if he lost it, but if he did not reveal it, and said he was robbed, he should have ten bastinadoes, and afterwards be turned out of doors.

"Secondly, whoever called for meat, and had no money to pay, should have a box on the ear, and a cross on the back, that he might be marked, and trusted no more."

“ Thirdly, If any good fellow came in and said he wanted money, he should have his belly full of meat, and two pots of drink.

“ Fourthly, If any rufier came in, and made a quarrel, and would not pay his reckoning, to turn into the fields and take a bout or two with Meg, the maids of the house should dry beat him, and so thrust him out of doors.”

These and many such principles, she established in her house, which kept it still and quiet.



FINIS.

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Our heroine is often alluded to by the old English writers. Tom Nash mentions her in his *Strange Newes*, 1592. Gabriel Harvey in his *Pierce's Supererogation, or a New Prayse of the Old Asse* 4to. London. J. Wolfe, 1593, pp. 145-6, speaks of her in the following terms:—"Phy, long

Megg of Westminster would have bene ashamed to digrace her Soday bonet with her Satterday witt. She knew some rules of decorum : and although she were a lustie bousing rampe, somewhat like Galle-mella, or maide Marian, yet she was not such a roinish rannell, or such a dissolute gillian-flurtes, as this wainscot-faced Tomboy." In John Lyly's *Pappe with an hatchet*, alias *A figge for my God sonne. Or Cracke me this nut*, 1589, we find, "O doost remember howe that Bastard Junior complaines of brothells, and talkes of Long Meg of Westminster." In Middleton's comedy of *The Roaring Girl, or Moll Cutpurse*, 1611, in Act V., Scene 1, "Was it your Meg of Westminster's courage that rescued me from the Poultry?" See also Beaumont and Fletcher's *The Scornful Lady*, Act V., Scene 2. *Long Meg* is mentioned in the list of authors recited by John Taylor the Water Poet, to his *Sir Gregory Nonsense, his Newes from no Place*, in the second part of his collected *Workes*, folio. London : Printed by J. B., for James Boler, at the Signe of the Marigold, in Paul's Churchyard, 1630.

Ben Jonson, makes one of the characters in his masque of the *Fortunate Isles*, which was performed before the Court, on January 9th, 1624. Say—

"Or Westminster Meg,  
With her boney leg,

As long as a crane,  
 And feet like a plane.  
 With a pair of heels  
 As broad as two wheels ;”

Which is anything but a flattering reference to the lower limbs of a lady of the period!

In *Westward Hoe*, written by Thos. Decker and John Webster, 1607, at Act V., Scene 2 :—  
 “What kin art thou to Long Meg of Westminster? Th’ art like her.—Somewhat alike, sir, at a blush, nothing akin, sir, saving in height of mind, and that she was a goodly woman.” And in *The Hogge hath lost his Pearle*, 1611—“You will find it worth Meg of Westminster, altho’ it be but a bare jig.”

The Life of Long Meg continued to be printed in an abridged form till the commencement of the present century. We have selected the edition of 1635 for our “READABLE REPRINT,” which contains eighteen chapters, thereby stretching out the life of our ‘*Long Meg*’ to 1557, when Bishop Bonner was invested with severe inquisitorial powers by Queen Mary.

The following lines, entitled “Long Meg of Westminster to Dulcinea of Toboso,” occur in Gayton’s *Festivous Notes on the History of the renowned Don Quixote*. London, 1654; page 289 :—

“I, Long Meg, once the wonder of the spinsters,  
 Was laid, as was my right, i’ th’ best of minsters,



Nor have the wardens ventur'd all this whiles  
To lay, except myselfe, one in those iles.  
Indeed, untill this time, ne'r any one  
Was worthy to be Meg's companion.  
But since Toboso hath so fruitfull been,  
To bring forth one might be my sister Twinne,  
Alike in breadth of face ; no Margeries  
Had ever wider cheeks or larger eyes ;  
Alike in shoulders, belly, and in flanks,  
Alike in legs too, for we had no shanks,  
And for our feet, alike from heel to toe,  
The shoemakers the length did never know.  
Lye thou by me, no more it shall be common  
One He of Man there is, this She of Woman !"

The following correspondence in vols. 2, 3, and 6 of "NOTES AND QUERIES," on the subject of Long Meg of Westminster's burial place we deem of sufficient importance to reproduce for the benefit and instruction of our readers. The first notice from that accomplished antiquarian, Dr. Rimbault, appeared in No. 39, July, 27th, 1850, the remaining portion in Nos. 41, 63, 119 and 124, March 13th, 1852 :—

LONG MEG OF WESTMINSTER.

Mr. Cunningham, in his *Handbook of London* (2nd edition, p. 540.), has the following passage, under the head of "Westminster Abbey :"

"*Observe.*—Effigies in south cloister of several of the early abbots ; large blue stone, uninscribed, (south cloister), marking the grave of Long Meg of Westminster, a noted virago of the reign of Henry VIII."

This amazon is often alluded to by our old writers. Her life was printed in 1582; and she was the heroine of a play noticed in Henslowe's *Diary*, under the date February 14, 1594. She also figured in a ballad entered on the Stationers' books in that year. In *Holland's Leaguer*, 1632, mention is made of a house kept by Long Meg in Southwark :—

"It was out of the citie, yet in the view of the citie, only divided by a delicate river; there was many handsome buildings, and many hearty neighbours, yet at the first foundation it was renowned for nothing so much as for the memory of that famous amazon *Longa Margarita*, who had there for many yeeres kept a famous *infamous* house of open hospitality."

According to Vaughan's *Golden Grove*, 1608—

"Long Meg of Westminster kept alwaies twenty courtizans in her house, whom, by their pictures, she sold to all commers."

From these extracts the occupation of Long Meg may be readily guessed at. Is it then likely that such a detestable character would have been buried amongst "goodly friars" and "holy abbots" in the cloisters of our venerable abbey? I think not: but I have considerable doubts as to whether Meg was a real personage.—Query. Is she not akin to Tom Thumb, Jack the Giant-killer, Doctor Rat, and a host of others of the same type?

The stone in question is, I know, on account of its great size, jokingly called "Long Meg of Westminster" by the vulgar; but no one, surely, before Mr. Cunningham, ever *seriously* supposed it to be her burying-place. Henry Keefe, in his *Monumenta Westmonasteriensia*, 1682, gives the following account of this monument :—

"That large and stately plain black marble stone (which is vulgarly known by the name of *Long Meg of Westminster*) on the north side of *Laurentius* the abbot, was placed there for *Gervasius de Blois*, another abbot of this monastery, who was base son to King Stephen, and by him placed as a monk here, and afterwards made abbot, who died *anno* 1160, and was buried under this stone, having this distich formerly thereon :

*"De regnum genere pater hic Gervasius ecce  
Monstrat defunctus, mors rapit omne genus."*

Felix Summerly, in his *Handbook for Westminster Abbey*, p. 29., noticing the cloisters and the effigies of the abbots, says,—

"Towards this end there lies a large slab of blue marble, which is called 'Long Meg of Westminster. Though it is inscribed to Gervasius de Blois, abbot, 1160, natural son of King Stephen, he is said to have been buried under a small stone, and tradition assigns 'Long Meg' as the gravestone of

twenty-six monks, who were carried off by the plague in 1349, and buried together in one grave."

The tradition here recorded may be correct. At any rate, it carries with it more plausibility than that recorded by Mr. Cunningham.

EDWARD F. RIMBAULT

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*Long Meg of Westminster.*—I am not quite of DR. RIMBAULT's opinion, that Long of Westminster is a fictitious personage. I believe her to have been as much a real woman as Moll Cutpurse was a century later.

If the large stone shown as Long Meg's grave had been anywhere else within the walls of Westminster Abbey than where it is, I should have had great doubts about the Westminster tradition. But Long Meg, there is reason to believe from the numerous allusions to her in the Elizabethan dramatists, was a heroine after the Reformation, and her burial, therefore, in the cloisters, where few people of wealth or good reputation were buried between 1538 and 1638, seems to me a common occurrence. Had Islip or Esteney buried her among the abbots in the cloister, I could then have joined in DR. RIMBAULT's surprise. I have altered the passage, however, to "marking the grave, *it is said.*" This will meet, I trust, DR. RIMBAULT's objection, though I have Gifford to support me in the passage as it at present stands :

"There is a penny story-book of this tremendous virago [Westminster Meg], who performed many wonderful exploits about the time that Jack the Giant Killer flourished. She was buried, as all the world knows, in the cloisters of Westminster Abbey, where a huge stone is still pointed out to the Whitsuntide visitors as her grave stone."—Gifford's *Ben Jonson*, viii, 78.

Let me add, that I am much obliged to DR. RIMBAULT, as well as to other correspondents, for corrections and still more valuable additions to my book, printed in "NOTES AND QUERIES."

PETER CUNNINGHAM.

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*Long Meg of Westminster* (Vol. ii., p. 131.).—The same epithet has been applied to women in other places. In the Parish Register of Tiverton, Devon, is the following entry :

"Burials. April. 1596. The long Jone & Quant [i. e. servant] to Mr. Demant's. iii. day."

Why should "long Meg" be more fabulous than long Jone?"

E. A. D.

When I wrote my note upon *Long Meg of Westminster*, I was not aware of the following passage in Fuller's *Worthies* (Westminster, edit. 1662, p. 236) :

"*As long as Megg of Westminster.*—This is applied to persons very tall, especially if they have *hop-pole-height*, wanting *breadth* proportionable thereunto. That such a *gyant-woman* ever was in Westminster, cannot be proved by any good witness (I pass not for a late lying *pamphlet*), though some in proof thereof produce her grave-stone on the *south-side* of the *cloistures*, which (I confess) is as long, and large, and entire *marble* as ever I beheld. But be it known, that no *woman* in that age was interred in the *cloistures*, appropriated to the sepultures of the *abbot* and his *monkes*. Besides, I have read in the records of that *Abby* of an infectious year, wherein many monkes dyed of the *plague*, and were all buried in one grave ; probably in this place, under this *marble monument*. If there be any truth in the proverb, it rather relateth to a great gun, lying in the tower, commonly call'd *Long Megg* ; and in troublesome times (perchance upon *ill May day* in the raigne of King *Henry* the eighth), brought to *Westminster*, where for a good time it continued. But this *Nut* (perchance) deserves not the cracking."

Grose, in his *Provincial Glossary*, inserts among the *Local Proverbs*, "As Long as Megg of Westminster," with the following note :—

"This is applied to very tall slender persons. Some think it alluded to a long gun, called Megg, in troublesome times brought from the tower to Westminster, where it long remained. Others suppose it to refer to an old fictitious story of a monstrous tall virago called Long Megg of Westminster, of whom there is a small penny history, well known to school-boys of the lesser sort. In it there are many relations of her prowess. Whether there ever was such a woman or not, is immaterial ; the story is sufficiently ancient to have occasioned the saying. Megg is there described as having breadth in proportion to her height. Fuller says, that the large grave-stone shown on the south side of the cloister in Westminster Abbey, said to cover her body, was, as he has read in an ancient record, placed over a number of monks who died of the plague, and were all buried in one grave ; that being the place appointed for the sepulture of the abbots and monks, in which no woman was permitted to be interred."—Edit. 1811, p. 207.

I shall not enter into the question, as to whether any "tall woman" of "bad repute" was or was not buried in the cloisters of Westminster, as it is very likely to turn out, upon a little inquiry, that the *original* "long Meg" was a "great gun," and not a creature of flesh and blood.

“Long Meg” is also the name of a large gun preserved in the castle of Edinburgh; and, what is somewhat extraordinary, the great bombard forged for the siege of Oudenarde, in 1382, now in the city of Ghent, is called by the towns-people “Mad Meg.”

A series of stones, situated upon an eminence on the east side of the river Eden, near the village of Little Salkeld, are commonly known as “Long Meg and her Daughters.”

These notices, at any rate, are suggestive, and may be the means of elucidating something perhaps more worth the knowing.

EDWARD F. RIMBAULT.

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*Long Meg of Westminster* (Vol. ii., pp. 131. 172.; Vol. v., p. 133.).—As an instance of this title being applied (as Fuller has it) “to persons very tall,” I subjoin the following notice of a death, which appeared in a newspaper of September, 1769:

“At London, Peter Branen, aged 104. He was six feet six inches high, and was commonly called *Long Meg of Westminster*. He had been a soldier from eighteen years of age.”

This notice is extracted in the *Edinburgh Antiquarian Magazine*, but without mentioning the quarter from which it was taken.

Perth.

R. S. F.





# THE LIFE

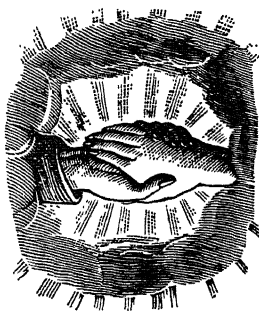
OF

## Long Meg of Westminster :

CONTAINING

THE MAD MERRY PRANKES SHE PLAYED IN HER  
LIFE TIME, NOT ONELY IN PERFORMING  
SUNDRY QUARRELS WITH DIVERS  
RUFFIANS ABOUT LONDON :

BUT ALSO HOW VALIANTLY SHE BEHAUED HER SELFE  
IN THE WARRES OF BOLLOINGNE.



LONDON:

PRINTED FOR ROBERT BIRD, AND ARE TO BE SOLD AT  
HIS SHOP IN ST. LAWRENCE LANE, AT THE  
SIGNE OF THE BIBLE.

1635.







## TO THE GENTLEMEN READERS.

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**G**ENTLEMEN, to please your fantasies, many men have made many pleasant jigs, as the Jests of Robin-hood, and Bevis of Southampton, and such others, as serve to procure mirth, and drive away melancholy. Now at last, because amongst the three Doctors of health, Doctor Merryman is not the least, and that longer lives a man of pleasant disposition, than a sad Saturnist ; when I was idle, I bethought me of Long Meg of Westminster, and her merry pranks, as pleasant as the merriest jest that ever passed the press ; a woman she was of late memory, and well beloved, spoken on of all, and known of many ; therefore there is hope of the better acceptance.

Gentlemen, *Augustus* would read out Riddles, when he had tossed over *Virgil's* Heroicks, and

TO THE READER.

*Cicero* oft delirate after his weighty affairs ; so I  
hope you will use Long Meg as a whetstone to  
mirth after your serious business : and if she have  
any gross faults, bear with them the more  
patiently, for that she was a woman ;  
and presuming thus far on her  
behalf, I bid you  
farewell.

## THE CONTENTS OF THIS BOOK.

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*THE first Chapter containeth where she was born, how she came up to London, and how she beat the Carrier.*

*The second containeth, how she placed herself at Westminster, and what she did at her placing.*

*The third containeth, how she used one of the Vicars of Westminster, that was a morrow Mass priest, and how she made him pay his score.*

*The fourth containeth, a merry skirmish that was between her and Sir James of Castile a Spanish Knight, and what was the end of their combat.*

*The fifth containeth, the courtesy she used towards Soldiers, and other men that carried good minds.*

*The sixth containeth, how she used the Bailiff of Westminster, that came into her Mistress house, and arrested one of her friends.*

*The seventh containeth, how she used Woolner the singing-man of Windsor, that was the great eater, and how she made him pay for his breakfast.*

*The eighth containeth a merry jest, how she met a Nobleman, and how she used both him and the Watch.*

*The ninth containeth, how Meg went a shroving, and how as she came home she fought with the Thieves at St. James corner, and helped Father Willis the Carrier to his hundred marks again.*

## THE CONTENTS OF THIS BOOK.

*The tenth containeth how Harry the Hostler was pressed, how she used the Constable and Captain, and how she took press money to go to Boulogne.*

*The eleventh containeth how she beat the Frenchmen from the walls of Boulogne, and behaved herself so valiantly, that the King gave her eight pence a day for her life*

*The twelfth containeth her combat she had with a Frenchman before the walls of Boulogne, and what was the issue of the combat.*

*The thirteenth containeth her coming into England and how she was married, and how she behaved herself to her Husband.*

*The fourteenth containing a pleasant jest, how she used the angry Miller of Epping in Essex.*

*The fifteenth of the mad prank she played with a Waterman of Lambeth.*

*The sixteenth how she kept a house at Islington, and what laws she had there to be observed.*

*The seventeenth how she used James Dickins, that was called huffing Dick.*

*The eighteenth how she was sick, and visited by a Friar who enjoined her Penance, and what absolution she gave him after for his pains.*



THE  
LIFE AND PRANKS  
OF  
**Long Meg of Westminster.**

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CHAP. I.

*Containeth where she was born, how she came up to  
London, and how she beat the Carrier.*

**I**N the time of *Henry* the eighth of famous memory, there was born of very honest and healthy Parents, a maid called for her excess in height, *Long Meg*: for she did not only pass all the rest of her country in the length of her proportion, but every limb was so fit to her tallness, that she seemed the picture and shape of some tall man cast in a woman's mould. This *Meg* growing to the age of eighteen, would needs come up to London to serve, and to learn City fashions: and although her friends persuaded her to the contrary, yet forsooth she had determined, and up she would. Wherefore she

resolved to come up, with a Carrier a neighbour of hers, called Father *Willis*, and so she did, accompanied with three or four lasses more, who likewise came to London to seek service. Well, having taken their leave of their friends, forward they go on their journey, and by long travel at last got within the sight of London, which joyed their hearts greatly. But when they drew nigh, her fellow partners waxed sad ; which *Meg* espying, cheered them up thus : What lasses in a dump, and we so nigh London ? cheer up your hearts ; though we be come from our friends, yet here shall we have good mistresses, that will allow us good wages : here at London may we win gold and wear gold ; and there are not so many maids before us, but we may find husbands as well as the rest : all is not broken stuff the carrier brings, and if it were, what then ? that the eye sees not, the heart rues not ; let us do well, and we shall have well. Tush *Meg*, quoth one of her fellows, it is not that grieves me, but Father *Willis* the carrier you know is a hard man, and he asketh more than we have in our purses, for letting us ride a little on his packsaddles. If that be all quoth *Meg*, fear not, I'll speak the carrier so fair, and if words will not prevail, I'll so rib-roast him with a cudgel, as he shall wish he had never been coal-carrier to such shrewd wenches. This somewhat cheered them ; and even as they were in this talk, Father *Willis*

overtook them, and seeing they were beyond Islington ready to enter into Saint *John's* street, he demanded money of them for riding. What will you have of us, quoth *Meg*? Marry quoth Father *Willis*, ten shillings a piece. What? what? answered she, you are a merry man, ten shillings a piece, 'tis more than we have in our purses; no Father *Willis*, you are our countryman and our neighbour, and we are poor wenches, and far from our friends, you shall have a gallon of wine, and if ever we come to keep houses of our own here in London, look for amends; in the mean time to make up the bargain, you shall have of every one of us a kiss for a favour. At this the carrier stormed and *Meg* smiled, which made him so mad, that he swore if they would not pay him his money, he would cudgel ten shillings out of their bones.

Marry content, quoth *Meg*, and she up with her staff and laid him on the shoulders, where she so beswinged the carrier and his man, that poor Father *Willis* desired her for God's sake to hold her hands. Not I base knaves, quoth she, unless upon conditions, and that is this, that first thou bestow upon each of us an angel for a handsel to our good luck hereafter in London; and that thou swear, not to depart out of this town till thou hast placed us all three with mistresses: otherwise, as I am a true Lancashire lass, I will so bombast thee, as all

carriers shall take examples by thee for displeasing a country wench.

The carrier having felt the weight of her arms, thought better to give three angels, than to have so many bombasts as she would bestow upon him ; and therefore not only out with his pouch, and gave them the coin, but swore not to depart before he had seen them placed.

## CHAP. II.

*Containing how he placed her in Westminster, and what she did at her placing.*

**A**FTER the Carrier had set up his horse, and dispatched his lading, he remembered his oath, and therefore bethought him how he might place these three maids : with that he called to mind that the mistress at the Eagle in Westminster, had spoken divers times to him for a servant, he with his carriage passed over the fields to her house, where he found her sitting and drinking with a Spanish Knight called Sir *James of Castile*, Doctor *Skelton* and *Will Sommers* ; told her how he had brought up to London three Lancashire lasses, and seeing she was oft desirous to have a maid, now she should take her choice which of them she would have.



Marry quoth she (being a very merry and a pleasant woman) carrier thou comest in good time, for not only I want a maid, but here be three gentlemen that shall give me their opinions, which of them I shall have. With that the maids were bidden come in, and she intreated them to give their verdict. Straight as soon as they saw Long *Meg*, they began to smile : and Doctor *Skelton* in his mad merry vein, blessing himself, began thus :

Domine, Domine, unde hoc ?

What is she in the grey cassock ?

Methinks she is of a large length,

Of a tall pitch, and a good strength,

With strong arms and stiff bones

This is a wench for the nones.

Her looks are bonny and blithe,

She seems neither lither nor lithe,

But young of age,

And of a merry visage,

Neither beastly nor bowsy,

Sleepy nor drowsy,

But fair fac'd and of a good size,

Therefore hostess, if you be wise,

Once be ruled by me,

Take this wench to thee,

For this is plain,

She'll do more work than these twain,

I tell thee hostess, I do not mock,

Take her in the grey cassock. ,

What is your opinion, quoth the hostess to Sir *James* of *Castile*? Question with her, quoth he, what she can do, and then I'll give you mine opinion: and yet first hostess, ask *Will Sommers* opinion. *Will* smiled, and swore that his hostess should not have her, but king *Harry* should buy her. Why so *Will*, quoth Doctor *Skelton*? Because (quoth *Will Sommers*) that she shall be kept for breed: for if the king would marry her to Long *Sanders* of the Court, they would bring forth none but soldiers. Well, the hostess demanded what her name was? *Margaret* forsooth, quoth she. And what work can you do? Faith little mistress (quoth she) but handy labour, as to wash and wring, to make clean a house, to brew, bake, or any such drudgery: for my needle, to that I have been little used to. Thou art, quoth the hostess, a good lusty wench, and therefore I like thee the better: I have here a great charge, for I keep a victualling house, and divers times there come in swaggering fellows, that when they have eat and drank, will not pay what they call for; yet if thou take the charge of my drink, I must be answered out of your wages. Content mistress quoth she, for while I serve you, if any stale Cutter<sup>1</sup> comes in, and thinks to pay the shot with swearing, hey! gogs! wounds! let me alone, I'll not only (if his clothes be worth it) make him pay ere he

CUTTER.—A Cutpurse. Also, a rough swaggering tavern bully.

pass, but lend him as many bats<sup>1</sup> as his crag will carry, and then throw him out of doors. At this they all smiled. Nay mistress, quoth the carrier, 'tis true, for my poor pilch here is able with a pair of blue shoulders' to swear as much ; and with that he told them how she had used him at her coming to London. I cannot think, quoth Sir *James* of *Castile*, that she is so strong. Try her, quoth *Skelton*, for I have heard that Spaniards are of wonderful strength.

Sir *James* in a bravery would needs make experience, and therefore ask the maid, if she durst change a box on the ear with him : I sir, quoth she, that I dare, if my mistress will give me leave. Yes *Meg* quoth she, do thy best. And with that it was a question who should stand first, Marry that I will sir, quoth she ; and so stood by to abide Sir *James* his blow ; who forcing himself with all his might, gave her such a box, that she could scarcely stand yet she stirred no more than a post. Then Sir *James* he stood, and the hostess willed her, not spare her strength. No, quoth *Skelton*, and if she fell him down, I'll give her a pair of new hose and shone. Mistress, quoth *Meg*, (and with that she stroke up her sleeve) here is a foul fist, and it hath past much drudgery, but trust me I think it will give

<sup>1</sup>BATS, *i.e.*, blows.

a good blow : and with that she raught<sup>1</sup> at him so strongly, that down fell Sir *James* at her feet. By my faith quoth *Will Sommers*, she strikes a blow like an ox, for she hath stroke down an ass. At this they all laughed. Sir *James* was ashamed, and *Meg* was entertained into service.

### CHAP III.

*Containing how she used one of the Vicars of the Church, that sung Mass, and how she made him pay his score.*



IT fortun'd that not long after she was placed, but her Mistress liked passing well of her ; and *Meg* proved so good a wench, that she was called of every body Long *Meg* of Westminster ; much talk went on her, she was in every man's mouth, for her tallness and her strength, insomuch that one of the Vicars of Westminster, that was a tall lusty lubber, and a stout franion,<sup>2</sup> who trusted much of his strength, thought to buckle with her, and to give her the overthrow.

Now sir his custom was every morning after Mass, he would come in and call for a pot of ale and a toast, and ever he set it upon the score, till it

<sup>1</sup>RAUGHT.—Reached.

<sup>2</sup>FRANION.—An idle, loose, and licentious person,

came to a crown or a noble, and then he paid. One frosty morning amongst the rest, he came with half a dozen of his friends, whom he had made private to his practice, and called for ale. *Meg* was ready, and brought Master Vicar his morning draught. After he and his companions had drunk awhile, he said, he was come to clear his score, and asked what was on it? Marry Master Vicar, quoth *Meg*, just five shillings and three pence. Five shillings and three pence, quoth he; why I tell thee foul stallion, I owe but three shillings and a penny, and no more shalt thou have of me. What a cozening quean have you got here hostess, that misreckons me at one time but two shillings and two pence? she may well be called Long *Meg* of Westminster.

I have referred all to my maid, quoth the hostess, and I marvel she would deal worse with you than with all the neighbours; but howsoever, shift it between you two.

The foul ill take me<sup>1</sup> Mistress, quoth *Meg*, if I misreckon the limmer loon one penny; and therefore Vicar I tell thee, 'fore thou go out of these doors, I'll make thee pay every farthing, if thy cap be of wool.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup>THE FOUL ILL TAKE ME, *i.e.*, The Plague.

<sup>2</sup>CAP BE OF WOOL.—The wearing of woollen caps was enforced by statute 13 Elizabeth. There was a song of which the burden was, "An

Away you foul rake-shamed whore, quoth he. If thou pratest to me, I'll lay thee at my foot. Marry there goes the game, quoth *Meg*, we'll to it for a pluck or two, I'll give the Vicar the first hand-sel; and with that she reached the Vicar a box on the ear, that he reeled again. The Vicar stept to her, and together they go by the ears; where between them was many a sore blow. The Vicar's head was broken, *Meg's* clouts were pulled off, and he held her by the hair of the head. The Vicar was shaven, and so *Meg* could take no vantage, but at last she pommeled him so, that he was clean out of breath, and then *Meg* (as lusty as she was at the first) took Master Vicar by both the ears, and holding his head to a post, asked him, how much he owed her? Marry quoth he, three shillings and a penny. Then knave, quoth she, must I knock out of your bald pate, two shillings and two pence more, and so oftentimes will I wring your head against the wall: and with that she began to sing a fair plain song between the post and Master Vicar's

if thy *cap be of wool*," to which Ben Jonson alludes in the following passage:—

"Slip, you will answer it, *an if your cap be of wool*."

*Tale of a Tub*, II. 2.

It seems, however, to have been considered as a peculiar mark of a citizen; probably higher ranks wore no caps at all.


"Though my husband be a citizen, and *his cap's made of wool*, yet I have wit."

*Marston's Dutch Courtesan*, 1605.

pate. But he in his triple voice cried out, Five shillings and three pence, five shillings and three pence. With that she swore she would not let him go till he did lay down the money : which he did ; and for his jest was well beaten home to his chamber.

#### CHAP. IV.

*Containing the merry skirmish that was between her  
and Sir James of Castile a Spanish Knight,  
and what was the end of their combat.*

 HERE was a great suitor to *Meg's* mistress, called Sir *James* of *Castile*, to win her love : but her affection was set on Doctor *Skelton* ; so that Sir *James* could get no grant of any favour. Whereupon he swore, if he knew who were her paramour, he would run him through with his rapier. The mistress (who had a great delight to be pleasant) made a match between her and Long *Meg*, that she should go dressed in gentleman's apparel, and with her sword and buckler go and meet Sir *James* in Saint *George's* field, if she beat him, she should for her labour have a new petticoat. Let me alone, quoth *Meg*, the devil take me if I lose a petticoat. And with that her mistress delivered her a suit of white satin, that was one of the guards that

lay at her house. *Meg* put it on, and took her whinyard<sup>1</sup> by her side, and away she went into Saint *George's* field to meet Sir *James*. Presently after came Sir *James*, and found his mistress very melancholy, as women have faces that are fit for all fancies. What ail your sweet heart, quoth he, tell me? hath any man wronged you? if he hath, be he the proudest champion in London, I'll have him by the ears, and teach him to know, Sir *James* of *Castile* can chastise whom he list. Now (quoth she) shall I know if you love me, a squaring long knave in a white satin doublet, hath this day monstrously misused me in words, and I have no body to revenge it: and in a bravery went out of doors, and bade the proudest champion I had come into Saint *George's* fields, and quit my wrong if they durst: now Sir *James* if ever you loved me, learn the knave to know how he hath wronged me, and I will grant whatsoever you will request at my hands.

Marry that I will, quoth he, and for that you may see how I will use the knave, go with me, you and Master Doctor *Skelton*, and be eye-witnesses of my manhood.

To this they agreed, and all three went into Saint *George's* fields, where Long *Meg* was walking by the windmills.

<sup>1</sup>WHINYARD.—A sword, or hanger.



Yonder (quoth she) walks the villain that abused me. Follow me hostess, quoth Sir *James*, I'll go to him. As soon as he drew nigh, *Meg* began to settle herself, and so did Sir *James*: but *Meg* passed on as though she would have gone by. Nay sirrah, stay quoth Sir *James*, you and I part not so, we must have a bout ere we pass, for I am this gentlewoman's champion, and flatly for her sake will have you by the ears. *Meg* replied not a word: but only out with her sword, and to it they went. At the first bout *Meg* hit him on the hand, and hurt him a little, but endangered him divers times, and made him give ground, following so hotly, that she struck Sir *James'* weapon out of his hand; then when she saw him disarmed, she stepped within him, and drawing her poignard, swore all the world should not save him. Oh save me sir (quoth he) I am a knight, and 'tis but for a woman's matter, spill not my blood. Wert thou twenty knights, quoth *Meg*, and were the king himself here, he should not save thy life, unless thou grant me one thing. Whatsoever it be quoth Sir *James*. Marry quoth she, that is, that this night thou wait on my trencher at supper at this woman's house, and when supper is done, then confess me to be thy better at weapon in any ground in England. I will do it sir (quoth he) as I am a true knight. With this they departed, and Sir *James*

went home with his hostess sorrowful and ashamed, swearing that his adversary was the stoutest man in England.


Well, supper was provided, and Sir *Thomas More* and divers other gentlemen bidden thither by *Skelton's* means, to make up the jest : which when Sir *James* saw invited, he put a good face on the matter, and thought to make a slight matter of it, and therefore beforehand told Sir *Thomas More* what had befallen him, how entering in a quarrel of his hostess, he fought with a desperate gentleman of the court, who had foiled him, and given him in charge to wait on his trencher that night. Sir *Thomas More* answered Sir *James* that it was no dishonour to be foiled by a gentleman, since *Cæsar* himself was beaten back by their valour.

As thus they were descanting of the valour of Englishman, in came *Meg* marching in her man's attire : even as she entered in at the door. This, Sir *Thomas More* (quoth Sir *James*) is that English gentlemen, whose prowess I so highly commend, and to whom in all valour I account myself so inferior. And sir, quoth she, pulling off her hat, and her hair falling about her ears, he that so hurt him to-day, is none other but Long *Meg* of *Westminster*, and so you are all welcome. At this all the company fell in a great laughing, and Sir *James* was amazed, that a woman should so wap him in a

whinyard : well, he as the rest was feign to laugh at the matter, and all that supper time to wait on her trencher, who had leave of her mistress, that she might be master of the feast : where with a good laughter they made good cheer, Sir *James* playing the proper page, and *Meg* sitting in her majesty. Thus was Sir *James* disgraced for his love, and *Meg* after counted for a proper woman.

## THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

*Containing the courtesy she used towards Soldiers,  
and other men that carried good minds.*

 HERE resorted to the house where *Meg* was resident, all sorts of people, and the more for to see her, insomuch that she was famed amongst all estates, both rich and poor, but chiefly of them which wanted or were in distress, for whatsoever she got of the rich (as her gettings were great) she bestowed it liberally on them that had need : there was no poor neighbour dwelling nigh, whom she would not relieve : and if she had seen one come in, that looked like a man, and was in distress, if he called for a pot of beer, and had no more money in his purse than would pay for his pot, she would straight of her own accord, set before him bread and beef : and if the

man said he wanted money, eat knave (quoth she) for they must eat that are hungry, and they must pay that have money : And when he had done, she would give him pence in his purse, and so let him go : for this cause was she generally loved of all good fellows about the city. On a day there came a poor soldier to the house, that was in great distress, simply attired, and worse maimed, and sitting him down, called for a pot of beer, and with that fetched a great sigh. How now man quoth *Meg*? what cheer? faint not, after a dear year comes a cheap, an ounce of care pays not a dram of debt : be merry and fall to some service, for such idle slaves as thou art, are moths of the commonwealth, that take no other delight but to live of the sweat of other men's brows. Thou art big enough, and God hath done his part in thee, a man proper enough, and now for to live in this distress? if I were a man, by cock's bones I would rather with my sword tear money out of the peasants' throats, than live in this want : but see the slavish and base humour of cowards, that for fear live in misery.


Oh *Meg* (quoth he) you may say what you please, because you are a woman, but divers in the city have known me, and seen the day when I lived like a man; but falling into extreme sickness, so lost my service, and now being recovered of my health, because I am poor, I cannot get entertainment ; and

for to pick a pocket, to filch anything out of a house, or to steal a sheet from the hedge, or to rob any poor man, women, or children as they travel, I hold it in scorn, and had rather be famished, than incur such base discredit. Marry, now that distress wrings me, though I have been true all my life, yet if I had a good sword, and a good horse, perhaps I should be so bold as talk with a purse. Thou (quoth *Meg*) trust me I think thou durst not look on a sword? If thou darst, wilt earn a brace of angels? I will lend thee a sword and buckler, go thy ways into Tothill fields, and walk there, and when thou seest a servingman, a tall knave, with a blue coat, and a white satin doublet to pass by, pick some quarrel with him, and well beswinge him, and I will beside, give thee a new suit of apparel. It is a match quoth the fellow, and after he had drunk his pot off, she gave him his tools and sent him packing, and straight slipped on a doublet and a pair of hose, and her blue coat, took a sword and buckler, and down to Parliament stairs, there took boat, as though she had crossed the water from Lambeth to the fields. She was no sooner on land, and walking towards Chelsea, but the fellow spied her, and crossed the way, and began to give some cross language, whereupon together they went by the ears: *Meg* loth to hurt, was almost put to her shifts, for he being a marvellous tall fellow, and one that

feared not his flesh, laid on such a load, that *Meg* was feign to bid him stay his hand, and to discover herself who she was. Then home they went together, and straight she gave him a fair suit of apparel, a good sword and money in his purse, and bade him be a true man, and get him a service, and when that money was spent, come to her for more.

## THE SIXTH CHAPTER.

*Containing how she used the Bailee of Westminster, that came into her Mistress's house, and arrested one of her friends.*

N a time it so fell out that a gentleman whom *Meg* much favoured for his courteous and honest conditions, was sitting drinking in the house, being a man that was greatly indebted ; and his creditor having intelligence where he was, went to the Bailee and desired him to arrest him, but when he told the bailee where he was, he was very loath, yet for that he promised him forty shillings, he undertook the matter, and away he went with his process : and coming into the place where he sat, called for a pot of beer ; after he had sitten a little, he stepped to the gentleman and arrested him, and desired the rest of the company in the King's name to see the peace kept.

The gentleman at this looked as pale as ashes, and *Meg* coming in, asked what's the matter? Oh *Meg* (quoth he) and fetched a great sigh, I am arrested and alas utterly undone: for if I go to prison, I shall have so many actions clapped on my back, as I shall never be able to come out. Arrested (qd *Meg*) what in our house? Why Master Bailee is this a neighbourly part, to come into our house and arrest our guests? Well, 'tis done and passed, and therefore play the good fellow, take an angel quoth she and see him not, here be none that be blabs, hold thy hand here's the money, man, I'll pay it for the gentleman myself. No quoth the bailee, I cannot do it, for the creditor stands at the door. Bid him come in quoth *Meg*, and we will see if we can take up the matter. So the creditor came in, but was found very obstinate. Whereupon *Meg* made no more ado, but rapped him on the pate with a quart pot, and bade him get him out of doors, for knave quoth she, he can but go to prison, and that is the worst, and there he shall not lie long, if all the friends I have will serve to fetch him out.

The man went away with a good knock, and then the bailee would have been gone with his prisoner. Nay quoth *Meg*, I'll fetch a fresh pot to drink with my friend, and then fare you well: presently she came into the parlour again, and brings a great rope in her hand, and knitting her brows: Sir knave quoth

she, I'll learn thee whilst thou livest to arrest a man in our house. By gogs blood you villain, I'll make you a spectacle for all such catchpoles; and with that she fell upon him, and with the help of another maid, tied the rope fast about his middle: then quoth she to the gentleman, away sir, shift for yourself, take no care, I'll pay the bailee his fees before he and I part. Away slipped the gentleman, as glad as a man might be. Then she dragged the bailee into a backside where was a great pond, and setting him to one side, she went to the other, and bade the bailee either wade through the pond, or else she would drag him through. Whereupon the poor bailee was feign up to the chin to go through the water: and when he was on the one side, she ran on the other, till she made him go through five or six times: then as soon as he was come out, now Master Bailee (quoth she) I'll pay you your fees, and so up with a holly cudgel, and did rib roast him, that he lay for almost dead: when she had done, she bade him beware and always know, that their house was a sanctuary for any gentleman, and not a place for bailees and catchpoles.

The poor bailee went thence well beaten and with his amends in his hands: for she was so generally well beloved, that none durst meddle with her.



## THE SEVENTH CHAPTER.

*Containing how she used Woolner the singing man of Windsor, that was the great eater, and how she made him pay for his breakfast.*

**A** COMPANY of pleasant gentlemen, that thought to be merry with Long *Meg* went and got one *Woolner*, a singing man of *Windsor*, that was a great trencher man, and would eat more at once than five or six men : him they made privy to their conceit, and he being a mad companion, was as willing as the rest, and so they agreed, that when the meat stood on the board ready for guests to come to dinner, *Woolner* should ask what he should pay to break his fast, for that his business was great, and he could not tarry till others came in : so he resolved and went to the house where *Meg* dwelt : The gentlemen before were come in, and in a room hard by, were set at breakfast, looking when *Woolner* should come in : At last came in *Woolner* with a great staff in his hand, as though he had been a traveller.

Ho! Hostess quoth he, is there any meat for men? I that there is quoth *Meg*, look man the table is full, we tarry but for guests, and they will be here presently : what shall I give you quoth *Woolner*,

because I cannot stay, to eat my breakfast? Six-pence, quoth *Meg*, eat and spare not whilst thy belly crack. You shall have it quoth *Woolner*, with that he sat him down, and she fetched him drink, having business other where, came not to him almost in an hour's space: In which time *Woolner* had eaten up all the meat; as much as would have served ten men; with that taking his staff in his hand, came out, and called for his hostess: I thank you quoth he, here is six-pence, and so fare you well.

Much good do it you quoth she, and going in to see what he had eaten, found nothing of all her meat but the bare bones, and clean platters: with that she whipped out again, and as he was going out of door, took him by the cloak and pulled him back: friend quoth she, you should be sick by your stomach, need you not a little *Aqua-vitæ*? Sirrah thou hast eaten up all the meat. Aye that I have quoth he, and if I have pocketed up any crumb but in my belly, I'll give thee ten pound for it. And shall I have but six-pence for all quoth she, there being so much as would have served ten men? No quoth *Woolner*, not a farthing more of me, for I agreed with thee for so much and so much thou hast and more thou shalt not have. Then quoth she sit still, and see how honestly I will deal with thee: She went into the larder, and filled all the board again with good meat, and at every mess set a pottle

of wine, and at the board's end laid a good pike staff.

Now fellow quoth she, of three things choose one: seeing thou hast eaten so much meat for thine own pleasure, eat this for mine, and so drink off all the wine and pay nothing: or else take that staff and have a bout with me for thy breakfast, he that gives the first three venies,<sup>1</sup> scape free: Or lastly, fair and orderly pull forth your purse, and pay me for my victuals: If you will do none of these three, by Heaven's maker, wert thou a devil (as I think thee little better by thy belly) I would bombast thee till thy bones crack, or mine arms be weary.

I will do none of them quoth *Woolner*, I have paid you what I promised, and so farewell: and quoth she you shall have what I promised, and so fare you well: with that she shut the parlour door, and with a cudgel began to labour him insomuch that he cried out, and the gentlemen hearing, burst in, and in a merry mood told her all, and paid for the breakfast, and so made them friends.

<sup>1</sup>VENUE, VENEY, VENY, OR VENEW.—An assault or attack in fencing, cudgels, or the like; sometimes a mere thrust; from *venue* (French), a coming on. Metaphorically, a brisk attack.

“Playing at sword and dagger with a master of fence three *veney*s for a dish of stew'd prunes.”


*The Merry Wives of Windsor*, i, 1.

“Thou wouldst be loth to play half a dozen *venies* at wasters with a good fellow for a broken head.”

*Beaumont and Fletcher's "Philaster,"*

## THE EIGHTH CHAPTER.

*Containing a merry Jest, how she met a Nobleman,  
and how she used both him and the Watch.*

T chanced in an evening, that *Meg* would needs be pleasant, and so put on a suit of man's apparel, and with her sword and buckler walked the streets, looking how she might find some means to be merry : the same night it so fell out, that a nobleman, being a very wag, would needs go abroad with one man to see fashions : and coming down the *Strand* he spied *Meg*, and seeing such a tall fellow swinging up and down, thought to have a cast at him, and came to him. How now fellow (quoth he) whither walkest ? Marry quoth *Meg*, to St. Nicholas shambles to buy calves' heads. How much money, quoth the nobleman, hast in thy purse ? In faith quoth *Meg*, little enough : wilt lend me any ? I marry, quoth the nobleman, and putting his thumb to *Meg's* mouth, said that's a tester. *Meg* with that up with her fist, and took him a good box on the ear, and said, there Sir Knave, there is a groat again, and now I owe you but two pence. With that the nobleman drew, and his man too, and *Meg* was as ready as they, and together they go, but *Meg* housed them both into a chandler's shop :

so the constable rose to part the fray; and when he came in and asked what they were, the nobleman told his name, whereat they all put off their caps. And what is your name qd. the constable to *Meg*? Mine, master constable, quoth she, is *Cutbert Curry-knave*. Upon this the constable commanded to lay hold upon her, and to carry her to the Counter. *Meg* out with her sword, and set upon the watch, and behaved herself very resolutely: but the constable called for clubs, and then was *Meg* feign to cry out: Masters hold your hands, I am Long *Meg* of Westminster. With that they all staid, and the nobleman would needs have her, the constable, and all the rest in a tavern, and there ended the fray in a cup of wine.

## CHAP. IX.

*Containing how Meg went a shroving, and as she came home how she fought with the thieves at Saint James' corner, and helped Father Willis the Carrier to his hundred marks again.*



WHEN Shrove-Tuesday was come, then maids must abroad with young men for fritters<sup>1</sup>; *Meg* with two more of her companions, and *Harry* the ostler of the house

<sup>1</sup>FITTERS.—Small pancakes with apples in them.

would needs to Knights-bridge a shroving, where they had good cheer, and paid frankly : for *Meg* would make every man drink that she saw pass by : and seeing that day, came but once a year, she thought to lay it on, and spare for no cost. Well, the day slipped away, and night came on before they were aware, that they paid what they ought, and took their leave to depart.

Father *Willis* the carrier that brought *Meg* up to London, and had been thereaway to take money, and had received an hundred marks ; and for the next day he must out of town, he would that night needs to Westminster to see Long *Meg*. He and his man trudge down apace, and as they came just against Saint *James'* corner, there were they met by two tall fellows, and rifled of all they had, their money taken from them, and they thrown bound in a ditch. When they had this coin, saith the one, now let us be gone. Nay by the mass, quoth the other, we have sped well, and seeing we have so good hansel, we'll have one fling more whatsoever fall out. As thus they stood talking, they spied Long *Meg*, and her companions : yonder are three wenches, quoth he, will yield us something, and a tall squire that goes with them ; lie that we be not spied. As *Meg* was coming down, she said to the two other maids, Come set the better foot afore, 'tis late, and our mistress will think much we tarry so

long. Lord bless us and send us well home, quoth the other, for this is a dangerous corner. I have heard them say, that thieves lie here and rob men as they pass. Thieves, quoth *Harry*? fear not thieves as long as I am in your company, for I'll die before you take any wrong.

With that on they went, and as they passed by where Father *Willis* lay, he saw them and cried out; Alas good gentleman and gentlewomen, help a poor man that lies bound here, robbed of that he hath. And there let him lie, quoth *Harry*, for I warrant they are thieves, that counterfeit themselves bound, to have us come to them. What man, quoth she art afraid? give me thy staff; for by the grace of God I will go see who it is: and if they be any false knave, 'tis Shrove-Tuesday at night, and I will give them rib roast for a farewell to flesh: with that she took *Harry's* staff, and forward she went, and when she came at them, Father *Willis* knew her, and cried out, ah good *Meg*, help to unbind me, for I am undone, and almost killed. Why what art thou? I am, quoth he, *Willis* the Carrier, who brought you up to London. Alas poor man quoth she, and so she unloosed him, and questioned with him how the matter fell out? He told her all, that coming to see her he was robbed. She bade him be of good cheer, and take no care, for she would do her best towards his losses. And as they were

walking homeward, one of the thieves with a good sword and buckler stepped before and said, Stand. Stand, quoth *Meg*, what mean you by that? Marry, quoth he, Gentlemen, 'tis hot weather, and you must go lighter home by your gowns and purses. You look not with the face, quoth *Meg*, as though you would hurt women. As thus they were talking together, *Harry*, Father *Willis* and his man, ran away and hid themselves, and the two wenches stood quaking for fear, and presently put off their gowns and their purses. Dispatch, quoth one of the thieves, and off with your gown, and so fare you well. It shall be done sir, quoth she. As soon as *Meg* had stripped her unto her petticoat, and was light and nimble, she stepped to her staff, and stretching herself, said: Sirs, this is the matter, you took even now a hundred marks from a poor carrier, now you rascals I am come to claim it, and I will have it every penny ere I pass, or I will leave my carcase here for a pawn. She is a good wench I warrant her, quoth one of the thieves; and therefore for thy sake take up your gowns and your purses, and farewell, and pray for good fellows. Nay, you cowardly knaves, quoth she, we must not part so. I must have a hundred marks out of your flesh; and therefore play me this fair play: you are two to one, lay me down the hundred marks to our gowns and our purses, and



they that win all wear all, I or you. Content, quoth the thieves, and because thou art so lusty, when we have well beswined thee, we'll turn thee out of thy smock, and let thee go home naked. Do your worst, quoth she : now lasses pray for me : With that she buckled with these two sturdy knaves, and hurt the one sore, and beat down the other, that they entreated her upon their knees to spare their lives. I will villains, quoth she, upon condition. Any condition mistress, quoth they whatsoever. Marry then, quoth she, the conditions shall be these :

1. First, that you never hurt woman, nor company that any woman is in.
2. *Item*, that you hurt no poor man, or impotent man.
3. *Item*, that you rob no children nor innocents.
4. *Item*, that you rob no packmen nor carriers : for their goods nor money is none of their own.
5. *Item*, no manner of distressed persons : but of this I grant you exceptions, that for every rich farmer and country chuff that hoard up money, and lets the poor want, such spare not, but let them feel your fingers.

How say you, quoth she, are you content to agree to these conditions ? We are, quoth they. I

have no books about me, quoth she : but because you shall observe your oath firm and without wavering, swear on the skirt of my smock. Although it grieved them to be thus disgraced, yet fear made them grant to anything : and taking her smock, they laid their hands on it, and said thus :

Be we lief or be we loath,  
By the skirt of your smock, we will never  
break our oath.

With that they kissed her smock, and rose up. And *Meg* she gave the wenches their gowns and their purses, and took the hundred marks up under her arms, bade them farewell.


The men desiring to know who it was that had so lustily beswined them, said : nay mistress for all this sorrow, let us have so much favour at your hands, as to tell your name. She smiled and made them this answer :

If any one ask you, who curried your bones ?  
Say, Long Meg of Westminster met with you  
once.

And with that she went away ; and they full of grief that a woman had given them a foil.

## CHAP. X.

*Containing how Harry the Ostler was pressed, how she  
used the Constable and Captain, and how  
she took press-money to go to  
Boulogne.*

 IN these days while *Meg* flourished, and was famous through England for her doughty deeds : there fell out great strife between the French King and *Henry* King of England : whereupon he resolved to levy an army of men, with a mighty fleet to pass into France ; upon which there was a general press through England, and especially about London and Westminster, because the King would leave the borders of his land strong. In this hurly-burly it so fell out, that the Constable of Westminster pressed *Harry* the ostler, that was servant with Long *Meg* ; who being very loth to go, dealt so with *Meg*, that she began to entreat the constable, and to tell him that he was the only stay of his Mistress's house : and if that he were pressed forth, his Mistress were undone.

All this could not persuade the constable, but *Harry* must needs go. Whereupon *Meg* said he should not go. And so they grew at words, till *Meg*

lent the constable a box on the ear. And with that all the street was on an uproar, that the constable was beaten for pressing of a man. The Captain hearing this, came down himself, and asked who had struck the constable? Marry, quoth *Meg*, that have I; and were it not that I reverence all soldiers, and honour captains, I would strike thee too, if thou didst offer to press our man. At this the Captain smiled. Nay, never laugh, quoth *Meg*, for I dare do as much as any of thy troop, either advancing my colours, tossing of a pike, or discharging of a piece, for a proof, quoth she, (and she snatched a caliver<sup>1</sup> out of one's hand that stood by) see how well I can charge and discharge; which she performed with such nimbleness and activity, that they all wondered at her: and therefore Captain, quoth she, press not our man; but if thou wilt needs have one of every house, give me press money, and I will go under thy colours. At this they all laughed, and the Captain drew his purse and gave her an angel. Wherefore according to her promise, she made provision for her passage, and went with him to Boulogne.

<sup>1</sup>CALIVER.—A large pistol or blunderbuss. Some authorities define it as “a small gun used at sea.”

“Such a commodity of warm slaves, as had as lief hear the devil as a drum; such as fear the report of a *caliver*, worse than a struck fowl, or a hurt wild duck,”

1 *Henry IV.*, iv. 2.

## CHAP. XI.

*Containing how she beat the Frenchmen from the walls of Boulogne, and behaved herself so valiantly that the King gave her eight pence a day for her life.*

**A**FTER the King had passed over the sea, and had entered up into France, with a strong power, he encamped before Boulogne, and then first won Boulogne, and the Oldman, so that he took the town wholly in possession, and placed a garrison in it. The *Dauphin* of France upon this came down with a great power, and lay before Boulogne : and upon one night taking advantage of the time, he slew one of the sentinels, and came to the walls, where he was discovered by the watch, who straight rung alarum : but they in the town wearied with long waking, were in a dead sleep, so that they made little haste. *Meg* being then a laundress in the town and up late at work, stepped up, and called up the rest of the women, and with a halbert in her hands, came to the walls, upon which some of the French were entered, and there she laid on load, and caused her women soldiers to throw down stones and scalding water in such abundance, that maugre<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup>MAUGRE.—In spite of.

their teeth she rebutted them from the walls, before the soldiers in the town were up in arms; and at the issue was one of the foremost with her halbert to follow the chase.

The report of this valiant deed being come to the ears of the King, he for her lifetime gave her eight pence a day.

## CHAP. XII.

*Containing the combat she had with a Frenchman before the walls of Boulogne, and what was the issue of the combat.*

**W**HILE the *Dauphin's* army lay in view before Boulogne, there was a Frenchman that sundry times would as on a bravery come within shot and toss his pike, and so go his way. Long *Meg* seeing the pride of this Frenchman, desired that a drum might be sent, to signify that there was a common soldier, a young stripling, that would at the push of the pike try a veny<sup>1</sup> with their champion. Upon this it was agreed, and a place appointed between both armies where they should meet, and fight it out to the death. The day came, the Frenchman all in a jollity came and tossed his pike before the walls. With that *Meg* was ready, and went out

<sup>1</sup>VENY.—See Note at page 23.

and met him, and without any salutations they fell to blows, where there was a long and dangerous combat; but at last *Meg* overthrew him, and laid him along; when she had done, she pulled out her scimitar and cut off his head: and with that pulling off her burganet,<sup>1</sup> she let her hair fall about her ears; whereby the Frenchmen perceived she was a woman: and thereupon the English without Boulogne gave a great shout; and *Meg* by a drum sent the *Dauphin* his soldier's head, and said, an English woman sent it him. Whereupon he commended her much, and sent her an hundred crowns for her valour.

### CHAP. XIII.

*Containing her coming into England, how she was married, and how she behaved herself to her husband.*

**W**HEN the wars were ended in France, *Meg* came home to her old place of residence to Westminster, where she was married to a proper tall man, and a soldier, who used her very well, and she returned him as great obedience, coveting any way that she might to breed his content:

<sup>1</sup>BURGANET, OR BURGONET.—A kind of helmet.

“And that I’ll write upon thy *burgonet*.”

<sup>2</sup> *Henry VI*, 5. 1.

which he perceiving loved her passing well ; yet for that he had heard sundry of her exploits that she had done, and how mankind she was, on a time he sought to pick a quarrel and fall out with her, and calling her aside into a back chamber, stripped her to her petticoat, and there delivered her one staff, and took himself another, and told her, that for that he had heard she was so mankind as to beat all she met withal, he would try her manhood, and therefore bade her take which cudgel she would. She replied nothing, but held down her head. And with that he laid her on three or four blows. And she in all submission fell down upon her knees, desiring him to hold his hands and to pardon her. Why, quoth he, why take you not the stick and strike ? Husband, quoth she, whatsoever I have done to others, it behoveth me to be obedient towards you ; and never shall it be said, though I can swinge a knave that wrongs me, that Long *Meg* shall be her husband's master : and therefore use me as you please. At these words they grew friends, and never after fell they at such mortal jar.



## CHAP. XIV.

*Containing a pleasant jest, how he used the angry  
Miller of Epping Essex.*




MEG going one day with sundry of her neighbours to make merry in Essex all a foot, because the weather was cool, and it was a great frost, and none with them but a young stripling of some fourteen years old, for their husbands about business were gone another way; it chanced that they went by Epping Mill, where the miller was looking out, for the wind blew fair, and the sails went merrily. The little boy, that was a wag, thought to be merry with the miller, and therefore called to him, Miller put out, put out miller. What shall I put out boy, quoth the miller? Marry, quoth the boy, a thief's head, and a thief's pair of ears, put out miller, put out. At this the miller in great rage came running down and beat the boy. *Meg* stepped to him and would have stayed his hand; and the miller lent her three or four good bangs over the shoulder. *Meg* felt it smart, and she got within the miller, wrung the stick out of his hand, and beswinged him well: and when she had done sent the boy up for an empty sack, and put the miller in all but the head, and then tying him in the rope wherewith they pulled up sacks, hauled

him half way, and there let him hang. Where the poor miller cried out for help, and if his wife had not been coming, himself had been almost killed, and the mill for want of corn set on fire. Thus *Meg* plagued the saucy miller of Epping.

## CHAP. XV.

*Containing the mad prank she played with a Waterman of Lambeth.*

ONG *Meg* on a time had occasion to cross the water with a Sculler from Westminster: when she was landed, frankly she drew her purse and gave him a groat: as she was going up the stairs (for all she had dealt so liberally with him) he began to hum: which she hearing, came back again, and questioned which of them all she had behaved herself so ill unto, as to deserve a hum at their hands? Every man excused himself, and seemed very sorry; for she was well beloved of all the watermen: but at last one said flat, it was he that brought her over. Then gentlemen, quoth she, give me leave to revenge my own wrong. Do what you will, quoth they. Then she stepped straight to him that brought her over, and with a stretcher beat him while he was not able to stir him: after by the middle she tied him to the stern of the boat with a

great rope, and then taking the sculls herself, rowed him over at the boat's arse, and so crossed the water once or twice; and when she had well washed him, she landed him at Westminster, and bade him remember how he misused any honest face, and taking a piece of chalk, wrote on the wall hard by the stairs :—

If any man ask who brought this to pass,  
Say it was done by a Lancashire lass.

## CHAP. XVI.

*Containing how she kept a house at Islington, and what laws she had there to be observed.*

**A**FTER her marriage she kept a house of her own, and lodging and victuals for gentlemen and yeomen, such and so good, as there was none better in all Islington, for there then she dwelt. Now for that often times there resorted gentlewomen thither, and divers brave courtiers and other men of meaner degree, her house was spoken of: and on a time the constable came to search, and would not be answered what guests she had, but needs would be an eye-witness. Whereupon *Meg* in a great choler started up in her smock, and taking a strong cudgel in her hand, opened the door for the constable. Come in, Master

Constable, quoth she, and let me see your warrant, what suspected persons you seek for in my house, take heed you go not an inch beyond your text, for if you do, were you a constable of velvet,<sup>1</sup> I will as well beswinge you as any constable was beswinged since Islington stood; and when you have done, you carry none out of my house to-night, for I will be answerable for all that are resident in my house. Whereupon Master Constable seeing the frowns of *Meg's* face, and the fearful bastinado, told her quietly, he would take her word, and so departed. *Meg* because she would have a trick above all others in her house, as indeed she surpassed all other victuallers in excess of company: for she refused none of what estate or condition soever; so she hanged up this table in her house, wherein were contained these principles:

1 *Imprimis*, That what gentlemen or yeoman came into her house, and had any charge about him, and made it privy to her or any of her house, if he lost it by any default, she would repay it him ere he passed: but if he did not reveal it, and after said he was robbed, he should have ten bastinadoes with a cudgel, and be turned out of doors.

2 *Item*, Whosoever came in and called for meat, and had no money to pay, should have a good

<sup>1</sup>CONSTABLE OF VELVET.—One of the Prince's men,

box on the ear, and a cross made upon his back, that he should never be suffered to drink more in the house.


3 *Item*, That if any good fellow came in and bewailed his case, that he was hungry and wanted money, he should have his belly full of meat on free cost, and money in his purse, according to his calling.

4 *Item*, That if any Ruffler came in, and made an alehouse brawl, and when he had done, would not manfully go into the field and fight a bout or two with Long *Meg*, the maids of the house should dry beat him, and so thrust him out of doors.

These and many such principles had she set up in her house, that made her house quiet.

## CHAP. XVII.

*Containing how she used James Dickins, that was called Huffing<sup>1</sup> Dick.*

NCE it chanced that *Meg* was making herself ready to go to dinner with certain of her friends at the Bell in Aldersgate street, amongst the which was Sir *James Withrington*, an old acquaintance of hers: and in the meantime while she was making herself ready, came in

<sup>1</sup>HUFFING.—Swaggering.

this Huffing *Dick*, that had made a vow to quarrel with Long *Meg*, and called for ale. The wench brought him a pot. And he straight in a bravery swore gogs wounds whore, what a pot is this that thou givest me? and threw it against the wall. The wench began to scold with him for breaking her pot. And he up with his sword, scabbard and all, and beat her so, that the girl cried out. And she being above, and hearing that noise, came running down, and asked what is the matter? The poor wench cried, and told her all. Sir, quoth she, very mildly, what is the reason you break my pots, and then beat my servants? Why, quoth *Dick*, if thou mislikest it, mend it if thou canst. Marry, quoth she, I will; and with that reached down a pike-staff, and bade him follow. Out went swearing *Dick*, all in his huffs with *Meg* into a close hard by; and together they go; where *Meg* so beat him, that she almost killed him. Oh hold thy hands, quoth he, and spare my life. Then the devil take me, quoth she; for the King hath granted me a pardon for one man; and hang me if it be not thou, unless thou wilt grant me one condition, and that is this: thou shalt put my maid's petticoats on, and follow me to-day to dinner with a sword and a buckler; and I will be dressed in man's apparel. Rather kill me, quoth the fellow. Marry content, quoth *Meg*, and began to lay sorer bats upon him.

Alas, quoth he, hold your hands, and I will do whatsoever you will have me. Upon this she let him go, and carried him home with her, and dressed him full womanlike. Well bodied he was, but he had a long beard, to cover which, on his knees he craved he might have a muffler to shadow it; at last she granted it: and having dressed herself in man's attire, took a forest bill on her neck, and forward they went down to Smithfield. Every one that saw the wench carry the sword and buckler, laughed, that a multitude of people, of men, women, and boys followed. When they were right against the Bull's Head, at the Bars, a crew of Cutters that knew Long *Meg*, met her, and asked her how she did, and what quarrel she had in hand, that herself wore a forest bill, and her maid a sword and buckler? Faith, quoth *Meg*, a little broil, and my boy was not at home, and so I took my maid, and she forsooth must wear a muffler: and with that she pulled the clout from his face, and his black beard was seen. All the crew straight knew him, and began to fall into a great laughter, demanding the reason of this strange chance. *Meg* told them all that had happened: whereupon *Dick* would not follow any further. By gogs blood knave, quoth she, go to dinner with me, or I will cut off thy legs with my forest bill. So poor *Dick* was feign to trudge; and in she came showed Sir *James Withrington*

what a proper page she had got. He and the rest of the guests laughed heartily at the matter; and full mannerly did he wait upon her trencher all dinner time: and when dinner was done, she called him to her, and said: now Sirrah I discharge you my service, and cashier you for a brawling knave: yet for that you shall not say you served an ill mistress, hold, there is forty shillings for thy labour to buy thee a new suit of apparel. *Dick* took the money, and for very shame went out of London, and was never seen within the city after.

## CHAP. XVIII.

*Containing how she was sick, and visited by a Friar, who enjoined her penance; and what absolution she gave him after for his pains.*



IN Queen *Mary's* days, when Friars and Monks began again to show themselves it chanced *Meg* fell sick of a grievous sickness, as such gross bodies are commonly pinched with sorest pains, when they once fall into any infirmity. The disease having more matter to work upon in a fat body than a lean: an instance of this principle was *Meg*, for she lay so mortally sick, that the physicians gave her over: yet at last her



critical day came, wherein trial of her health should be had to see whether nature or disease were strongest. Nature had the supremacy, and *Meg* began to amend, insomuch that she could sit upright in her bed. On a day when she was grown more strong, it chanced that Friar *Oliver* who was one of the morrow mass priests, called to remembrance that *Meg* was sick : whereupon taking his portasse<sup>1</sup> by his side, he thought to fetch some spending money from her, and walked to her house, where he came very gravely : and at that instant were divers of her neighbours come to see how she did. As they were talking, word was brought to *Meg* that Friar *Oliver* was there with his portasse and his holy water. What, quoth she, after meat, mustard ; 'tis no matter, bid him come in ; and with that Friar *Oliver* comes in with *Deus hic*, and salutes her and all the rest of the wives, saying, he was very sorry to see *Meg* sick ; but, quoth he, 'tis the visitation of the Lord for the great sins you have committed : for *Meg*, quoth he, you have been counted a lewd woman, a swearer, a ruffler, a fighter, and a brawler, as you may see here in your chamber the signs ; and with that he pointed to the swords and bucklers, pike-staves and halberts that hung there ; these, quoth he, are tokens of your ill life, and how in your sickness you have not repented you of your former

<sup>1</sup>PORTASSE, PORTESSE, PORTISE, &c., very variously spelt.—A breviary ; a portable book of prayers.

ill life. Many such hard words did Friar *Oliver* give her, and told her that for her offences she must take the penance of the Church, otherwise, quoth he, I must complain to the Ordinary, and so to the Bishop, and compel you to it by injunction.

*Meg*, who fretted at this sauciness of the Friar, because her neighbours were there, forbore him, and demanded what her penance might be? Marry, quoth Friar *Oliver*, because you have been a public offender, you must have public penance; and therefore I do enjoin you that presently upon the recovery of your health, the next Sunday at mass you come into the church, and there kneel before the pulpit, and declare to the people the vileness of your life; and so shall you then and there before the parish ask God and the world forgiveness.

At this the very fire seemed to sparkle in *Meg's* eyes for anger, but she concealed it with patience, and entreated Friar *Oliver* to be good unto her and enjoin her some other punishment. The good wives entreated for her, but all in vain: for Friar *Oliver* swore either she should abide that penance, or else he would complain to Bishop *Bonner*.

Why, quoth *Meg*, never knew I friar but he was a good fellow; is there not a shift of descant left for me?

Faith no, quoth he, unless thou bestow five pounds for five solemn masses. Marry Friar,

quoth *Meg*, and that shalt thou have straight, rather than I will abide such public shame : with that she called her maid, and bade her fetch twenty English crowns, which she gave to the friar, whose heart leaped at the sight of the gold : he soon pocketed it up, and said, that he would say five Masses himself for her soul's health. And upon this *Meg* and the friar were agreed. Well, all seemed to the best, and the company began to be merry. Friar *Oliver* he was blithe and gamesome with the young wives, and shewed fruits of his life in his outward actions : for a more bawdy friar there was not in England, and that knew *Meg* well enough ; but letting that pass, the wives said they must be gone, for their hour was come.

Why, whither you go, quoth *Meg*? To a churching at Chelsea, quoth they. Marry and I will be your man thither, quoth Friar *Oliver*. The wives were glad of the friar's company, and so they took their leaves, and left *Meg* passing melancholy at the knavery of the friar. Well, revenge broiled in her breast, insomuch that she started up (sick as she was) and dressed herself in man's apparel, and in the afternoon having a good bat in her hand, walked easily into Tothill fields to watch the coming home of the friar : where she had not walked long, but she espied where the gossips came, manned only with the friar. And *Meg* crossed the lees and met them ;

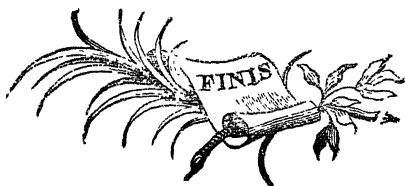
and at her first salute, greeted the friar, and said : *Oliver*, I am sent to thee from God, not only to tell thee of thy sins, but to enjoin thee penance for the same. First, as concerning thy offences, thou livest not as holy men of the church should : for thou art a whoremaster, frequenting the company of light and lascivious women, given to covetousness, and sitting all day bibbing at the ale-house, when thou shouldest be at thy book, with a thousand more other offences, which I cannot rehearse ; therefore hath the Lord sent thee thy choice, whether thou wilt from this place be whipped naked to the Priory at Westminster, or else pay twenty nobles to the poor men's box ; one of these resolve upon ; for Friar, one thou must do, and shalt do, before thou stir. At this Friar *Oliver* was amazed, and could not tell how he should like this sudden greeting, but said, Who art thou ? No man, Friar, (quoth *Meg*) but a spirit, sent from God to torment thee. At this the wives were all afraid : and the Friar said, *In nomine Jesus* avoid Satan, and would have run his way. *In nomine Jesus* stand Friar, quoth *Meg*, and with that she reached him such a rap, that the Friar thought his back had been broken : Sirrah, quoth she, dispatch, either choose to be whipped from hence to the Doctor, or else pay down twenty nobles. Alas quoth the friar, I have not twenty nobles, but here is ten angels in gold, and fourteen shillings in white

money, take that for a satisfaction of mine offences, give it for my sins to the poor.

Give it me, quoth *Meg*. As soon as she fingered the money, she told him, that seeing he wanted some odd money, that his body should pay it : and with that she light upon the friar's pilch, and beat him so sore, that he trusted better to his feet than his hands, and so ran away.

The poor women they were so aghast, but *Meg* straight discovered herself. When they saw her face, and knew all, their fear was turned to laughter ; and away they went to the tavern, and spent the friars fourteen shillings in good cheer. The news of this (as women are good secretaries) came to the ears of all the Friars in Westminster,

how Friar *Oliver* was served, which was such  
a disgrace to him, that a long while  
after he was ashamed to  
show his face in  
the streets.





# Notes and Observations

ON

LONG MEG OF WESTMINSTER.

*By* \_\_\_\_\_

*of* \_\_\_\_\_

*in the County of* \_\_\_\_\_

18 \_\_\_\_\_

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A TRUE AND CERTAIN RELATION  
OF A  
STRANGE BIRTH,  
WHICH WAS  
BORN AT STONEHOUSE,  
IN THE PARISH OF PLYMOUTH,  
*THE 20th of OCTOBER, 1635.*  
TOGETHER WITH THE  
NOTES OF A SERMON,

PREACHED OCTOBER 23, 1635,

In the Church of Plymouth, at the Interring of the said Birth.

By TH. B., *B.D., Pr. Pl.*

*Edited by CHARLES HINDLEY.*

LONDON :  
REEVES AND TURNER,  
196, STRAND,

(Opposite St. Clement Danes Church).

1871.



A T R V E  
*AND CERTAINE*  
R E L A T I O N  
Of a S T R A N G E-B I R T H,  
which was borne at *Stone-house*. in  
the Parish of *Plimmouth*, the  
20. of *October*. 1635.  
T O G E T H E R  
with the Notes of a Ser-  
mon, preached *Octob.* 23, 1635.  
in the Church of *Plimmouth*,  
at the interring of the  
sayd Birth.

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By *Th.B. B.D. Pr. Pl.*

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L O N D O N,  
Printed by *Anne Griffin*, for *Anne Bowler* dwelling  
at the Marigold in S. Pauls Church-yard.  
1635.





*To the Curious Beholder of the former Picture.*

*Dear Countryman.*

**N**OT the mere fiction of the over-daring picturer dost thou here behold: But (if he have done his part) the true portraiture of the work of God, presented to the world to be seen and to be admired.

Two things I have to deliver to thine ear, which this figure cannot convey unto thine eye. First, what it intendeth: Next, how thou mayest correct the picture, if it need amending.

For the first; it intendeth to acquaint thee with this story. In the county of *Devon*, and in the parish of the famous town of *Plymouth*, there is a village called *Stone-house*; *Viculum Piscatorium* I may justly term it, a pretty little fisher-town, for it consisteth mostly of men that live by the sea, and

gain their livelihood by the water. In this village there dwelleth one *John Persons* a fisherman, whose wife having fulfilled the usual months and weeks of women's burdens, upon the twentieth day of this present month *October* fell in travail, and by the help of a second midwife (through God's mercy and goodness) was the poor mother (after the weary travail of thirteen or fourteen painful hours) safely delivered of the burden. A birth not more painful to the mother (though very painful doubtless being still-born,) than strange and wonderful to all the beholders. The eye is not satisfied with seeing with admiration: and, as it falleth out in such a case, soon is the fame thereof spread all abroad. Town and country cometh in to see, that hereafter they might (as I for my part must) say; At such a time, in such a place, I saw the strangest birth in all respects, that ever I saw or heard before. Two heads, and necks, two backs, and sets of ribs, four arms and hands, four thighs and legs: in a word, from head to heel (so far as the eye could discern) two complete and perfect bodies, but concorporate and joined together from breast to belly, two in one.

For the second thing propounded, *viz.* how to correct the picture, if it need amendment; take this. When I first cast mine eye upon them lying on the table, I said, surely if those children had been living, art might have caused a just separation of them, for

I conceived them to be no other than two bodies joined together in one common skin. But I soon perceived mine error, when putting my finger to feel the collar the cannell-bone (I mean that place where Os sternale. you see them begin to join together) I found that they had but one breast-bone common to them both, and by it, as by a partition wall, were their two bodies (as two chambers) both joined and separated: joined together in respect of the external bulk, separated in respect of the internal contents. This concorporation lasted down to the navel or a little beneath, which also was in common to them both, I still speak of what the eye could see, happily so soon as that string of the umbilical vessels, by which the mother's womb supplied food and nourishment to the birth had passed the skin, it might dispart itself. But outwardly it was one in common. Whence also it was conjectured, that though these twins might have several hearts, and lungs answerable to their several heads and necks, yet but one common liver to them both. The truth of this conjecture I leave to the College of Physicians to discover, that is not my profession, nor will I presume to determine anything in another's art, only this objection I have against it: that supposing one common liver, it must either gird them round or be misplaced in one of them: for turning breast to breast, and belly to belly, you join the left side of the

one body to the right side of the other : so that I say, except the liver do compass it round, it shall be misplaced in the one.

But to return to the story. These two twins were not more nearly joined in the bulk of body, than they were in all parts and proportions like to one another where they were disparted ; so that two the likest twins that ever you saw were not more like : nay the glass cannot (I think) give a truer answer to the face than these were each to other. Which I do the more boldly affirm, because having satisfied mine eye with beholding them on the one side as they lay, I caused the women to turn the other side, and laying them as before (face to face, and foot to foot) I could perceive no difference in them at all from what I had seen before. One thing I forgot, till it was too late : which if I had remembered, I verily persuade myself, might have been done, *viz.* To lay them one upon another. The which I mention, lest happily any might conceive that the jointure of their bodies might lean to one side more than to another. I was about to ask the women whether the mother felt them living in the womb ; when presently I corrected myself, seeing each part and limb, yea, and the whole body of either grown (as indeed it was) to a just maturity : each by himself, had they been sundered, had been a just birth ; having hair on the heads, nails on their hands



and toes, nay which is more (except the women were much deceived) they had some teeth in their head : and to confess the truth, I thought so too, till others that had more skill and experience persuaded me to the contrary. Howsoever, the children were each of them as complete and perfect as births use to be.

Upon these grounds I corrected myself in my former intended question : for how should they grow to that perfection of stature, had they wanted life ? But the midwife and the women told me, that they were living and lively some few hours before they were born : So that in all likelihood, had a skilful hand been made use of at the first, they might have lived to see the light, if not to enjoy it. But God that gave them a life and being in the womb, knowing that life upon earth would have been a burden to them, provided better for them, and took them to himself.

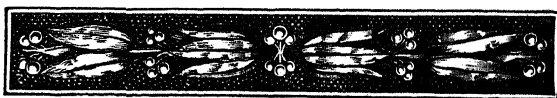
Thus have I given a true, and I think a full narration of this work of wonder which God hath showed here amongst us. And with it, I am content to send abroad some few notes prepared for the confluence of people, met together, when this birth was laid into the earth. Something methought was fitting to be commended to them that saw it, while the thing was fresh in mind ; and that something such as it is : lo here it is. Rather would I shame myself in being over-busy, than be wanting in what

I conceit may not be unprofitable to the country wherein I live. Read then these notes, And if thou count not this half hour ill bestowed, thou wilt I trust (I desire thou wouldest) pray for him, who if thou love the Lord *Jesus* in sincerity, prayeth for thee, that thou mayest prosper and be in health, even as thy soul prospereth.

*Farewell.*

*Plymouth, October 30.*

1635.





Heb. 11. 4.

*Being dead, yet speaketh.*

**A**S the Word of God, so the Works of God are for our doctrine and instruction. The works of Creation teach us, saith Saint Paul, God's eternal power and godhead. The works Rom. 1. 10. of his providence are not behind hand with us : and therefore saith the holy prophet, *Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night showeth knowledge.* Psal. 19. 2. True this is in the ordinary and common works of providence : But much more remarkable in those that are extraordinary, when either the course of nature is hindered, as the sea and sun stopped in the midst of their career : or altered, as when the sun Exod. 4. Jus -0 went backward in the days of *Hezekiah*. Touching which, saith the *Psalmist*, *he hath made his wonderful works to be remembered ;* or as the words stand in the original, and the Greek translation. A me- Psal. 111. 4. morial hath he made to his wonderful works, *id est*, ZeKeA GNasAH LeNIPiLeAo Thall. He hath ordained and commanded that they should be remembered ; Good reason, that where God Μνειαν έπο- ήσατο θαν- μασιαν αυτο with his finger pointeth forth something in special to the sons of men, they should follow it with the eye of the body, till the eye of the soul, *viz.* the under-

standing spirit have thence received some instruction.

Not only the other creatures : but also the sons of men are otherwhiles made the object of these wonderful works of God : Or if you had rather call it the subject matter, on which he stampeth the marks of his providence, either in hindering, or in altering the ordinary course of nature, sometimes in the conception, sometimes in the births of our expected and desired issue.

*Conceptio est actio uteri, cum maris et femina semen fecundum ab coeæcipitur, miscetur, favetur, ejusque vis ad proprium munus exequendum excitatur. Dan. Sennert Med. li. 4. part. 2. Sect. 4. cap. 4.*

*Conception,* I count the natural and proper work of the womb, in receiving, retaining, and ripening the seed for the birth. The womb is by the hand of God, sometimes closed up, that it receiveth not, as in the case of *Abimilech's* family. *Gen.* 20. Sometimes opened or rather loosened, that it retaineth not, as in the case of abortive and untimely births. Sometimes weakened, that it ripeneth not the birth, either not at all, or at least not within the just time. And all these

*Vide Sennertum capite de partu tardo. Qui ex historiis confirmat partum nonnunquam dif ferri ad mensem 13. 14. 15. 18. 20. 23. 24. Hæc rara (inquit) et pene miraculosa sunt; acciduntque procul dubio ob semen debile, uterique calorem languidum, quibus de causis et factus tardius absolvitur, et expultrix facultas lunquet.*

do teach us the presence of God's providence. Well may we say, The hand of God hath been there. It is he that thus hath hindered the work of the womb, and withheld the blessing of a good conception. So for the birth.

*Birth* I must call that which properly and from the Latin we might call parturition. This doth God by the hand of his special providence hinder sometime in part, sometime in whole: *Partus præternaturalis est, triplex. Difficilis, Nullus et Cæsareus. Difficilis, ut in Agrippis. Quibus nomen inditum est, (Authore Gellio Noc-tium Atticarum lib. 16. ca. 16. eo quod in nas-cendo, non caput, sed pedes primi extiterant, seil, ut Agrippa dican-tur ab ægritus dine et pedibus: Cum potius ab ægritudine partus; qui non tantum fit ex pedi-bus, sed ex manibus; præsertim tamen ex mole corporis obversa et exitum ambiente; prout patet ex Senner to cap, de partis difficili præter-naturali. Partus Nullus dicitur, quoties infans excludi nequeat; frus-traque conatur misera parturiens se ipsam onere suo liberare et expedere, mortuo nimirum fœtu, qui nisi vel medicamentis expella-tur, vel Chirurgi opera extrahatur, mortem et miseriam matri mini-tatur. Partus Cæsareus Cæsarinomen fecit. Ille enim qui primus Cæsaris nomen adeptus est, ab eo dictus fertur, quod cæso matrit utero natus fue-rit. Cæsares quod ex uterocæcisi sunt, nomi-nuntur; ipsaque illa actio dicitur partus Cæsareus. Ex his plerique mortui: non nulli vivi; idque (quod raro acci-dit) matre superstite et revaléscente.*

So that whereas all times of the woman's travail and labour are full of sorrow, yea (as the Philosopher saith, *Aristot. de Historia Animalium, Lib. 7, cap. 9*, and the Scripture itself in part doth confirm the same) more full of difficulty and danger than any other creatures (an evident demonstration of the hand of God, visiting the first sin of our Grandmother *Eve*, upon all the sex) whereas I say all times are full of sorrow; of fear and frightfulness; some do receive an increase and multiplication, by such accidents supervenient, and unexpected dangers of births not capable of deliverance till God by the hand of special art vouchsafe his gracious help, and good assistance. Of these therefore, as of the former, well may we say, *Digitus dei*, It is the finger of God that hath been here, and manifested his presence

by hindering the common and ordinary course of nature in the birth of the womb.

As in hindering, so also in altering and changing the course of nature, doth God call man to an observation of his providence: Nay here more than in anything else doth he show forth his works of wonder: understand me still to speak of the conception and of the births of the sons of men. What variety of strange births do we see and hear of. Strange births we call them: more properly, we might term them strange conceptions: for what the womb in conception formeth, that is not usually altered in the birth. What variety (I say) of strange

(a) *Stature.* This is sometimes giant-like; otherwhiles dwarfish and pigmy-like. Sometimes beyond, sometimes beneath and short of the ordinary, usual and common stature of mankind; and as it thus falleth out in respect of the whole body, so sometimes in the parts. One or two parts of the body, being of a different proportion; bigger or lesser than the rest.

(b) *Number of parts.* The strangeness here is in defect or excess. Defect, when one or both hands or feet are wanting: such was that woman which we saw here the last year, who wanted hands, and supplied the want of them in many particulars by her feet. Excess of number: such was that giant mentioned, 2 *Sam.* 21, 20, who had on every hand six fingers, and on every foot six toes, four-and-twenty in number. Hitherto refer those whom the Greeks do call *ἀνδρὶ προγυνοῦς*; such was *Hermaphroditus*, the son of *Mercury* and *Venus*, if we may give credit to the notation and composition of his name.

(c) *Multiplication of several births is rare.* Twins are not frequent in our colder climate, much less the multiplication of births, yet such we find recorded. See *Sennertus cap. de Gemellarum generatione*, who out of *Aris-*

births do we see and hear of? Strange in the quantity of (a) stature: strange in the (b) number of parts: Strange in the (c) Multiplication: strange in the (d) Concorporation of several births, but above all most strange in (e) quality and kind, altered and changed. All these, but especially this later sort,

which alter the quality and kind, the Latins call *Monstra à monstrando, quia, monstrantur*, I would add, *ut monstrent*. They are showed that they may show the special handiwork of God, and though, peradventure dead, yet speak, and tell the forgetful world, that God himself hath a special hand in forming and featuring the births conceived in the womb. Here by the way, let me touch upon a case of conscience, or two. Whether monsters and misshapen births may lawfully be carried up and down the country for sights to make a gain by

*totle, Pliny*, and some modern authors doth show the certainty of this. Notorious and in the mouth of every man is that story of *Margaret*, sister to Earl *Floris* the fourth (as *Heilin* relateth it, writing of *Holland*) who being of the age of two and forty years, brought forth at one birth three hundred three score and five children, half of them males, half females, and the odd one an *Hermaphrodite*. They were christened in two basins at the church of *Lasdunen*, by *Guido Suffragan* to the Bishop of Utrecht, who named the males *Johns*, and the females *Elizabeths*; all which immediately after died, and with them their mother: the basons are yet to be seen in the aforesaid church. Thus far *Heilin*. This miracle, or miraculous accident befel her (say some) as the just hand of God upon her, for that when a certain poor woman having two children hanging at her breasts, asked of her an alms, she bitterly upbraided the woman with whoredom, for that she had both those at one birth, adding, that it was not possible for a woman to conceive two births at once, except by fornication. A good warning doubtless to all rash headed censurers, who spare not to speak of others at their own pleasure.

(d) Concorporation of births, is almost miraculous, that two should be joined into one. Yet such there have been, as appeareth by *Landulphus*, in that answer which he gave to the question. *An et quomodo monstra sint baptisanda* whether at all, and if so, then how monstrous and misshapen births are to be baptized. A question, that if these incorporated twins had been born alive and lived to baptism might have put the minister to his books how to proceed in the case. The answer to the question is this: *Si perpendantur duat habere animas, utpote duo capita, quatuor brachia, quatuor pedes, duas spinas in dorso, and hujusmodi, tunc baptizetur quilibet per se, and intingatur in loco quilibet per se, id est*, If you perceive that they have two souls, as thus: That they have two heads, four arms, four feet, two backs and back-bones, and the like: Then let each of them be baptized by himself, &c. Of two concorporated and joined back to back, we read. The story is remembered in *Rodericus à Castro*, a physician of special note throughout all Europe, as the title of his book doth style him. He, in *Lib. 3. de Morbis mulierum, cap. 6.* coming

to speak of monstrous births, maketh five several kinds of them (as also before him had *Andreas Laurentius* in his *Historia Anatomica*, lib. 8. Qu. 14) more particularly he maketh the third kind to be of them that are defective or redundant. *Quo numero*, saith he, *comprehenduntur duo illi qui tergo uno pro duobus perfungentes, moribus tamen diversi, viginti annos vixerunt, and cum unus mortem obiret, alter tamdiu supervixit, quoad socij ac germani putrilagine fuit extinctus.*

These two also are mentioned by Aristotle in his *Problems*, Cap. De Monstris,

Two, saith he, that were joined back to back, and it seemeth as contrary in their manners, as in their looks. They lived twenty years, and when one of them died, till the putrefaction of that body which could not be separated, did prove the destruction of the survivor. But no mention do any of the fore-named authors make of such a birth as this of ours, so that it is likely that they had heard of none such. But proceed.

(e) Quality and kind: The alteration of this, is of all other the most strange, and indeed monstrous: whether of the whole, or of some part. Alteration of the whole kind we read of: Beasts that have brought forth man-kind births, and women brutish shapes. *Andreas Angelus de Mirabilibus mundi in Historia Anni 1579 In Aprili (inquit) Baurgeu in Hispania in auditum quoddam Monstrum protulit mundus: quod ex mulsozum ad varios scriptis illie et Venetiis certò constat literis. Ibi enim vacu. quedam duos viros et integros omnino homines masculum et feminam enixa est in lucem.*

*Sennertus, cap. de monstris* (so also *Castro* and *Laurentius ibidem*. *Interdum accidit ut femina varia monstra viventia et animalia præter et contra naturam producant. Serpentes, canes, et alia animalia, vel sætus brutorum partes habentes, et dios cosque variis modis monstrosos genitos suisse à Lycosthene, et aliis qui de prodigiis et monstris scripserunt, videre est. Neque operum præteritum est historias illas huc adducere.*

Alteration of parts: *Ex Theatro Historico* doth Doctor *Beard* relate this history. A certain nobleman used every Lord's day to go on hunting in sermon time; which impiety the Lord punished with this judgment. He caused his wife to bring forth a child with an head like a dog. That seeing he preferred his dogs

them? Whether the births being once dead, may be kept from the grave for the former ends?

Whether the parents of such births may sell them to another. For my part I would be loth to prejudice the better and moral judgments of any.

But to speak plainly, I do make scruple of the first, and therefore much more of the two later cases. For if not living they are to be prostituted to the covetousness of any; much less being dead, when the grave calls for the bodies of all Christian births: the grave, I say, wherein they are to be laid up; that therein they may lay



down the present dishonor, and thence be raised again in glory, and if the parents may not do this; how much less may they deliver it over to another? But you will say to me,

suppose them living, why may they not be used to this end, being fit for none employment? My reasons are these. Our delight is to be measured by our desires, nor do I see it lawful to delight in what may not be desired. And who would desire a misshapen birth, to be the issue of his own body? Add this, all crosses call for humiliation: and where that is expected, I see not how there can be place either for profit or pleasure to be thought upon.

But to return again to what we had in hand. These births (as I said) though dead, yet speak and preach to the world the present hand of God in the womb of the mother.

\* In all these accidents and occasions the philosophers (and physicians also who build upon the ground of philosophy, nor can well subsist without them) they I say would attribute all these impeditions and alterations of nature to secondary causes: either internal, as the defectiveness or

before the service of God, he might have one of his own getting to make much of. Hitherto refer such strange births as have some tuberos excrescences. See one recorded by *Castro De Natura Mulierum*, li. 3. ca. II. quod habebat cornu in capite alas duas, &c. Here in this town not many years ago, when women laid their hair forth upon wires, a child was born which had on the head (as I am credibly informed) gristles growing in the shape and fashion of those attires and dressings.

*Castro* addeth, *Qui conceptus etsi à causis naturalibus contingant, tamen laud sine Dei providentia fieri credendum est, pro puniendit, et monendis hominibus, tisdemque arcendis ab effrænata et turps libidine.*

\* *Adfatus formationem requiruntur tria: sc.*

(1) *Ipsam semen jacentium utriusque parentis.*

(2) *Sanguis maternus ad matriendum factum.*

(3) *Uterus matris bene constitutus, qui semen conceptum foveat, eiusque latentem vim excitet: supponitur enim vim quandam activam latere in semine (dico autem semen illud quod Græci κρυμμεν.)*

*sc: semen ex utroque parente mixtum, supponitur enim vim quandam latere, quam uterus mater nris suo calore excitat ad actionem suam peragendam: Horum trium siquid deest: siquid debile s it, aut inordinatum, hinc fit (inquit Philosophus ut vitiosa sequatur conformatio totius, aut saltem partium.*

excess of seminal materials ; or external, as the dullness of the formative faculty, or indisposedness of the vessels, or strength of conceit or imagination.

The Astrologer may add another cause, powerful in his opinion, to pervert and overthrow the good intentions of nature, *sc.* the constellations of the planets, and configuration of their aspects. And happily they may pitch upon some reasons for the coalition of these two twins into one ; nor do we deny but the philosopher may be allowed in these his conjectures : nor may he seem to shoot beside the mark, that should ascribe it to some accident, colling and dashing these two new-formed embryos in the womb, casting them so one upon the other, as that the contiguity and overmuch closeness of their bodies caused the aforesaid coalition : so have we seen two trees over closely leaning one upon another grow into one, and covered with one bark. The philosopher, I say, may seem to speak reason (not so the Astrologer, at least in mine opinion.) Only he and others must be entreated to look higher, and to take notice of the special hand of God, whose works alone it is to sort and compound the activities of secondary causes ; that what by the blessing of God might have been otherwise, is now thus disposed of for ends best known to himself,

This is the conclusion which religion teacheth : and which it becometh me as a divine to put you in mind of. The Astrologer is taught to say, *Astraregunt homines*. The influence of the stars do rule the actions of the sons of men. But the Christian knoweth that *regit astra Deus*, God overruleth the stars. So that if we should grant an influence in the planets, and a power in the constellations : yet far be it from us to account it fatal, and unalterable : no we know that God sitteth in the heavens, and doth whatsoever he will. *David* in the Psalms ascribeth to his hand the framing of his body and members in the womb. *Thine hands have made me and fashioned me. Thou hast covered me in my mother's womb. Thine eyes* (saith he) *did* Psa. 119. 78.  
Psa. 139, 13. 16. *see my substance yet being unperfect, and in thy book all my members were written, which in continuance were fashioned:* or (as it is in the margin) *all of them written, what days they should be fashioned,* when as yet there was none of them. To him therefore belongeth the disposing of the materials and shaping of the birth : Now then, is God so tied to his materials, that if there be too much for one, or two little for two complete and perfect features, he can neither detract nor multiply ? Must his work be cut off with what the Philosopher saith of Nature, *Intendit quod optimum, facit tamen id quod potest* : that is, Nature

intendeth perfection, but being hindered doth what she can.

Let no man therefore tax me of any excess in religious thoughts, or count it overmuch curiosity, if I propound to you an observation or two, grounded upon this and the like occasions. Each comet (as experience hath taught men) is in its kind doctrinal, and blazeth forth something or other worthy our observation. *Nec in vanum toties arsere Cometae*: seldom are those super-terrestrial blazes kindled in vain. Men do commonly count them *prænuncios belli et calamitatum*, forerunners of some imminent calamities, and therefore do call upon one another to appease the wrath of God, by fasting and humiliation.

Tully, Lucan.  
Josep. de bello  
Jud. lib. 7. ca. 12.

I shall not therefore I hope, transcend the limits of my calling, nor wrong the providence of God, if I take liberty to say, touching this strange birth, which God hath caused to blaze here amongst us, and from us, to the whole country, to say of it, as the Apostle saith of the blood of *Abel*, being dead, it yet speaketh. What did or doth the blood of *Abel* speak but the irreversible wrath of God against Cain, and in him against all wilful and malicious persecutors of religious persons? I do not say, this speaketh so bitter things; but yet it speaketh something in common with the rest of strange and misshapen births: and if I deceive not myself over-much, something in peculiar by itself: so then it speaketh

two things, perhaps more, but two I pitch upon, not averring them both spoken with the same evidence, but both truly : and which is more, seasonably.

First then this, and all monstrous and misfeatured observa. 1. births, speak this : That it is a singular mercy of God, when the births of the womb are not misformed : when they receive their fair and perfect feature. A lesson truly worth the noting in this forgetful age : mercies that are ordinary we swallow ; and take small notice of them : Such a work as this causeth us to see what difference there is betwixt comeliness and deformity : betwixt perfection and imperfection in the body. Doth any make scruple of what I say ? Let that man consider the discomfort of deformity : How liable it is daily to exprobra- tion through the evil custom of wicked men, more ready to cast it in the teeth, than condole or commiserate, if God hath stamped a deformity upon the body.

Know we not that the members of the body are the organs and instruments of the soul, in the service of God and man ? Defect or excess must needs breed grief, because it createth trouble. Consider we this birth, thus double-membered, to have seen them lying upon the table, to see them deciphered upon the paper might happily be thought a sight not much unpleasant : but let your imagination give them life, and tell me how uncomfortable, yea

burdensome must they be to others, yea and to themselves : when as though two, yet so near incorporated, that the one cannot help the other. How should they eat, sleep, walk, sit, or satisfy nature, but with much incumbrance. Is it then discomfort to have a mark of deformity or disadvantage cast upon the births of the womb ? And is it not a singular mercy to have them born complete in shape and feature ? Doubtless it is.

All reason therefore is that this mercy of God unto us in the issue of our loins should be acknowledged with all thankfulness. If other mercies, why not this ? The husbandman, when he hath his corn and wine increased, when housed : the merchant, when his venture is returned : the owner, when his ship has arrived, and both have made a good voyage : if there be any religion dwelling in their breasts, will in a solemn manner confess before the sons of men the loving kindness of the Lord. When women have received safe deliverance from the great pains and perils of child-birth, the church doth call them (and surely it hath need to call them) to give hearty thanks to God. And ought not this also to be remembered, that the children born give hope and comfort to their parents ? Hope I say, that a fair and well-featured body may be the comfortable house and habitation of an holy soul ? Doubtless it ought : doth not David intimate so much in the afore-

mentioned Psalm, when he saith, I will praise thee, Psal. 138. 14. for I am fearfully and wonderfully made ; marvellous are thy works, and that my soul knoweth right well.

Know we not that God hath just cause to blast every birth of ours, if he would be extreme ? Partly, in respect of the abuse of the bed ; which though he hath sanctified to the use of man by the benediction of the church, that so in the sober use thereof every one should possess his vessel in sanctification and honour ; yet is it too often riotously and wantonly abused. Partly, I say, for these abuses, but specially in respect of that original corruption which cleaveth to the fruit of the womb, even from the first conception, as the Psalmist showeth. From this guilt and filth not one of all the race of Adam is Psal. 51. 5. exempted. No sooner do we receive a being, but it is accompanied with sinfulness : in which respect, who can deny, but God might justly blast the body with deformity ? Which if he do not when he might, is it not a favour, and so to be acknowledged ? We acknowledge it a special favour to the soul (as it is reason we should) that God doth exempt any from that common damnation, which is due to all by Adam's transgression : And is it not to be confessed a mercy to the body ? For why ? When the body doth want its perfect feature, when the soul doth want the exercise of wit and reason, more or less : Is not this an effect of sin, and so to be accounted ;

Doth God in this anything more than what justice doth allow? Shall we say it is an act of his absolute dominion? I trow not: What is justly done to some, is it not mercy, not to do to others? Yes (my dearly beloved) it is mercy, free and undeserved mercy: O that in this also, as in other things, I say, O that men would therefore praise the Lord for his goodness, and for his wonderful works to the sons of men!

Contrarily, when the hand of Justice hath found any out, when any birth of ours is brought into the world misformed, and misfeatured: If God hath (as it were) spit in the face, and laid the black finger of deformity upon the body, ought it not to be entertained with sorrow of heart, and humiliation? Hath God written in great letters the guilt of sin, and in a deformed body drawn a resemblance of the soul's deformity; drawn it (I say) so; that others may see and know, that we also are defiled in his sight; and shall we not blush to hear it, to see it thus cast in our teeth, and laid before us?

This for the parties: but is this all? Is it nothing to you all that pass by, or that come to see? Methinks it should: can you any of you, wash your hands in innocency? are not you also sinners in the sight of God? What can you allege, why this might not have been yours? Did you prevent it by prayer? I trust you will hereafter: and



acknowledge the justness of their devotion, who remember women with child : but happily you have not hitherto thought upon it : if so ; if God might have thrown the tower of Siloam upon your heads also, if set a mark of his displeasure upon your births, and yet hath not done it ; will you not see and say, The Lord hath done great things for us ? Lord, what am I, that thou hast spared me ? am I more holy, less sinful than my neighbour ? No, no : Is it thy free mercy and undeserved favour, Oh enlarge my heart to praise thy name.

Here then see and bewail the iniquity and irreligion of this our age, at least of numbers in the same. The common sort make no further use of these prodigies and strange-births, than as a matter of wonder and table-talk : look upon them with none other eyes, than with which they would behold an African monster, a misshapen beast. It was not thus in the better ages of the world. We read in the ninth chapter of Saint John : that the disciples, when they saw the man that was born blind, they come to our blessed Saviour, with *Quis peccavit ?* Master who has sinned ! See the religion of those times : They looked upon sin as the cause of defective or redundant births. Truth indeed, our Saviour answereth : neither this man, nor his parents. By which speech of Christ, we must not think that they are excused from all sin : doubtless

his parents had sinned ; and conceived him in sin, else had not this been cast upon him : no place for defects and deformities in the state of innocence. But why God should take the forfeiture in this, rather than in his neighbour, this was merely *Ex Dei bene-placito*, the good pleasure of God, who had in this a purpose to prepare and make way for the glory of Christ in curing the man.

The same happily might be said in these occasions whereof we speak : to the question, *Quis peccavit* ; who hath sinned ? happily Christ, (who was acquainted with the counsels of his father) might answer ; *Neque hic, neque parentes*, neither he nor his parents. Not to exempt them from sin altogether, but to teach us, that some other end and purpose God had beside the visitation of their sin (though that also we find sometimes to be manifested, when God by such occasions doth awaken the conscience to confess secret and unbewailed sins) beside, I say, the visitation of sin. Sometimes to discover the atheism, irreligion of many, perhaps also their covetousness, who would rather make a benefit of such births, and instead of humiliation for a cross, teach the parents to account such births for blessings, which do prove so profitable. Sometimes to prompt unto the ministry a word of exhortation needful for the present state of the people ; a meditation which happily his text would not afford him. *Ex. gr.*

This lesson, as you see, is by this occasion prompted to me, presented to you. That you remember hereafter, to acknowledge it as a mercy, when children come into the world well-featured, the members of their body in a due proportion aptly each to other corresponding, neither defective, nor redundant. To bewail it as a cross from God, when it is otherwise : that so penitency may provide a remedy, either of the deformity by the hand of man, or of the discomfort by the stroke of death. This lesson, I say, is now presented to you, and I trust will be remembered by you. And if so, the answer to the question may go on as it is in the words of our Saviour. Neither this man, nor his parents, but that the works of God should be made manifest in him.

To wind up this first observation in a word, I noted the religion of the Disciples : they look up to sin as to the cause of God's hand : nor shall it misbecome us to do the like : provided alway, that it be (what they forgot) in our own occasion rather than in another's. Do I suffer ? Let me say, Lord, I have sinned ; Thou art just. Doth another suffer ? Let me say, Lord, thou art merciful to me : this case might have been mine. Blessed be thy name for ever.

Something long have I stood upon this, because I am sure this is a lesson, which all monstrous and misshapen births, though dead, yet speak for the in-

struction of the living : I will dispatch the other more briefly, which may seem to be peculiar to this one in respect of the shape thereof.

rat. 5.

The twins you see are males ; brothers, had they been born alive. To love as brethren, is the duty of Christians : a duty frequently remembered by the Apostles, and powerfully pressed. To love, is to have one soul in two bodies : One, not so much by union of essence as by combination of affection : And lo, here a fit resemblance of this mutual duty : as fit, as lively almost as can be devised : Here are all the parts and members of consultation, and operation for two persons ; only here is one body, one breast, one belly : the breast the feet of the heart, the belly of the bowels : One I say, not in the identity of substance ; but in the conglutination of external parts from breast to belly : whether one heart, one liver, one community of intestines, is more than we could see ; though all reason indeed giveth them to be two throughout in all parts : yet you see, so two in one, that had they lived to the years of expression, we might well have expected from them united hearts, entire affections, and more than sympathy, each to other, as to himself. Surely, these are not more nearly conjoined in breast and belly, than Christians ought to be in heart and affection. These two were one body ; Christians are one spirit : though several bodies and souls, yet one

and the same spirit diffused into all, to enlive and quicken all. Nor would it have been more prodigious for these twins (suppose they had lived to be men) to have quarreled and contested one against another : than it is for Christians to quarrel and contend, specially to live in the mind of irreconciliation. To these twins (had they quarreled) a man might have said, you are one body : To Christians a man may well say, you are one spirit : why do you wrong one to another ? Was that an argument in all reason fit to compound the supposed difference of these ? And shall not this be able to persuade peace, nay love among Christians ? Methinketh it should : nay, I am sure, if this do not prevail, the faulty person shall one day smart for it : perhaps when repentance for it will come too late.

Well, I have now acquainted you with my thoughts. I have shewed to you, how this birth, though dead, yet speaketh : Truth it is, faith alone hath ears to hear these lessons, these instructions : Nature is deaf, and reason dull in these occasions : A brutish man knoweth not : neither doth a fool understand. Faith quickeneth the understanding to apprehend : the will to believe : the affections to take pleasure to these meditations. Ps. 92 6

With faith, since it is the gift of God, let us now turn ourselves to him with hearty devotion, desiring him to bestow upon us the gift of faith, and

all graces, by which we may learn to make an holy use, as of all his works in general, so of this and the like in special : to the glory of his name, and the eternal comfort of our own souls, through Jesus Christ our Lord. To whom with the Father and the blessed Spirit, three excellent persons, one glorious God, be ascribed all honour and praise, now, and for evermore.

*Amen.*



# *Murther, Murther.*

OR,

## *Abloody Relation how Anne Hamton*

dwelling in Westminster nigh London, by  
poyson murdered her deare husband, Sept.

1641. being affited and counfelled  
thereunto by *Margeret Harwood.*

## *For which they were both committed*

to Gaole, and at this time wait  
for a tryall.

---

*Women love your owne husbands, as Christ doth the Church.*

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Printed at London for *Tho: Bates*, 1641.







A bloody Relation of *Anne*  
*Hamton*, who poisoned  
her husband at  
WESTMINSTER.

*Gentle Reader,*

**I**T is not my purpose to make thee now laugh, but if possible it be to be sad, not to rejoice but lament, not to be frolic, but to dissolve into fountains of tears, because a daughter of Jerusalem hath committed an abomination. Hearken to me you that be wives, and give attendance you which as yet are unmarried, regard the words of Saint Paul which commands that every wife should love her own husband as Christ the church, not to be high-minded towards him, but humble, not to be self-willed, but diligent, not to be like a strange woman, which wandereth abroad in the twilight to get a prey, but to be constant and loving to him, for why? ye be both of one flesh.

A man must forsake his father, mother, brethren, and sisters, to cleave to his own wife, and

so likewise the wife for the husband. But I must tell of one who would never agree to any such pious matter.

Before I come to which relation I cannot abstain myself from exclamation, let all the forests wherein fierce lions are contained be joined in one, and privy search made, to know if ever female did the male destroy ; oh no ; for though by nature they be fierce and bloody, yet doth nature so much govern them, that those which are couples, be linked in friendship, never disagree. Oh then thou savage woman, why unto blood wert thou addicted, as to destroy thy loving and kind husband ; the relation of which, shall be divulged throughout this universe.

In the parish of Saint Margarets, Westminster, dwelleth one *Anne Hamton*, in the house of *Margaret Harwood* ; this *Anne Hamton* had a husband which like a loving man indeed delighted in nothing more but to see his wife pleasant ; for he would often say my wife being troubled it behoveth me not to be at rest, she being pleasant I ought to be joyful : But she, most unkind woman, was of a contrary disposition ; for she at her own house, would take an occasion to be merry, when the greatest mischief had befallen him. He was a very laborious man, but she, a light housewife, when he was working she would be gossiping, with one young fellow or other, or else with such women as were

like to herself : never was she more joyful than when she was out of her good husband's company : what her husband got by taking pains, she spent by taking her pleasure : his money being thus consumed, and his goods wasted, he upon a time spoke to her after this manner.

Wife, what do you mean to do ? how dost thou intend to live ? my money you spend, which I get hardly, my goods you waste, you never get the worth of a joint stool, my company you hate, you must have better. O wife, wife, take counsel by me thy hitherto loving husband, forsake that company which hate not thy body, but soul, do not drink healths to thine own confusion, nor with so greedy an appetite swallow thine own destruction : repent in time of thy wickedness lest when thou thinkest thyself in security, the Lord doth cut thee off, and what will then become of thy poor soul ; love me thy husband, hate those which entice thee to wickedness, trust not to their smiling countenances, for in their hearts do lie hid nothing but abominations. If thou wilt (I say) have my love, hate such, or else never more think to enjoy, that which as yet you have always had.

What harm was there in all this which he spake unto her ? But notwithstanding she forsooth took it in distaste, and giving him a scolding reply, she left the room, and went to her companion in mis-

chief, *Margaret Harwood*, which was her Landlady, to whom she revealed the secrets of her heart, saying, that her husband was an enemy to good fellowship, and continually wrangled and brawled at her, because she affected it. In which she lied, for he always spoke in a very loving manner unto her, except she overmuch provoked him.

Moreover she said that she should never be in quiet until by some way or other she were shifted of him.

The devil finding an occasion how to accomplish a mischievous intent, always makes use of it, he knows how to please every ones wicked humour. Wherefore he tempted the Landlady with bloody cogitations, for she hearing her Ningles<sup>1</sup> unjust complaint, she cried out that it was her own fault, for letting such an abject villain to live ; hang him, cut his throat, or poison him, for he is not fit to live upon the earth amongst good fellows. To condescend to whose counsel, she seemed very unwilling, but at length the devil got the better of her, and then she did agree to poison him. And for the same intent she went and got five drams of poison, enough to have destroyed ten men, and mixed it amongst his food, which he no sooner had taken,

<sup>1</sup>NINGLES—*i.e.*, Ningle, a contracted form of *mine ingle*—a favourite, a friend. A more correct reading would be :—"For she hearing her *Ningle* so unjustly complained of, cried out," &c.

but that he presently did swell very much, which she perceiving, did run to her Landlady, who asked her how much she had given him : she replied, five drams ; well done, said she, if five will not be enough, ten shall, and thereupon they went up to see him, but he was then burst. Then did they both dissemble a lamentable cry, which caused the neighbours to come in to see what was the matter, where they did behold such a woeful spectacle as was sufficient to exhaust tears from the driest eye composed of Pumice stone ; for their did they see his nails quite peeled off, his hands did seem only like two great boils, his belly seemed as if hot irons had been thrust into it, his visage was so much defaced by the quick operation of the scalding poison, that had they not well known the body, they would have sworn it not to have been the man which they came to visit : they all easily perceived that he was poisoned.

A Chirurgeon being sent for, ripped up his body, and found the poison lying round about his heart. As also there was found poison in a paper in the window ; the Chirurgeon calling for a Venice glass put the same therein, which immediately broke the glass.

Wherefore they sent for an officer, and apprehended upon suspicion both his wife and Landlady,

whose consciences cannot but confess that they washed both their hands in his innocent blood.



They are both in the Gatehouse prison of Westminster, nigh London, expecting a day of trial, which time will not be long ; till when I rest ; then (gentle reader) shalt thou have by God's permittance a more perfect relation.

**FINIS.**

THE  
C H A R A C T E R

OF A

Town-Gallant ;

EXPOSING

The Extravagant Fopperies of  
some vain Self-conceited Pre-  
tenders to Gentility and  
good Breeding.



*L O N D O N.*

Printed for W. L. 1675.







### The Character of a Town Gallant.

**A** *Town-Gallant* is a bundle of *Vanities* composed of *Ignorance*, and *Pride*, *Folly*, and *Debauchery*; a silly *Huffing* thing, three parts *Fop*, and the rest *Hector*: a kind of *Walking Mercer's shop*, that shows one stuff to-day, and another to-morrow, and is valuable just according to the price of his *Suit* and the merits of his *Tailor*; A Spawn of *Gentility* that inherits only the *Vices* of his Ancestors, and is like to entail nothing but *Infamy* and *Diseases* on Posterity. His first care is his *Dress*, and next his *Body*, and in the fitting these two together consists his Soul and all its Faculties. His Trade is making of *Love*, yet he knows no difference between that and *Lust*, and tell him of a *Virgin* at Sixteen, he shall swear then *Miracles* are not ceased. He is so bitter an Enemy to *Marriage*, that one would suspect him born out of *Lawful Wedlock*, For he never hears *Matrimony* named but he swears and starts as bad as at the Salute of a

*Sergeant*, and has forty Lines *Conjugium*, *Conjurgium*, got ready by heart to rail at it. But for most delicious Recreation of *Whoring*, he protests a Gentleman cannot live without it : And vows *Mahomet* was a brave Bully and deserves to be *Worshipped*, because he had the wit to make his *Paradise* a *Seraglio*, and the Joys of the *Blessed* to consist in plump Wenches, &c. The Devil has taught him a *Chemistry*, whereby he can extract *Bawdry* out of the most modest Language, So that he makes *Cato* speak it, And turns Admonitions into obscenity, For his mind is a Room hung round with *Aretines* Pictures, and the Contemplation of them is all his Devotion : Everything with him is an Incentive to Lust, and every *Woman* Devil enough to tempt him, *Covent Garden*, Silk-Gowns, and *Wapping Wastcoatiers*, are equally his Game, for he watches *Wenches* just as *Tumblers* do *Rabbits*, and plays with Women as he does at *Cards*, not caring what Suit he turns up *Trump*.

All his Talk is *Rhodomontado* and *Bou. ce*, calling a Nobleman *Jack* as familiarly as his Foot-boy, and seldom naming a *Lord* without adding, *My Cousin* : Whatever he does he cries is *like a Gentleman*, and indeed 'tis only like it as a *Broker's* Ware is to a *Mercers*, or *Long-lane* compared to *Cheap-side*, for he is a Wit of an under Region, that does but *Zany* the truly *Brave* and *Noble*, grossly

imitating on the Low Rope, what t'other does neatly on the Higher. He confers Titles of *Honour* on all his *shabby* Companions to create himself the greater esteem with his *Land Lady* (who adores him as a more accomplished Knight than she ever met with in *Parismus* or *Amadis of Gaul*), And when he is going to take a *Run* with a Common *Crack* in the *Park*, Swears he has an *Assignment* from a *Lady of extraordinary Quality*. His *Hangers-on* call him Man of *Blood*, and by his own Report he is as stout as a *Turkey Cock*, yet he never was in any Service but building *Sconces*; nor *Duel*, but with his own Foot-boy or a *Drawer*, for he is so *Prudent* as not to exercise his Courage against any that dare *turn again*, and has got more *Bastards* than ever he made Fatherless Children, yet perhaps at first he will be *Saucy*, and bluster like the four Winds in Painting, but if you begin to be as high as he, strait the *Bubble* breaks, and then he swears,—*I Gad sir, I ever honoured you, but you are a passionate Gentleman and will not understand a jest.*

Think not because I repeat so oft *he Swears*, that I Tautologize in his Character, 'tis only to make the Picture more like the *Life*, for all his Discourses are Buttered with *Oaths*, which he uses *Euphonia gratia*, and is as curious in their *Newness* as the *Fabon*: In which he seems a Kinsman to the *Man*

*in the Moon*, for every Month he is in a New mode, and instead of true *Gallantry* (which once dwelt in the Breasts of *Englishmen*) he is made up of compliments, *Cringes*, *Knots*, *Fancies*, *Perfumes*, and a thousand *French* Apish Tricks, which render him only fit to be set on a Farmer's *Novel* to scare away Crows. He placeth his very *Essence* in his outside, and his only Prayers are that his *Father* may go to the Devil *expeditiously*, and the Estate hold out to keep his *Miss* and himself in good *Equipage*. He thinks it the rankest Heresy in the World, to believe any Man can be *Wise* or *Noble*, that is in plain Clothes. And therefore looks down with Contempt on everybody, whose *Wig* is not right *Flaven*; And calls the whole *Tribe of Levy* dull Fellows, because they go in *Black*, and wonders any People should think they can ever speak *Sense*, When they wear neither *Laced Cravats* nor *Pantaloons*.

To trace him *ab origine*, His breeding was under the wing of a too Indulgent *Mother*, who took a World of pains to make him a *Fool*, and attained her end at the Age of Discretion. At School he learned only how to Rob Orchards, and the Generosity of Bribing other Boys to make his *Exercise*, And stayed at the *University* just long enough to *Commence Drunkard*, and get by heart the name of his *College* to vapour with; from thence he posted to one of the *Inns of Court*, but in

four years' time, never read six Lines in *Littleton*, for he loved a *Placket*<sup>1</sup> better than a *Moot-case*,<sup>2</sup> and was more in his *Mercer's Books* than in *Cokes*, or *Plowden's*. For *Learning* he says is *Pedantry*, unbecoming a Gentleman ; and *Law* a thing fit only for *Draggle-tailed Gown-men*, that have no way of raising a Fortune, but by setting (two civil Gentlemen) *John-a-Noakes* and *John-a-Styles* together by the Ears : He has got a shorter Cut to all Arts and Sciences, than *Raymond Lully*, with his *Ars Mirabilis* ; and thinks the seven wise men of *Greece* mere *Ignoramuses*, to one that understands the *humours of the Town*. 'Tis but wearing *fashionable Clothes*, talking *loud*, and Laughing at all one does not *understand*, and the *business* is done.

His whole Library consists of the *Academy of Compliments*, *Venus undressed*, *Westminster Drollery*, half a dozen *Plays*, and a Bundle of *Bawdy Songs* in *Manuscript*, yet he is a shrewd *Linguist*, Impudence he calls the *Boon Assurance*, and unmanliness, the *Genteel Negligence*. He talks nothing but *Intrigues*, *Gustos*, *Garnitures*, *Repartees* and such modish *Fustian*, which he hedges in on all occasions or indeed without any, and if you bar but *forty words*, you strike him *Dumb*. He admires the eloquence of, *Son of a Whore*, when 'tis pronounced with a good grace, and therefore applies it to *every* thing ; So that if his *Pipe* be faulty, or his *Purge*

<sup>1</sup>PLACKET.—A petticoat.

<sup>2</sup>MOOT-CASE.—A point of law.

Gripe too much, 'tis a *Son of a Whore Pipe*, and a *Spawn of a Bitch Purge*. For *New-minted Phrases* he has much enriched our language: 'Twas he brought, *I beg your diversion*, into fashion, and may have a patent for the sole use (as first Inventor) of that noble compliment, *Let me be Damned, and my Body made a Gridiron to Broil my Soul on to Eternity, If I do not Madam, love you confoundedly*.

Till noon he lies a *Bed* to digest his over-night's *Debauch* and then having *Dressed* himself, and paid half an hour's adoration to his own sweet *Image* in the *Looking-glass*, he *Trails* along the streets, *observing* who *observes* him, to the *French Ordinary*, where he swills his paunch with good *Cheer* and *Burgundy*, and tells at dinner how his *Physic* worked last night, and swears never any *Claps* plagued him half so much as that he has now upon him. Cursing his *Doctor* for a *Quacking Bastard*, that understands a Gentleman's *Disease* no more than a *Farrier*. After this the coach is called to hurry him to the *Play-house*, where he advances into the middle of the *Pit* struts about a while to render his good parts conspicuous, pulls out his *Comb*, *Carreens* his *Wig*, *Hums* the *Orange Wench* to give her, her own rates for her *China-fruit*, and immediately *Sacrifices* the fairest of them to the shrine of *next Vizor Mask*. Then gravely sits down and falls half *asleep*, unless some *petulant Wench*

hard by keep him awake by treading on his *Toe*, or a *wanton* compliment ; Yet all on a sudden to show his *Judgment*, and prove himself at once a *Wit* and a *Critic*, he starts up, and with a Tragical Face, *Damns the Play*, though he have not *heard* (at least *understood*) two Lines of it. However, when 'tis done, he picks up a *Miss*, and pinching her fingers in a soft Tone, and looks most abominably *Languishing*, he Whispers, *Damn me, Madam ! If you were but sensible, and all that of the passion I have for you, and the Flames which your irresistible Charms, and all that have kindles in my breast, you would be merciful and Honour me with your Angelical Company, to take a Draught of Loves Posset at next Tavern.* But if he finds her honest and cannot prevail, then he cries aloud, *Damn ye for a Puritanical Whore, what make you in the Pit here : The Twelve-penny Gallery with Camlet, Cloaks, and Foot-boys, is good enough for you,* And so raises his Siege and leaves her.

Whither he goes next I dare not follow him, for 'tis certainly a *Bawdy-house*, by what Name or Title soever it may be *Dignified* or *Distinguished* : Here he meets a Squadron of his Fellow *Gallants*, and having heightened their Spirits with jollity and Wine, they are fit for anything but *Civility* ; And when they vouchsafe to Ramble homewards about One or Two o'Clock in the Morning, they set up the

dreadful *Sa! sa!* more dangerous to meet than an *Indian* Running a *Muck*. In these Heroic humours hath many a *Watchman* had his *Horns*<sup>1</sup> Battered about his Ears; and the trembling *Constable* been put besides the Gravity of his Interrogatories, and forced to measure his Length upon the Ground. The first *man* they meet they Swear to *Kill*, and set all the *Women* on their Heads; and so they proceed till the rattling of Broken *Glass Windows*, the shrieks of distressed *Damsels*, and the Thunder of their own *Oaths*, and Execrations, fills all the *Neighbourhood* with horror, and makes them verily Conclude, That the *Devil* and all his Life Guards are going a *Processioning*.

Next Morning his *Tailor*, his *Mercer*, his *Haberdasher*, and his *Sempstress*, stands like a Guard of *Switzers* about his Chamber door, waiting his Up rising: To avoid the *Galling* of whose small Shot, He instantly dispatches a Light Horse-man to call Mr. *Glister-pipe* his Apothecary; Who encountering this desperate Band of Creditors, only with two or three *Glasses* as though that day he had *Purged*, drives them all to their Holes like so many *Foxes*. For the name of Physic is the only *Amulet* against a *Dun*, and a sufficient *Quietus est*, to any beleagured Gentleman.

Thus the *Iliads* of our *Gallants'* Accomplishments, may be crampt up in a nut-shell. His three

<sup>1</sup>HORNS—i.e., lanthorns,



*Cardinal Virtues*, being only *Swearing*, *Wenching*, and *Drinking*; and if other men's lives may be compared to a *Play*, his is certainly but a *Farce*; which is acted only on three *Scenes*. The *Ordinary*, the *Play-house*, and the *Tavern*. His Religion (for now and then he will be prattling of that too) is pretendedly *Hobbian*: And he swears the *Leviathan* may supply all the lost Leaves of *Solomon*, yet he never saw it in his life, and for ought he knows it may be a *Treatise* about catching of *Sprats*, or new Regulating the *Greenland* Fishing Trade. However, the Rattle of it at *Coffee-houses*, has taught him to Laugh at *Spirits*, and maintain that there are no *Angels* but those in *Petticoats*: And therefore he defies *Heaven*, worse than *Maximine*, imagines *Hell*, only a *Hothouse* to Flux in for a *Clap* and calls the *Devil*, the Parsons *Bug-bear*, and sometimes the *Civil Old Gentleman in Black*. He denies that there is any Essential Difference betwixt *Good* and *Evil*, deems *Conscience* a thing only fit for *Children*, and ascribes all *Honesty* to *simplicity*, and an unpractiseness in the *ways* and *Methods* of the Town.

By these Extravagancies does he *Signalize* himself above Common Mortals, and counts all other *Dunghill Spirited* Fops, that are not as madly *Wild* and *Wicked* as himself. Thus is *Civility*, *Virtue*, and *Religion* hooted out of the World, and *Folly*, and *Atheism* exalted and promoted: For

this is the *Bell-weather* of Gallantry ; whom our Younger *Fry* of Gentlemen admire for a *Hero*. And by these Arts does a man nowadays come to be counted a Person *well-bred*, and fit for a generous *Conversation*, though in Truth 'tis only his *Estate* that Gilds his Vanity, and his *Purse* that can Compound for his Follies ; for of himself he is a *painted Butter-fly* : A *Baboon*, usurping Human Shape ; or (to use his own silly nasty Phrase)

*Mine A—se all over.* And so I leave him  
 behind me, till I meet him next  
 time, either in the *King's*  
*Bench* Walks, or an  
*Hospital*.

FINIS.



Poor Robin's  
TRUE  
C H A R A C T E R  
OF A  
S C H O L D  
OR, THE  
SHREWS LOOKING-GLASS.

Dedicated

To all { Domineering Dames  
Wives Rampant  
Cuckolds Couchant and  
Henpeckt Sneaks ;  
In City or County.

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With Allowance.

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London : Printed for L. C. 1678.





## POOR ROBIN'S

### TRUE CHARACTER OF A SCOLD.

**A**RANK SCOLD is a Devil of the feminine gender; a serpent, perpetually hissing, and spitting of venom; a composition of ill-nature and clamour. You may call her animated gunpowder, a walking Mount Etna that is always belching forth flames of sulphur, or a real purgatory, more to be dreaded in this world, than the Pope's imaginary hot-house in the next. A burr about the moon, is not half so certain a presage of a tempest at sea, as her brow is of a storm on land. And though laurel, hawthorn, and seal-skin are held preservatives against thunder, magic has not yet been able to find any amulet so sovereign as still her ravings: for, the oil poured on flames, good

words do but make her rage the faster ; and when once her flag of defiance, the tippet, is unfurled, she cares not a straw for constable nor cucking-stool.

Her tongue is the clapper of the devil's saints-hell, that rings all into confusion. It runs round like a wheel, one spoke after another, and makes more noise and jangling, than country-steeple on the fifth of November. She is never less at ease, than when she is quiet ; never quiet, but when she is sleeping ; nor then neither : for either she talks in her dream, or awakes the whole house with a terrible fit of snoring. She makes such a pattering with her lips when she walks the streets, as if she were possessed ; and so indeed she is, with the spirit of contention. The dog-days, with her, continue all the year round ; nor can she possibly take cold : for she is ever in a heat, and holds neither pox nor plague so grievous a disease, as being tongue-tied.

She makes an ass of Aristotle, and demonstrates, that though every man be, yet many a woman is not, a sociable creature, for there is no good humour can charm her to be civil or agreeable ; no company, how affable or complaisant soever, that can long content her. She seeks occasions for railing, as eagerly as a common

barrister does to go to law. If you will not anger her, she will be angry with for thus neglecting her : and you cannot vex her worse, than to be silent, unless you sing or whistle at her folly. She interprets all she hears in the worse sense, and supplies the defect of real affronts with jealous suspicions. She is more captious, than capable of offence ; and all her neighbours bless themselves from her, wishing this Quotidiano fever of her tongue cured with a razor. Yet is not that her only weapon ; for she has hands to clap with, and nails to scratch with, and teeth to bite with, and much more furniture for war ; so that being looked upon as invincible, her bad humour gets her a privilege : for wherever she comes, she may be sure to have the room to herself ; nor needs long contest for priority of walk, or precedency at table, or opinion in argument : for the proudest gossip will quit pretensions, rather than stand the shock of her well-known rhetoric.

If she be of the preciser cast, she abuses sacred language in her railing, as conjurers do in their charms ; calls her neighbours heathen Edomites, her husband reprobate, or son of Belial, and will not cudgel her maid without a text for it. But now I speak of husband, methinks I see the creeping snail shivering in an ague-fit when

he comes in her presence. She is worse than cow-itch in his bed, and as good as a chafing-dish at board: but has either quite forgot his name, or else she likes it not; which makes her re-baptize him with more noble titles, as white-livered rascal, drunken sot, sneaking nincompoop, or pitiful lousy Tom Farthing. Thus she worries him out of his senses at home, and then ferrets his haunts abroad worse than a needy bawd does a decayed bully's. Taverns and ale-houses dread her single alarm, more than the joint attacks of the constable and watch; and his companions are content to pay his club and dismiss him, on news of her approach, rather than be at the charge of so many glasses and bottles as she will quickly salute his coxcomb with. A full glass seasonably offered, may sometimes pacify her for a moment; but immediately the ill spirit returns, and she can be quiet only just so long as she is drinking. Thus she clamours at him so long without occasion, that at last he gives her enough; and rails at him for keeping ill company, till she forces him to it; being ashamed to go into any good society, or they ashamed of him; which makes him seek blind bubbling-schools to hide himself in from her fury, and resolve to stay out all night, rather than endure a double rally.



In a word, (for I perceive our character begins to be infected with the contagious talkativeness of its subject) a virulent scold is her neighbour's perpetual disquiet, her families' evil genius, her husband's ruin, and her own daily tormentor: And that you may the better know her pedigree, I'll give you a serious account of the receipt or method made use of for her production into the world, lately found in a long-concealed manuscript of Thcophrastus Bombastus Paracelsus, as follows : viz.

That nature long since finding many of her sons oft-times bewitched to their own ruin by the charms of women, for their punishment contrived this monster called A Scold : to form which,

She first took of the tongues and galls of bulls, bears, wolves, magpies, parrots, cuckoos, and nightingales, of each a like number: The tongues and tails of vipers, adders, snakes and lizards, seven apiece: aurum fulminans, aqua fortis and gunpowder, of each one pound: the clappers of nineteen bells, and the pestles of a dozen apothecaries' mortars. Which being all mixed, she calcined in Mount Strombolo, and dissolved the ashes in a water distilled just under London bridge at three quarters' flood, and filtrated it through the leaves of Calepino's Dictionary,

to render the operation more verbal. After which, she distilled it again through a speaking-trumpet, and closed up the remaining spirits in the mouth of a cannon. Then she opened the graves of all new-deceased pettifoggers, mountebanks, barbers, coffee-newsmongers, and fish-wives; and with the skin of their tongues, made a bladder covered o'er with drum-heads, and filled with storms, tempests, whirlwinds, thunders, lightnings, &c. These for better incorporation, she set seven years in a rough sea to ferment, and then mixing them with the rest, rectified the whole three times a day for a twelve-month in a balneum of quicksilver. Lastly, to irriate the whole elixir, and make it more churlish, she cut a vein under the tongue of the dog-star, drawing thence a pound of the most choleric blood; from which sublimating the spirits, she mixed them with the foam of a mad dog: and then putting altogether in the forementioned bladder, stitched it up with the nerves of Socrates's wife.

Out of this noble preparation, and a crooked rib (emblem of future crossness) Dame Nature first composed a SHREW, whose posterity (as is frequent with noxious animals) has since so overspread the world, that scarce an alley or village is free from some of her lineage.

But that you may see her end as well as beginning, be pleased to peruse this

## E P I T A P H.

After some threescore years of caterwauling,  
Here lies A SCOLD, stopped from above-ground  
bawling,  
Though ill she liv'd, I dare not read her doom ;  
But sure, go where she will, she's troublesome.  
I wish her, in revenge, amongst the blest :  
For she'd as lief be damn'd, as be at rest.

















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